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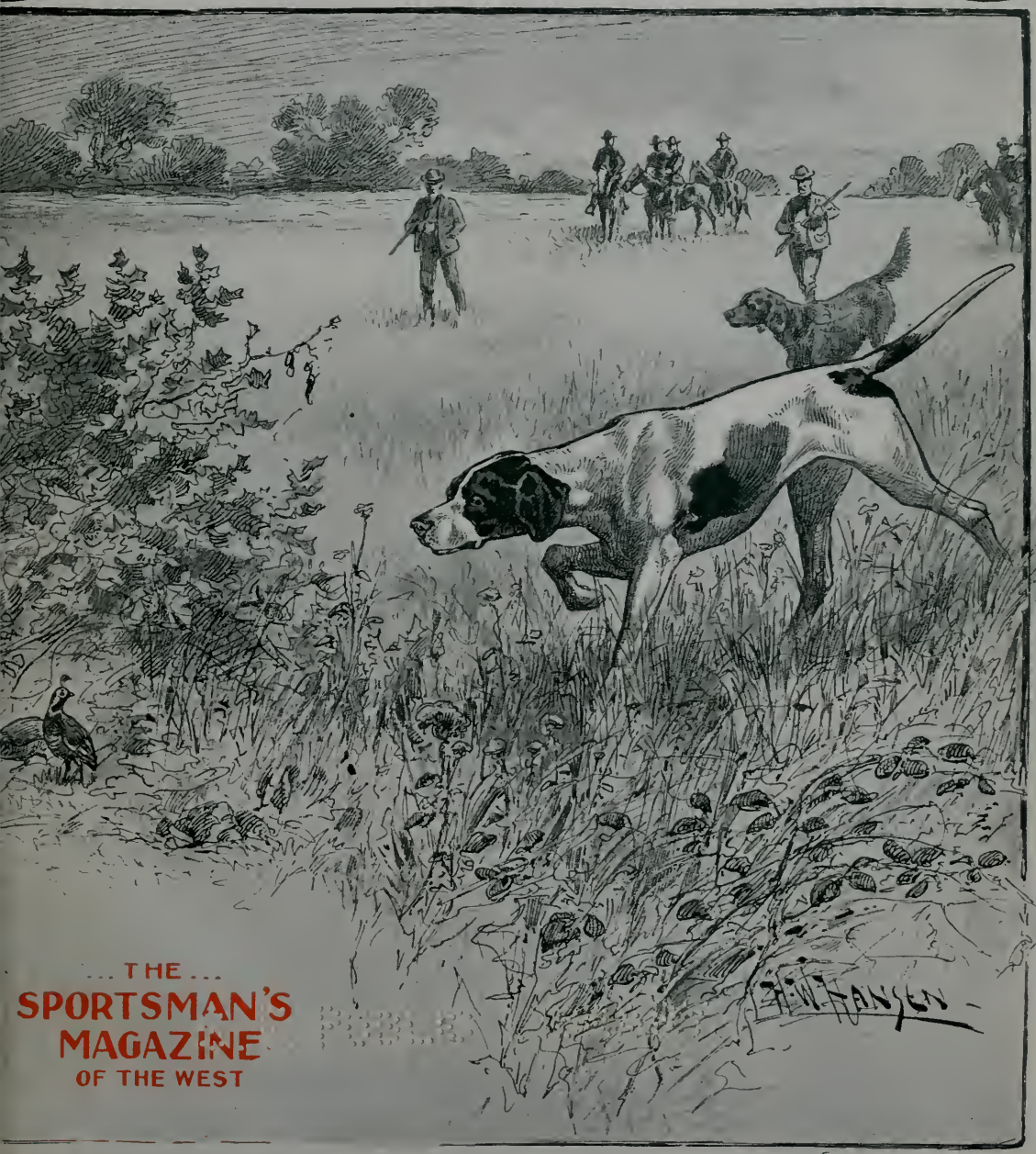

...THE...
SPORTSMAN'S
MAGAZINE
OF THE WEST

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See "OMEN OF FLAMING CROSS"
Page 11.

A STRANGE, WEIRD SPECTACLE WAS PRESENTED.

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 2. FEBRUARY, 1903. No. 1.

ON THE HEAD WATERS OF THE KINGS RIVER.

By MISS ELESA M. GREMKE.

How thrills with joy the angler's heart
While blithly through the waters dart
The speckled rainbow trout!

BENEATH the great shadows of the craggy heights of the high Sierras, far above the hum and buzz of the busy marts, where the eternal snow wraps its glistening mantle o'er crags and hoary peaks, lie nestling innumerable sapphire lakes. Reflected in their broad mirrored bosoms the soft downy clouds float dreamily on, while the glint of sparkling trout shimmers in the bright sunlight. There quiet and solitude reign supreme. Only the music of Nature's great symphony breaks the sweet stillness of its sanctuary. Thither the heart of the angler turns with joy.

In the month of July, 1900, we visited this sublime country. The scorching rays of old Sol were turning the arid plains below into mellow hues. We were grateful to be far above its fervid heat in the cool, exhilerating air. We had been camping for several weeks on Copper Creek, South Fork of the Kings River Cañon, sketching and fishing along the river where mountain trout are so abundant. Our fishermen decided to take a trip up to the head waters of the river and try their luck on the lakes. Our party consisted of Maurison Blunt, H. D. Gremke, George Lambert (our guide), Miss Eleanor Johnson and the writer.

We secured our provisions, pack and saddle animals from P. A. Kanawyer of Millwood. Early in the morning we started up the main cañon to the noisy clanging of pots and pans, the musical jingle of the cowbell waking the echoes from far and near. We soon reached the forks and forded the swift currents of the river. Our animals were somewhat reluctant to enter the turbulent stream, but George was linguistically as well as otherwise persuasive, and it was not long before he had us all safe on the other side. Turning up the eastern branch ("Bubbs cañon") we followed the trail through jungles of undergrowth and tall magnificent pines which filled the air with their health-giving breath. Presently we reached a steep trail that bore abruptly up a precipitous grade, zigzagging in endless turns and curves.

This trail has a general reputation of being the roughest in the cañon and many an unfortunate brute loses his footing and takes an involuntary tumble to the depths below, regardless of his precious freight. In fact, fragments of articles can be seen strewn by the wayside. Strange to say, they are seldom killed, owing to the heavy pack and well padded "kyacks." Nevertheless, Mr. Burro is very fortunate if he escapes with only his hide tattooed in various odd designs. However, we reached the top without any thrilling adventure and found ourselves fairly well up Bubbs Cañon. The scenic grandeur here exceeds the fairest dreams. Its sheer walls of metamorphic granite towering 3,000 feet on either side hemmed us in a perfect paradise of beauty; a most luxuriant growth of shrubs, ferns and wild flowers of every hue and color grow among the tall stately pines.

BUBBS CAÑON.

The beautiful Bubbs Creek comes tumbling down with its laughing, dancing falls and rapids in a series of cascades gushing on o'er boulder and jam till it reaches the mouth of Bubbs Cañon, where it joins the waters of Paradise Cañon forming the mighty Kings River.

Continuing our journey we traveled up over dangerous passes and rocky trails, where we were obliged at times to dismount from our animals for we could not trust ourselves to remain on the backs of even sure-footed burros. Fording the Bubbs Creek we reached the beautiful Paradise meadow, strewn with large fragments of granite. Out of its dark crevices the nimble ground hog played hide and seek. The sun was slowly sinking below the horizon and the towering peaks above us glowed with the last glimmer of its dying glory and we knew it was time to halt. We pitched our camp in the meadow and while we arranged the camp affairs, and prepared the evening meal Mr. Blunt and George Lambert took their rods and whipped the stream for trout. Within an hour they returned with enough shining beauties in their creels to make a delicious mess for both supper and breakfast. After our repast we gathered tamarack boughs ("colonial feathers") and retired in the flickering light of a cheery camp fire.

Next morning we broke camp, packed and saddled our animals and started up a very steep and rough trail. In about two hours we reached the summit and stood at the head waters of the Kings River. Words are inadequate to describe the Alpine scene that here awaited us. Veiled in purple haze, peak beyond peak with their snowy crests towered in silent grandeur, while innumerable lakes nestled in the rocky amphitheatre, encircled with the stunted tamarack and shrubs of lesser growth. The grim rocks plainly indicated that we were now at timber line. Here, 11,000 feet above sea level, the air is fresh and exhilarating and we felt with every breath we drew that we were taking a new lease of life.

Following the trail around the edge of Lake Bullfrog to its eastern exposure we pitched camp. Here we were joined by Attorney Eels and Mr. O'Neil, friends who had preceded us by two days' travel. They welcomed us substantially with a string of shining trout fresh from the Kearsarge Lakes. It is needless to say we enjoyed the luxury added to our menu. In the afternoon George Lambert and Mr. Blunt took their rods and rode over the ridge two miles north of Bullfrog to Charlotte Lake. The rest of our party rode up to Kearsarge Pass, a distance of two miles east of Bullfrog, 12,000 feet above sea level. From its rocky height—for it is above timber line—the only verdure that decks its barren surface is the beautiful polemonium.

"BEAUTIES."

LAKE BULLFROG.

On the sharp edge of the pass the wind surged against the cliffs till we were almost lifted from our feet. Here we clung, with scarcely room for ourselves and animals. The scene was inspiring as our eyes swept over the magnificent panoramic view; the plains spreading out 8,000 feet below us with the little town of Independence enclosed like an oasis in a desert. In the foreground just below us lay a little frozen glacial lake. A few of our party ventured still higher, climbing with much discomfort over an avalanche of sharp granite up to the top of Mount Gould, 13,000 feet high, and were rewarded by a more commanding view of the surrounding peaks and plains below.

We had not been long in camp when our anglers returned with their creels full of dainties that would tempt the appetite of any dyspeptic, and I can assure the reader that we enjoyed the mess like thorough bohemians with keen mountain appetites.

As the shadows slowly shrouded the mountains in sombre hue the wind lulled itself to rest. The silence of eternity seemed to surround us, broken only by an occasional chatter of the magpie. Soon a faint shimmer of light began to break gently along the horizon, growing brighter and brighter every moment, till the full orbed moon rode majestically over the jagged peaks on through the deep blue vault of heaven, sheathing the mountains with its silver light, while the stars gleamed and sparkled in the frosty air. The beautiful Lake Bullfrog, unruffled by a breeze, its waters transparent as the sky, reflected the queen of night as it followed a trackless course silently over its azure bosom. We were lost in admiration and awe as we stood on the rocky shore listening to the gentle rythm of the cool tide splashing at our feet.

The camp fire had no charm for us that night for the bright moonbeams flooded us with their effulgent light and the grey ashen heap lay lifeless on the sward. As the hours crept on we were loth to leave the sacred spot, so beautiful, so divinely grand. But tired nature soon asserted herself and we reluctantly bade each other good night and retired to our tents.

Our fishermen were so well satisfied with the catch of the previous day that the next morning we all decided to ride over to Char-

lotte Lake. Fastening our animals a little distance from the shore, we crept softly to the water's edge—for the shrewd angler keeps out of sight of the wary trout whose keen eyes scan the shore with untiring energy. Our anglers hid behind the huge rocks that lay along the banks and soon the sport began. The brown hackle lightly lashed the surface and every now and then a speckled beauty glittering in the sunlight, flopped out of its native element on to the soft green sward, wriggling and floundering for freedom and no doubt repenting as the hasty ever do.

But alas! alas! poor Mr. Trout
We are quite happy we helped you out;
And well may your troubles to you seem real
As we consign you to the depths of our creel.

Fishing is very difficult in these lakes on account of the crystal clearness of the water in the higher altitudes, which enables the fish to see a long distance, consequently the careless fisherman who constantly exposes himself on the shore is not he who meets with full success. Great care should also be taken in selecting flies as the smaller ones, such as the brown hackle No. 8 and black gnat No. 7 give better satisfaction. The larger ones are too artificial and Mr. Trout's keen eyes soon detect the deception.

We followed the winding shore of Charlotte and by noon we had circled the lake. Our fishermen's creels were groaning with the heavy burden of delicious trout, most of them averaging a foot and none of them less than seven inches.

We returned to camp and after a hasty meal gathered together our effects and started back to "Rams-horn Camp" in the South Fork. With deep regret we left this beautiful spot, so heavenly, serene and grand; our eyes wandered longingly back over the receding scene, but it was now time to dismount, for we had reached the edge of the precipice where the trail began its steep winding descent of three thousand feet to the cañon below. Eleanor and I thought it wiser to keep well in the rear of the "donkey brigade," as we were not

SOUTH FORK KINGS RIVER CAÑON.

over anxious to be helped down by a rolling bundle of provisions and bones.

Attorney Eels and Mr. O'Neil reached camp in the Bubbs Cañon a few hours before us and had a crackling fire briskly burning. The hot corn bread and syrup ready to serve added a dainty morsel to our mess of trout. The dishes were soon cleared away—for we really did wash dishes by leaving them in the creek to soak—and then we all sat in the cheery light of a good camp fire and sang college songs till the solemn voice of the plumed owl hooted a warning note and reminded us gently that we were forgetting to retire.

By noon the next day we arrived at "Rams-horn Camp" without having met with any accidents, although we were caused some alarm just as we were descending the last dangerous grade. A party of Mexican miners who were on their way to Tehipite Valley, whom we supposed were going to remain on the summit till our party had safely reached the bottom, fell in line and started down the trail just as we had descended about four hundred feet. Great clouds of dust now arose and we could hear their "Hu-hla!" yells as they urged on their mules. It was not long before we heard a sudden crash through the timber, followed by a succession of thump, bang, bump-bump-bump! There was a lively scramble among our party, for we fully expected every moment to be struck by a rolling pack animal which was on its way by the short cut route to the creek below. But we soon discovered that it was not so serious as we thought. It proved to be only a bucket with mining implements that broke loose and tore wildly down the grade.

ENTRANCE TO SOUTH FORK.

We continued our descent to the floor of the cañon, where we rested ourselves and animals, after which we forded the river. The clatter of hoofs mingled with halloaing told our friends of our return and soon our dusty animals lined up in the corral at "Ramshorn Camp."

O SONG OF PINE.

O SONG of Pine! mysterious voice
Which wakes the soul of slumb'ring thought
Like magic tones of wind swept harp!
What wizzard power can tell the theme,
What baton lead the mystic strain?
O subtle Soul of ethereal world!
In wand'rings wild why comest thou here,
Poising on wings the tale to breath
Of plaintive, dirgelike melody?
Art spirit thou of some lost strain,
Soft echo from the shad'wy past,
Borne from Apollo's mute, sweet lyre,
From Syrinx voice, Pan's mellow reeds?
Or dying notes of Orphean lute?
Dost whisper thou of secrets strange
Told by the nymphs of dell and stream
Or witches weird, of gloam and night?
Speak'st thou of storms that rend the sky,
Or deep, sweet peace of tranquil soul?
In solemn note the Song replies:
"I am the voice of God that speaks
From trembling leaves to listening hearts."

—*J. Mayne Baltimore.*

THE OMEN OF THE FLAMING CROSS.

By M. J. White.

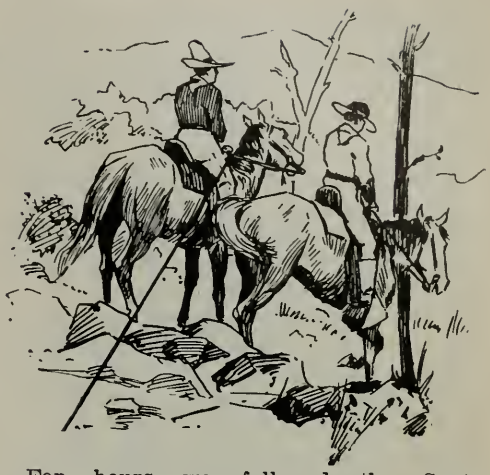
ONLY a memento of a hunting trip in my younger years, a trip fraught with peril and marked by a strange experience. It is an odd, irregular shaped piece of rock, the size of a man's fist, with one side flat. In color it is of a bluish cast, with white spots and streaks. Its weight indicates the presence of metal and in fact it is a piece of rich silver ore. Over a quarter of a century ago I broke this specimen from the parent ledge in the wilderness of the Santa Lucia range of mountains in San Luis Obispo County, in the southern part of this state. Many times since I have searched for that ledge and as many times have failed. One other person of this age gazed upon the marvelous richness of that silver deposit—and now he is dead. For years this specimen has served me as a paper weight on my desk and it is now time that the secret of the lost mine be told for I have given up all hope of ever finding it.

In the early '70's, when I was a stripling my family went to the old Spanish town, now a city, of San Luis Obispo. One day curiosity led me into the ancient adobe mission which was built by the Catholic priests when California was still a Spanish possession. An Irish priest, I remember him well for he was a jolly little fellow with red hair and laughing blue eyes, escorted me about the premises and showed me the antiquities. One was a crucifix crudely made of pure silver and he told me its history. When the mission was still young and the Alta California Indians were the principal inhabitants thereof, an old chief one day handed to a "padre" a specimen of rich silver ore. He told where the piece was found, miles away in the heart of the mountains, and took the priest to the place. The ore body was about three feet in width and extremely rich. A crude arasta was soon constructed and a number of Indians were employed as miners. A tunnel was cut into the mountain side and for a number of years much metal was taken out and sent to the church treasury in the city of Mexico. In time the Indians became troublesome, the arasta was washed down the ravine by mountain torrents and the mine was of necessity closed down. Over the mouth of the tunnel to mark the spot a rude cross of oak timbers was placed. Years passed and an epidemic of smallpox made sad inroads into the native population. The two padres, under whose supervision the work had been performed, succumbed to the ravages of the dread disease while unselfishly ministering to their suffering followers. Before the mine was closed a map or chart had been drawn to assist in again finding the mountain with the silver vein. This map was consigned to the ecclesiastical authorities in Mexico, but it did not reach its destination, the priest to whom it was entrusted being drowned while crossing the Colorado River. Thus the secret of the silver mine's location passed away. The silver crucifix was a product of the lost ledge.

On one memorable birthday my father made me a present of a modern repeating rifle, to take the place of an old Kentucky "pea-shooter" with which I had killed many a squirrel, rabbit and hawk. My new "Henry" was a wonderful firearm in my eyes. The frame was of brass and—but why describe? All are familiar with those old

timers and their sure fire cartridges which had such a faculty for crippling game. Of course a deer hunt was in order and for several days I did nothing but think and talk about it. In those times San Luis Obispo County was but thinly settled and the land was given over to herds of sheep, cattle and horses. The mountains were a wilderness of timber and chapparal but little explored. I decided to take for a companion a halfbreed Mexican Indian of about twenty years, not so much for his companionship as for the use of his lean hungry appearing mongrel dog. This animal's chief recommendation was his ability to trail wounded game and Pedro the owner was well pleased to go along because he knew there would be "American grub" to eat on the trip.

We made the start well mounted on a couple of tough surefooted mustangs, with blankets and food strapped to various parts of the saddles. For about twenty miles Pedro had to drag his "deer hound" along at the end of a riata, for the brute was loath to leave the companionship of the other lazy town canines. Pedro, who ordinarily was as lazy as his dog, was a proud boy when we left the town, for strapped to his belt was a huge Colt's dragoon revolver and a hunting knife which my father had loaned to him. It was true the dragoon would frequently, when fired, empty several chambers at once but it was the first revolver that Pedro ever had fastened to his side. The recklessness with which he flourished that antique piece of hardware makes my blood run cold even to this day.



For hours we followed the Santa Marguerita stage road and then branched off to the north picking our way through the mountains, along cattle trails which seemed to begin anywhere and ended nowhere. Pedro assumed the office of guide. He told of a wonderful lake in the heart of the mountains, found once by his people, where big game was thick as the leaves on the trees. But Pedro was a natural born liar and so was his dog who bore the name of "Don."

While crossing a ravine Don gave utterance to a noise which made me think he had cramps, and off he darted into the brush. "He see deer!" yelled Pedro instantly jerking out that terrible instrument of death, the dragoon revolver, and spurring after his pet. I followed as best I could. Fifty yards away we located the dog by the racket he made. He was at the foot of a madrone tree and up in the branches we discovered a poor trembling little chipmunk! Pedro's blood was up and he had to shoot, no matter how small the game. He blazed away and leaves and branches enough to fill a bed tick came to the ground, the squirrel slipping into a hole in the trunk. Hardly had the echo died among the surrounding mountains than a large buck sprang from a thicket and bounded away over the ridge. Pedro swore softly in Spanish, loaded four of the six chambers of his gun, kicked Don in the ribs and remounted.

All that day we rode in quest of the mythical lake and camped at night in a

pretty little flat surrounded by tall mountains. After a cup of coffee and a bite for breakfast we mounted and again went on. Several deer were seen but none close enough to shoot at until nearly noon when Pedro's black eyes discovered a couple standing in the edge of a piece of woods some distance off. The wind was in our favor and by sneaking along, Pedro and the horses being left behind some big rocks, I managed to get close enough for a shot. I had not calculated on the strength of the wind nor the weakness of twenty-eight grains of powder behind 200 grains of lead and I hit my buck too far back. Away he went but he was badly wounded and the Indian coming up with the dog and horses we were soon in pursuit. Don got his nose to work and followed the wounded buck, letting off hideous yelps as he trailed. It was not a race but a scramble.

Over rocks and fallen timber, across ravines, gullies and ridges, through timber and brush, stumbling, falling and struggling went our mustangs, while to right, left, or in front alternately arose the agonizing racket of that miserable cur. How far or long we rode I do not know, so intense was the excitement. Pedro was in the lead, his dragoon in the air. At last we located the dog in a deep ravine, where the woods and the brush stopped at the dry bed of a small gully. The wounded buck had tried to leap this gully, missed his distance by reason of internal bleeding, fallen to the rocky bottom and broken its neck. Don had left the deer and treed another chipmunk! The hunting knives were called into play and we soon had our meat strung up in the most approved hunters style.

The mustangs were nearly dead with their muscle racking chase and we started out to find some level spot where they could feed and rest. Fifty yards down the gulch I was surprised to find indications of a man's work. A narrow path had been cut out of the rocky side of the ravine. Below was a small flat and a little pile of debris and tiles such as are used for roofing. A few pine trees were blazed with an ax and there were a number of tree stumps about. Who could have been there? Following up the trail we came to a small hole in the side of the mountain. Above the entrance in a clump of big trees stood a large, rotten, worm eaten cross. Pedro made the sign of the sacred emblem and would have fled had I not called him a "cowardly Greaser" —the worst insult I could think of. I made an inspection of the tunnel, for such it proved to be, and found the timbers near the mouth fairly well preserved. By the light of a pitch knot I entered for a considerable distance and could readily see where the miners had stooped and timbered as they stripped the richest part of the ledge. On one of the timbers lay an odd shaped rusty hammer with which I broke off a piece of rock from the ledge. This I put in my pocket. Visions of wealth floated through my mind, for I recognized the nature of the ore, having once lived on the Comstock in Virginia City, Nev.

As there was a level place at the mouth of the tunnel with a fine spring near by we decided to bring the deer there and camp for the night. As a cold wind was blowing the fire was built just inside of the tunnel's mouth and in a short time we were eagerly discussing an ideal hunter's supper. More fuel was piled on the fire when night fell and we rolled up in our blankets to talk for a while about hunting. Knowing Pedro's tendency to gossip I did not tell him of the discovery of the rich silver ledge in the tunnel, carelessly passing the work by as that of some foolish prospector.

During the night we were awakened by a blood curdling scream which brought us to our feet with firearms ready for use. Both were badly scared, for Pedro declared it to be the cry of a mountain lion, which was attracted no doubt by the presence of the recently slaughtered deer. The fire had burned down to embers and we hastened to pile on more brush and dry limbs to keep tne beast away. Don's tail was pointed toward his nose under his belly, and he slunk between Pedro's legs which were knocking together. My own teeth were chattering like castanets. When the fire was blazing high it was decided best to take flaming pine knots and go down to the flat to see that the horses did not break from their picket ropes through fright at the lion's cry. We built another fire near them to keep the varmint away and then returned to the camp.

Judge of our consternation to find that our fire had communicated to the dry timbers of the mouth of the tunnel, and there was no means of stopping the upward progress of the flames. Soon the blaze spread to the dry grass and underbrush above. Gathering our traps we beat a retreat to where the horses were staked. The fire spread rapidly and soon was climbing up the mountain side. We in haste saddled and packed our horses and made for the lower lands. Just before leaving we saw tons of loose rock and earth, long held in place by the mine timbers, fall with a crash into the mouth of the tunnel, closing it forever.

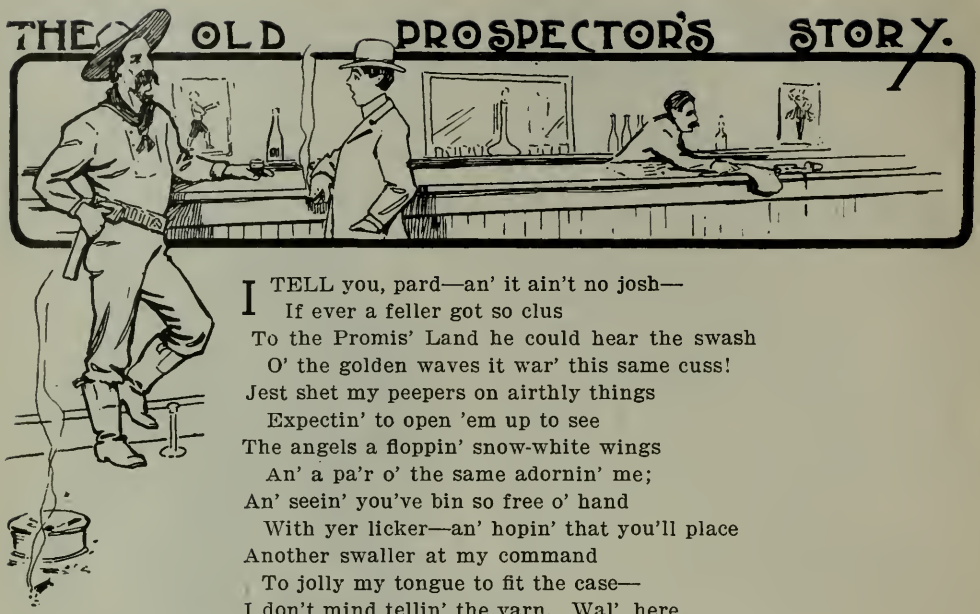
Looking backward as we fled a strange, weird spectacle was presented. Over the closed mouth of the tunnel stood the Spanish priest's wooden cross on fire. An intervening pine bough threw a dark shadow on the upper part, not unlike the figure of a man. Tongues of fire and showers of sparks were thrown off from the sacred emblem. The sight was fascinating and awe inspiring. Then the flaming cross swayed for an instant. The foundation gave way and the whole structure slid bodily down the steep bank and stood nearly upright in front of the closed entrance to the tunnel. For fully five minutes the fiery cross remained in this position and then crumbled down to a mass of coals. The last monument to mark this treasure spot was thus obliterated. Was it an omen that the old priests' mine was lost to mankind forever? I think time has proved that it was.

For hours we stumbled through the rocky and wooded wilderness, leading our frightened mustangs. The roar of the flames and crash of falling trees was terrible. The light of the fire made strange, uncanny figures on trees, rocks and brush. Deer and lions, rabbits and coyotes, crawling and flying creatures uttering strange cries of alarm fled past us in the semi-darkness —all striving to reach a place of safety.

"PEDRO MADE THE SIGN."

Daylight came at last disclosing the frightful havoc wrought. Dry grass, brush and timber for miles were ablaze or smouldering. At one time we were surrounded by fire and only escaped with our lives by climbing a rocky butte where we waited until the fire had burnt out all inflammable material. The heat and smoke were almost unbearable. After two days of this experience we reached the head of a well defined valley and traveling to the west at last reached the little town of Cayucas on the coast.

THE OLD PROSPECTOR'S STORY.



I TELL you, pard—an' it ain't no josh—
If ever a feller got so clus
To the Promis' Land he could hear the swash
O' the golden waves it war' this same cuss!
Jest shet my peepers on airthly things
Expectin' to open 'em up to see
The angels a floppin' snow-white wings
An' a pa'r o' the same adornin' me;
An' seein' you've bin so free o' hand
With yer licker—an' hopin' that you'll place
Another swaller at my command
To jolly my tongue to fit the case—
I don't mind tellin' the yarn. Wal', here
She goes! Here's hopin' yer feet may tread
The trails o' heaven a plum whole year
Afore ol' Bilzybub hears yer dead.

'Twar' back in the '50s, two, I think, up thar' in them ol' Sierra hills,
I'd bin prospectin' fur many a day an' was gittin' paleish around the gills;
Had worked the shovel an' pick an' pan, an' bucked a bunch o' the toughest luck
I reckon a feller that nosed fur gold in them rough ol' mountains had ever struck!
The grub in the bag war' a runnin' low, but my appetite never slacked its pace—
Jest plum refused to adapt itself to the situation it had to face,
So I stretched myself in a pine tree's shade to projeck on w'at 'twar' best to do
An' look the perdicament in the face from a sort o' philosopher p'int o' view.
How long I had bin a reposin' thar' I ain't jest qualified now to tell,
Not keepin' cases exact on time—I only know it war' quite a spell—
When I heerd a growl in the chaparal in close adjacency to the spot
Whar' I'd laid me down fur to give my brain the proper show fur some sober thought,
An' out o' the bushes a grizzly come with a blazin' eye an' defiant snort,
An' the symptoms p'inted toward the fact that his call wa'nt jest o' the social sort!
I tell you, pardner, my ha'r riz up so cussed stiff at the hostile play,
'Twould 'a bruk like icicles if a blast o' wind 'd a happened 'long that way;
An' if ever a feller braced the Lord with a lightnin' deal in the way o' pra'r
I done it in tangled, tremblin' words in amateur manner then an' thar'!
But all o' the pra'rs o' all the saints an' parsons bunched in a ball 'd bin
A waste o' piety helpin' me out o' the rank perdicament I war' in,
Fur in less'n the bat of a skured-up eye, with a howl that rattled the mountain side,
The beast war' on me an' every claw sheathed plum to the hilt in my tremblin' hide!
But, pard, I am here fur to tell the tale, with nary a scar to flash in view
As evydence to corroborate the facts I have stated as bein' true;
An' how do you reckon it war' I turned that tragedy into a durn good joke,
The same a bein' on me a heap? 'Twar' easy, dead easy, pard—I woke!

—*James Barton Adams.*

A BEAR HUNT ON THE McCLOUD.

By Charles S. Wheeler, Jr.

IT WAS Sunday and I got up expecting to have a quiet day. After breakfast I started down to the barn to get my horse and go out riding. I had hardly reached the corral when I heard some one calling me. Looking around I asked what was wanted. "There's a bear in the trap!" was the excited reply.

The trap was set at a deer "lick" about two and a half miles down the river. It was baited with venison—a delicacy which no bear will pass by—from a deer killed some time before by a mountain lion. We got on the trail of the bear on the side of a ridge, south of Lick Creek cañon. The track was quite old, as the bear had gotten in the trap a day and a half before, but we were able to follow it because it was made plain by the trap scraping on the bushes and trees. We followed the track for some time until it went into the thick brush, then we lost it.

After looking for the trail awhile we decided to divide up. Two went way up the creek, two went down, and I and "Dan" (an Indian) went into the creek to see if we could find any sign to show that the bear had gone that way.

Dan and I looked for some time for the trail, and were just about to give up and look somewhere else when we heard one of the men up the creek shout, "Here he is!" At about the same time we heard the bear roaring (bear seldom roar, but when they are at bay they roar so that it makes the goose-flesh crawl up your back).

I fell all over myself trying to get to where the roar came from; every twig seemed to stretch itself out and try to throw me down, but at last I got to a place where I could see him. That bear looked about as big as a house to me as he stood on his hind legs, looking at us. After he had stood that way for about half a minute he dropped to his four legs and began to shuffle down the creek. The men told me to shoot, as they all had killed bear before, so I shot. The bullet hit him in the nose. He let out a roar and put up one of his fore paws and boxed his face.

The bear seemed rather undecided whether to come for us or go, but he decided it was best to get away and so he started. I lost sight of him for a minute, and ran across the creek and jumped onto a log where I could see him quite well. I blazed away at him, but could not seem to hit him. I was too excited and shot too high every time but at last I hit him in a vital spot and he rolled over quite dead.

We waited a few minutes before venturing up. When we were quite sure that he was dead we went to the spot. He had fine fur and was very fat; we got about fifty-five or sixty pounds of fine fat off of him. While

"HE HAD FINE FUR."

we were skinning him we found that he had been hit four times—on the nose, on the top of the head, and twice in the chest.

[We are glad to observe that the above story is true in every particular, the narrator, a gifted little man of twelve years, being the son of Charles S. Wheeler, one of the most eminent counselors at law and ardent sportsmen in the State. The story is reproduced verbatim from the exceedingly well written manuscript of the lad, who is evidently "a chip of the old block" and promises well. The illustration is from a photograph taken by the author.—Editor.]

TYPICAL MUD HUTS ON THE BORDER LINE.

OUR LAST FRONTIER.

By HAMILTON WRIGHT.

FOLLOW the Mexican border in its irregular length of 1,480 miles from El Paso to San Diego and you have passed along a frontier as real and as vivid as any in history. As a geographical demarkation it is purely imaginary; there are no natural boundaries. No vast systems of mountains or broad waterways separate Mexico from the United States. A few stone pillars on which is the chiseled announcement that here is the dividing line, and an occasional customs house are the only physical evidences of different national territories. All along the frontier the country is the same. Permeated by the spirit of Spanish civilization and enthused with the vigor of American enterprise, it is yet a frontier, absolutely identical in both republics, and the horse which strays over night across the boundary into the United States and thereby adds thirty dollars to his value cannot be accused of smuggling himself over intentionally, for the country on both sides of the line is, to all appearances, the same.

While this vast territory sectionally may have felt the spirit of American progressiveness, as an entirety it is still under the influence of the old Spanish rule. A few mining camps and great cattle ranchos here and there have induced a flavor of 20th century civilization, the rest of the land is under the irresistable spell of the manaña. It is permeated, seethed and saturated in the infectious laziness of the Mexican and will display a hostility to energetic influences until vast irrigation systems shall convert the dusty, sage-covered plains into mighty fertile fields.

At present, however, it presents the conditions of a true frontier. A land where men

THE AUTHOR CROSSING THE BORDER LINE.

must contend with nature in her original state unaided by any of the conveniences or apparent necessities of civilization, and like all of the real true border lands, its dangers and its difficulties are such as beset the pioneer. It takes hardihood to surmount its hardship and it requires bravery and daring to continually face its perils. But it demands an absolute moral courage of the highest type to resist the cigarette-smoking, mescal-drinking, eternal weariness of the Mexican, the climate and the vast untenanted land.

There are, however, occasionally some events to stir the blood on this great frontier. Now and then there is a hanging. A town is "shot up," revolvers flourish in the air and lights are put out. A saloon brawl on a pay day furnishes opportunity for discussion and reflection if not for remorse. Sometimes a rich cattleman is caught smuggling stock across the border, and again the Yaqui Indians go raiding and the monotony is enlivened by something out of the usual. But the solemn, everyday, workaday life is rarely broken by exciting incidents.

There have been and still are some desperately bad men along the border. Before President Diaz responded to the U. S. extradition policy it was a temple of refuge for all sorts of frontier criminals who laughed at the officers of the law as they skipped into Mexico. Now, however, they may be ferreted out by those who are bold or skillful enough to catch them, but the border mountains still harbor many criminals who remain safely in seclusion until they are driven out by the unbearable loneliness of their retreat. They all come out of their holes sooner or later, hang around some frontier saloon and get "pinched." There is scarcely a border criminal taken in recent years who would not be still uncaptured had he not at last become weary of the monotony of hiding out. Styles and Burts, Alford and "Black Jack" Ketchum, all of whom used to hang around the border in Arizona, are good examples of those who have paid the penalty by too great a love of companionship.

"A villain yet unhung," to use a good old phrase, is "Murdering Ed" Wheeler, who made effective use of a beer bottle as a weapon in saloon brawls. Wheeler first at-

WILCOX, ARIZ.—ONCE A "BAD TOWN."

tained distinction by roping a Chinaman in Wilcox, Arizona, "just for fun." He would have strangled the Chinaman had not his lariat parted against a hitching post. As a Chinaman has no chips in the game, "Murdering Ed" won a lasting popularity which was not diminished by his feat of braining a couple of comrades in a saloon fracas near Fort Grant, Ariz. Wheeler fled down into the mountains of Sonora, Mexico, where he is still engaged and at last reports he regretted that his victims' skulls were of so soft a fabric as to be shattered by an empty bottle. He is merely a sample of the American type of border ruffian. As an individual his acts scarcely deserve mention among the vast category of border ruffianism. His case merely shows that the American frontier rascal tends more to bravado, while on the other hand there is abundant evidence to prove that the Mexican border criminal naturally assumes a diabolical, almost fiendish, cruelty.

Among the Mexicans Maguello Cabreros easily takes the lead. Cabreros is the man who nailed the judge who had sentenced him to a live oak tree. The fellow was brought up on a petty charge of horse stealing and sentenced to a term of six months in the cuartel at Ensenada, Lower California. At the time of his trial he threatened the judge (Ramon Appeleglas of the Real del Castillo) that he would break jail and inflict upon him the most terrible cruelty that could be devised. In three months' time he broke loose and soon afterwards caught the judge and his secretary in Ryerson Cañon,

"THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPANISH BLOOD."

murdering them in the manner of the Apache Indians, who drove wooden rivets through the flesh of their prisoners. Cabreros afterwards held up the stage line on the San Diego-Ensenada road for three weeks and he only left the country when the American residents got after him. At last reports he was in Sonora, Mexico.

Cold-blooded nerve, of the icy-cold, relentless character is still in evidence in the great Spanish Southwest frontier. Probably the most dramatic and fearful exhibition of "nerve" in contemporaneous frontier history was that which took place in Socorro, New Mexico, between "Scotty" Reed and Herman Horn. Reed was proprietor of a livery stable in Socorro; he was also a professional gambler, and the latter occupation having greater charms, he spent most of his time dealing the cards in the famous "Travelers' Retreat." He was dealing a game of Mexican "Keno" one day when Horn came up to the table and "chipped into" the game. He lost somewhat heavily and finally accused "Scotty" of cheating him of $2.50. On the next play he put down $2.50 and said, "The bet goes for $5.00." Horn won on the turn of the next card and pulled in the chips on a $5.00 basis. Reed cried, "Table stakes only." "You cheated me, you ——— ———" responded Horn. "I say the bet goes for five dollars." Reed pulled his gun. Horn cried, "I ain't heeled!" "Get your gun, quick," said Reed. Horn ran out of the saloon and returned with a big "Colt's." The two men sat on opposite sides of the table. Reed flipped a handkerchief to Horn, retaining hold of one corner. As Horn caught the handkerchief both men opened fire. There were a dozen witnesses to the duel. Reed died first, smiling ghastly when some one congratulated him on pinking his man. Horn staggered to the door. "Well, you got him," said one of the spectators, as they laid Reed out. "Yes," replied Horn, "but I'm not rid of him yet. I'll have to follow him to ———!"

This sort of fight is not common along the border, but they show that the frontier code of ethics still prevails. A city ruffian would not wait for his adversary to "heel" himself, and wherever this spirit of honor, however crude, obtains, one may know that he is in a frontier where the standard of right and wrong, of fair play and of foul, has not yet been defined by civilization. No man goes seeking a fight, for he would get it too quickly. Yet the peaceable stranger or the tenderfoot is absolutely safe, a condition which did not exist in the early days of the western frontier.

Two things, to my notion, are responsible for an actual frontier condition in the United States of America at this late date. The first of these is that the apparent scarcity of water has discouraged agriculture; and civilization, we know, follows in the wake of the farm. Cattlemen, sheepmen and miners never bring women, children and fertility with them. The second influence I take to be its proximity to Mexico and the inefficiency of Mexican policing on this portion of the Republic. There are "soldates" enough, Lord knows—more than

enough of them! But neither mentally or physically are they equipped to cope with the daring and adventurous spirits who in perversion engage in smuggling and general deviltry. In addition they are more than often themselves petty criminals of a mean sort, a service in the army being the enforced penalty of some crimes. The "Jefe Politico," or chief official in each Mexican town, acts as a recruiting officer in his duties as judge. While the "soldates" perform the bulk of the work on the Mexican side of the border, there are a few good mounted rangers called "rurales." The rurales, like the customs house officers and government officials, are men of superior intelligence and are usually of Spanish descent, while the soldates or "cholos" (simple-minded ones), in their short stature, deep, full chests and slight limbs betray their Mexican-Indian or Aztec origin. These are the "greasers," the "knife men" of Mexico. I am not willing to frame a general indictment against this caste throughout the Republic, for in the interior they cultivate the earth and are peaceably disposed. But of those who wander across the dusty border from Sonora and Chihuahua one may well be suspicious. As a rule they are unmarried men, employed in the mines or on the cattle and sheep ranges. Naturally they revert to original methods of crime or revenge.

The Mexicans in the mines along the border are not an improving element. Mexican miners throughout the Republic get less than half as much as Americans. It is the theory of the Mexican government that if native miners were paid fancy wages they would flock from all parts of Mexico and create an industrial plethora. This is the Mexican government's way of solving industrial problems, or, rather, of preventing them from arising. While it has a bad side in that it keeps an undesirable class of Mexicans in the great mines along the frontier, yet it is not wholly an unmixed evil, for the high wages paid to American miners unceasingly tend to bring in civilization.

A genuine "greaser" is practically no good on a cattle ranch, but they make good sheep men, even if they are bad men to deal with. The better class of Mexican frontier men make good "vaqueros." They are more expert with the lariat than the average American cowboy, but they will not do the steady hard work in the corral and on the roundup.

In striving to conquer the inherited inertia of this class the American frontiersman is confronted by an obstacle more formidable than pure elemental savagery. He is fighting in the enemy's country, where the very air breathes of indolence. Yet the great southwestern borderland is a land of magnificent possibilities. Its copper, gold, lead or tin mines have scarcely felt the touch of pick. Its cattle are the most prolific in the world. The development of its water supply has scarcely begun and where ten years ago one might travel all day and not see a single head of stock, today thousands of windmills and gasoline engines pump water for great herds. The settlers and the combined harvester have not yet reached the border line, but the day of their coming will be contemporaneous with the wholesale development of the water supply.

"RURALES."

HUNTING WHITE TAILS IN THE SANDS.

By R. Harry Wright.

DID you ever hunt the white-tail in the sands of Texas? No! Well, then, you have missed some fine sport. Nowhere do the deer furnish as much genuine sport as they do in the region lying between the Texas Pacific Railway and the boundary line of New Mexico. I have a friend who has a ranch in this country and many were the good days I have had there. He is a lover of sport, a good shot and a chap who will make you have a good time if you happen his way.

Last winter my brother and I decided on a week's hunt, so one day we landed at the ranch in a snow storm. We had left town the day before on the seventy-five mile drive, and night had overtaken us some sixteen or eighteen miles from the ranch. A "norther" swooped down on us, bringing snow with it, and so the latter part of our journey was anything but pleasant. By the time we arrived at the ranch we were chilled through but a good fire and a hot dinner soon made us forget the snow and cold outside. It cleared up about two o'clock and during the afternoon most of the snow melted, but as it left the sand wet and in splendid condition for tracking, everything pointed to a fine day's sport on the morrow.

The country we had to hunt in is low, rolling sand hills, covered with a growth of sage grass and an occasional mesquite bush. There is no water in these sands so the deer and also the peccary or javelin eats cacti and do without. All hunting must be done on horseback.

The following morning found us astir early and breakfast quickly disposed of. Two of us took saddle ponies that we had held up the night before and started out to rustle horses to hunt on.

This we found more of a task than we had anticipated. The bunch we wanted could not be found at all, and after much riding we finally ran in a bunch of broncos and roped a mount out of them for the party. By the time we got the horses caught up it was so late that we decided on an early dinner before we started. Eating a light lunch we soon saddled up and then came the fun.

Our mounts were all cow-ponies and had not been ridden for some time, so were very fresh. After getting our guns on the saddles we mounted and were off, each taking a different direction for a short distance until the horses were brought under control. The day was cool though clear and a splendid day for a hunt.

I could not but think of other days gone by while riding along—of days I had spent hunting in northern Minnesota at this same time of year. But under what different conditions! Heavy pine woods, deep snow, snow-shoes and heavy clothes.

A ride of three miles brought us into the game country and in a half mile more we struck fresh sign. Here we spread out about three hundred yards apart with Mr. C— on the extreme right, myself next, my brother next and John on the left. We had agreed on waving our hats as a signal in case we saw deer. After a couple of miles ride I saw Mr. C— hastily dismount and wave his hat. Looking closely I saw a fine buck running up a little valley straight toward him. Grabbing my .30-40 carbine I was on the ground in an instant. The deer was about two hundred yards from me by the time I pulled down on him, running away from me and straight to my companion, who stood on the ground near his horse waving his hat at me. Did I shoot? Well, I guess not! One look through those sights told

Photo by Weldner from
Original Painting.

"THEN CAME THE FUN."

me if I should miss the deer I might not my friend, so I would not have chanced that shot for all the deer in Texas. Dropping my gun I began to wave my sombrero at C—; then I waved my hands and pointed but all to no avail. There he stood waving and motioning to me. On went the deer, never changing his course.

When within fifty or sixty yards my friend saw the deer for the first time and the way he dropped that hat and pulled his little .32-40 carbine off his horse made me laugh. His first shot struck fair and seeing the deer was hard hit I jumped onto my pony and started up to congratulate him on his luck. I could still hear him shouting but a ridge prevented me from seeing what was going on. Coming up on top I could see the buck was down and yet he was still shouting. Yelling for him to stop I rode up and finished the animal with my knife. Though Mr. C— was a cattleman of a good many years, a man who had killed any number of antelope, peccary, coyotes, etcetera, this was his first deer. The buck was certainly a prize, a large, even set of antlers and a good sized deer for a white-tail. Upon examination we found that the first shot was the only one that had scored.

While engaged in cleaning the deer Mr. C— explained his conduct on the ridge by saying that he had jumped a mammoth buck and two does that had gotten over a ridge to his right before he could get a shot. He was waving for me to join him before starting in pursuit and had not seen the deer I had jumped at all until it was almost on top of him. After cleaning the deer we left him lying for our return trip and picked up the trail of the trio.

The other boys had gone on so we did not wait for them, but putting the horses in a good trot, followed the trail. Mr. C— did the trailing and I kept a sharp lookout ahead. For a mile we kept a fairly straight course across the sands. As long as the tracks showed that the deer were running we kept the horses going at a lively pace, but as soon as the deer began walking we pulled in and went more carefully. Soon we came to a flat where they had stopped among some tall mesquites and here the does left the buck. Looking back over our trail we saw the other boys coming on a lope. They had come up on a ridge where they could see us, and knowing from our actions that we were trailing, were running us down. We waited until they came up and then all four started in after the buck.

After leaving the flat the old chap had started to run again, showing that he had seen us on his trail. For another mile we pushed our horses ahead, when suddenly the trail played out. After making a circle we discovered that the wily old fellow had back trailed himself. For about three hundred yards we followed the trail back, then an exclamation from John caused us to look off to the left and there stood our buck about two hundred and fifty yards away.

We all tumbled from our horses but he was gone before any one could get a shot. A clump of mesquite sheltered him from our view until he was about four hundred yards off, so the few shots we sent after him then only hastened him on. We had now all seen the object of our quest and he certainly was a noble specimen.

We determined to have him or spend the rest of our time hunting him. Twice after that we jumped him, but always out of range. Mile after mile we followed the trail in dogged persistence. Many times did the old buck back-track himself but to no avail, for the wet sand held plainly his footprints. So the afternoon wore on and the sun kept crawling down nearer the horizon and much too fast to suit us.

We had made a huge circle and crossed our own sign and finally, about half an hour before sundown, Mr. C— concluded that he would have to return to his deer before it became dark, bad as he hated to give up the chase. As it would be almost impossible for one to load the buck onto a bronco alone, my brother offered to accompany and assist him, leaving John and I to finish the chase alone. One more look at the sun told us that we only had a short time left, so we once more put our horses into a lope. The old buck now began to double and circle and tried all of his tricks but in vain. Though at times he threw us off, we would pick up the trail by circling again. After a time the trail led off straight for the ranch.

"He is going for the big patch of 'cats claw' brush," remarked John, urging his horse to a faster pace. Sure enough, the

Photo by Weidner from Original Painting.

"A CATTLEMAN OF A GOOD MANY YEARS."

trail was leading directly for the cat claw flat. Arriving at the drift fence some three miles from the ranch, we found where the deer had crawled under, so quickly dismounting, John pulled the wires down and stood on them while I got the horses over. After following the trail about a mile inside the fence John halted and said: "There he is!"

Looking directly into the sun I could see his head and antlers showing above the brush about four hundred yards away. While holding a council of war as to how we were going to approach the buck he disappeared. John thought he had moved off but I was sure he had lain down so we dismounted and leading our horses started forward. Soon my partner said we were up to where we had seen the deer, but I thought he was still further ahead. Not wanting to pass him we separated, John going to the right while I cut to the left. Before we had gone fifty yards up jumped the buck from under a bush some eighty or ninety yards from me.

Quickly drawing a bead I fired and overshot; as he broke to run I fired again, still overshooting, but my third shot went home and stopped the old chap, and then one through the neck ended the chase. The cause of my overshooting was an open rear sight, I having shot a Lyman for a number of years. John had been unable to do any shooting, owing to the deer being in a direct line with the setting sun. As we stood surveying our prize my partner said it was the finest head he ever saw killed in the sands and I felt fully repaid for the trip I had taken to secure it.

But it was getting late and we knew there was trouble in store for us yet, as both of our horses were decidedly on the bronco order, and would object to packing dead deer; but it had to be done, so we went to work. John blindfolded his horse with his jacket, mounted and after all kinds of pitching finally got up alongside of where I had the dressed buck set up. John grabbed the head and lifted while I lifted from the ground and in this manner we succeeded in getting the slit in the deer over the saddle pommel. All the while the bronco was whirling around, kicking and trying to get rid of the deer, and in about the third round I received a benefit from his heels in my side that put me out for a time.

The combined weight of my friend and the deer was too much for the horse, so he soon gave in and I lashed the deer on as best I could, but as the head and horns hung down so far John was obliged to hold it up. This proved very tiresome before we arrived at the ranch.

After gettting the deer on I mounted my horse and led John's in as he could not hold onto the deer and handle the horse. Arriving at the ranch we were quickly unsaddled and inside, where we found the cook had supper ready.

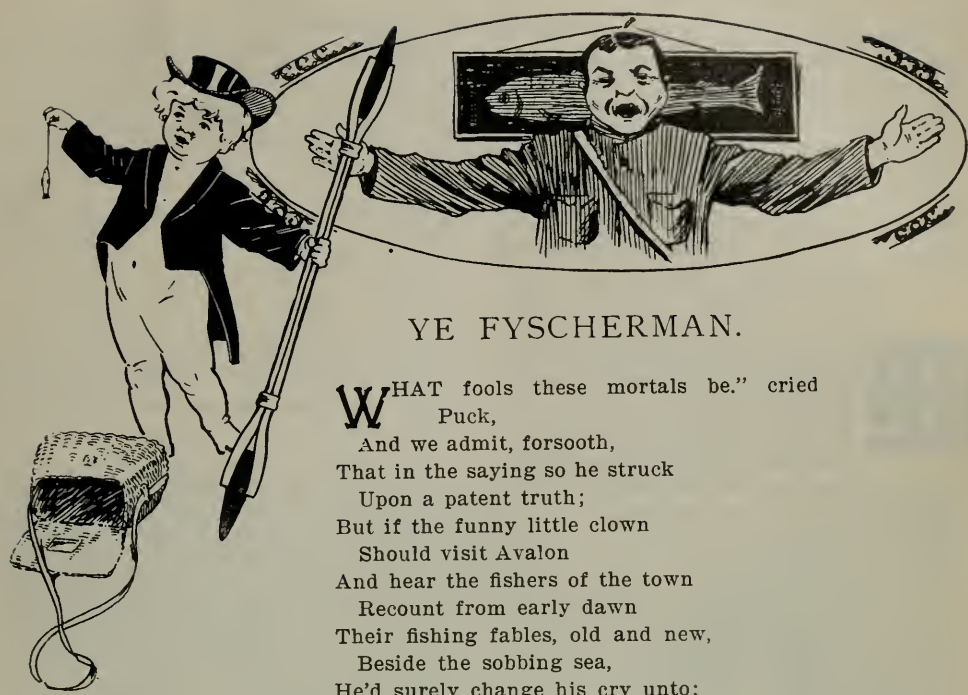
About thirty minutes later Mr. C— and my brother came in with the deer, also a coyote that my brother had shot.

After supper we skinned out the deer and then around the fire talked over the incidents of the day. In figuring up we found we had trailed my buck something over twelve miles. It had been a glorious day's sport and we had a couple of fine trophies to help us to remember it. During the remainder of our stay at the ranch we killed one more deer, a buck with a fair head, and a number of peccary or javelins.

THE REDWOODS.

VAST and endless are those halls profound,
Where the redwood forests shade the ground;
Giant monarchs, sprung from other days,
Calm and silent are their God-like ways.

—*Geo. W. Burchard.*



YE FYSCHERMAN.

WHAT fools these mortals be." cried Puck,
And we admit, forsooth,
That in the saying so he struck
Upon a patent truth;
But if the funny little clown
Should visit Avalon
And hear the fishers of the town
Recount from early dawn
Their fishing fables, old and new,
Beside the sobbing sea,
He'd surely change his cry unto:
"What liars these mortals be!"

—*James Barton Adams.*

THE SISKIYOUS.

HOW huge the bold peaks of the Siskiyou mountains,
Where rearing t'ward heaven those summits so high!
How white gleam the snows—all those cool crystal fountains,
Whence waters come tumbling as tho' from the sky!

Hid deep in the gorges the cataracts roar,
The wild music sounding of ten thousand rills;
And far t'ward those summits, so covered with hoar,
The long-needled pines chant their hymn to the hills.

The blue of the sky, as it's arched overhead,
Is matched by the azure that purples the land;
The view of such colors, tho' painting were dead,
Should train from a peasant a world's Master-Hand!

Translucently clear and resplendently bright—
Those wide-stretching rivers of ice and of snow;
Upon their broad wastes, in the morn's early light,
Flash colors as brilliant as iris-hued bow.

While far to the eastward the Shasta peak stands—
The home of the spirits—the Siskiyous' dread;
And off to the westward, in Siskiyou lands,
The chiefs pitch their hutches near Trinity Head

Then hail to the mountains, the Siskiyou ranges,
Where hooded in snow and deep tinted with blue,
Unmindful of Time and his multiform changes,
These giants of yore rear their heads into view!

—*Geo. W. Burchard.*

TROUT LORE.

By Bryan Haywood.

(Second Paper.).

I WELL remember when as a boy my eyes were first opened to the delightful mysteries of fly tying. Up to that moment I had accepted the trout fly as a perfectly natural production, that, like Topsey, "just growed." Just why that inquisitive instinct that is so marked a characteristic of the average boy should have been lacking here I cannot pretend to say, but it remained a fact until one day my fly, a hackle, became loosened and instead of a fuzzy fly there remained but a long brown feather attached to the head of the hook by the varnish.

This was sufficient to stimulate the dormant curiosity and the remains of that fly were promptly dissected and laid out in their several parts.

A study of the subject followed and later the actual tying of flies started a new and entertaining pursuit, which for delicacy of manipulation and nicety of results has far exceeded any indoor recreation I have known.

First, the materials, to which almost every producer of feathers and fur contributes in countless variety, not to mention the silks, worsteds, grasses and fish scales of various kinds. Quite lately an enthusiastic fisherman not content with even these, must needs have celluloid dyed to exact shades, because their colors remain the same wet or dry. Then the manipulations, the possibilities of producing rational results from apparently impossible materials, and last but not least the very great advantage in actual fishing that accrues from the ability to correctly imitate a favorite natural fly, when your hook fails to reveal its prototype. One trip in particular is recalled where this ability made all the difference between extra good fishing and none at all. The season was a very late one, the streams one and all being high and discolored, but the fishing fever had hold of us and we repaired to a small stream which is usually clear long before others.

We found the fish rising furiously at the sight of one of the ephemeridæ, a circumstance at that time unique in my experience in Colorado waters. We eagerly tried every pattern in our fly books, with no success, despite the fact that the fish were rising so rapidly as to frequently touch our flies by accident. We had an exact imitation of the dun they were taking, but it was as useless as any other pattern. Knowing that there was a reason for all this, I quit fishing, and lying prone on the grass, watched carefully the feeding fish and the myriads of duns rising and falling over the water. The insect had the transparent upright wings and rubber colored body of the May fly, which we had in our fly books, and it certainly was a puzzle why these would not kill, until I noticed that while the live duns were sober colored they did not appear so on the wing, the sunlight giving them a decided yellow tinge. With this in mind we returned to camp and the tying outfit and made up some flies identical with the duns, except they had yellow bodies in place of dark brown.

No sooner were these presented to the fish than we began as good an evening's sport as ever fell to my lot. We named the fly Laramie Spinner, and I have since found it an exceedingly deadly one.

The foundation of the fly is the hook, which is much easier to obtain poorly tempered or shaped than correctly so. I use Pennell Sneck, down turned, eyed hooks. Pennell make, because, while expensive, they are perfectly tempered; Sneck shape, because the barb is placed at the best angle for driving the point into the fish easily; and eyed, rather than gutted hooks, because they are

easier to handle in tying—there is no danger of the gut breaking just where it joins the hook, where the strain is greatest, and they are much easier to carry, there being no gut attached to become tangled in the fly hook or break because dry, when a fresh fly is adjusted.

The angler who uses eyed flies starts for the stream with his leaders soaking in their box, and ties his fly by its eye to the wet leader and is at the first catch as ready to land a heavy fish as at any time, which is not the case with gutted flies, as gut is brittle and easily broken when dry. If the flies are soaked as well as the leader, the hooks quickly become rusted and useless.

GOOD BAIT WATER.

Having selected our eyed hooks, we are ready for other materials. Presuming that a Brown Hackle is our aim, these materials will be tying silk (fine, strong, silk thread of neutral tint), cobblers' wax, several strands of peacock herl (from the tail feathers of that bird), and a Brown Hackle feather from a rooster's neck.

The hook is firmly placed in the vise, leaving the shank entirely free. The tying silk is thoroughly waxed and a couple of turns taken around the shank just where the bend begins. Cut off the short end of the silk, place the tips of the herl, pointed toward and under the vise, under the shank of hook and take several turns with the silk around it, then wind the silk to a point about one-eighth of an inch from the eye of the hook. Now wrap the twisted strands of herl around the hook until you arrive at the point you left off with the silk, where you fasten it with several wraps of the latter, making finally a half hitch around the shank, to prevent anything slipping.

Take the hackle feather by its tip and draw the fibers back between the finger and thumb. Then place the point on the shank, just where the peacock herl ends and secure it with several turns of the silk, which is now wrapped to within a sixteenth of an inch of the eye of the hook, and clip off the projecting point of hackle. Now wrap the hackle around the shank, making each turn toward the eye, but as close together as possible, and when it reaches the last wrap of the silk secure firmly, cutting off the superfluous hackle, and make a couple of half hitches with the silk, which is then cut, slightly coated with shellac varnish, and the hackle is finished.

A Coachman is made by adding to the Brown Hackle two upright strips of white

feathers for wings on top of the hook shank and the hackle, finishing with shellac as before.

These examples represent the simplest forms of fly tying and constitute the A B C of the art, the acme of which is the ability to imitate at sight any insect, regardless of size or coloring.

If the amateur will remember the following points, his work will be greatly facilitated:

The length of the hackle fibers (which represent, in winged patterns, the legs of the insect) should be the same as the shank from the bend to the eye of the hook. The wings should never be longer than the hook itself, nor should the tail, if there be one, project beyond the bend of the hook, unless it is composed of single hairs, which are of more value in the angler's eyes than those of the fish. In attempting close imitations, keep in mind the fact that many materials, notably lemon and red shades, change color considerably in the water, and some of the mottled wing feathers, such as turkey and sage hen, look very different when viewed from under the water than from on top.

When in doubt, immerse your head in water and look at the fly on the surface toward a straight light; viewed thus, a jungle shoulder to any dark wing gives an appearance of motion utterly lacking without it. Don't try to imitate the larvæ of any insect, for while you can accomplish your object, you cannot add the constant motion to its legs as in nature, and the fish nibbles at the fly out of your sight and discovers that it does not taste good before you know he is around.

Remember that a hackle is most deadly when played on the surface and a winged pattern is better than a hackle, if submerged.

The Coachman is improved for rainbow trout by the addition of yellow ribbing, and for natives (S. mykiss) by red ribbing.

The Professor is more killing with a silver body than the common yellow one. For large rainbows I use with much success a fly to which my name has been given, which is a combination of Coachman and Jock Scott, the salient features of each being preserved. A deadly fly but little known is the Alexandra, when fished submerged, while the Scotch March Brown and Alder, the Blue Upright and Halford's pattern of Spent Gnat are the patterns upon which I rely until September, when a Pink Wickham, Silver Ledge, Olive Dun, Red Tag, Black Gnat (female), or Black Hackle with a red tag, tied to a very small hook (No. 12 or 16) will do the most execution. A very good fly for June and July fishing is the Daniels Favorite, invented and used by Major William Cooke Daniels with great success.

A most puzzling problem is presented to the novice when the trout are continually breaking water when there is absolutely no fly abroad. This performance is called "bulging," and fish are feeding on nymphs escaping from the water to burst their skins and become winged flies.

At such time the March Brown is invaluable, while on much fished water a Golden-ribbed Haresear is perhaps an improvement.

When the fish repeatedly rise "short"—that is, jump at but do not take the fly—the best remedy is to use a much smaller one of the pattern they seem to prefer.

Sometimes when camping on the banks of a trout stream you will hear the fish splashing at a great rate long after dark. They are then rising at Sedge flies, and a creelful of unusually large ones can be caught by the use of a large Silver Doctor or Dusty Miller.

I have personally never had much success in this style of fishing when using a White Miller, which seems popularly supposed to be the only fly for after dark work.

It is curious to note the seeming demands of different streams. On the Gunnison and its tributaries in Colorado a Gray Hackle with a yellow body is generally a close favorite with the Professor. On the Rio Grande and its tributaries Coachman, Professor, Rio Grande King and Grizzly King, all with jungle shoulders, have the call.

The North Platte basin fishermen use Jock Scotts, Silver Doctors, Alders and Blue Uprights.

The smaller mountain streams, which contain mostly native trout, seem to demand the Royal Coachman, Rube Wood and King of the Water.

The outfit is as varied as the tastes of man differ, some being content with a willow pole cut at the stream side, while others must have every accessory known to modern sci-

ence. Almost every American rod is too limber or "whippy," bending from the tip to the hand, and run too far to light weights, while our English cousins incline the other way, with the result that their rods handle more like telegraph poles than otherwise, and are very tiresome to handle.

The perfect rod should weigh eight ounces to 9½ feet length, ten ounces to 10 feet, and twelve ounces to 10½ feet, and should balance on the finger without reel attached at the middle of the butt joint.

Such a rod will handle a very heavy (not necessarily large) line without strain, and will render possible a length and accuracy of casting astonishing to one who is used to the common style. The average fisherman thus equipped should cast with accuracy and delicacy 25 yards maximum to 16 yards with the ordinary outfit.

When purchasing a rod have the salesman hold the tip lightly between his thumb and fore finger while you pull it upward and away from him, observing closely the curve.

If the rod bends in the first or butt joint, it lacks backbone or casting power. If the bend is mostly in the tip joint it is too stiff and will be hard on the wrist. The perfect rod thus handled will show an almost perfectly straight tip, a very much curved second joint and a very slightly bent butt. See that the grip is at least an inch and a half in diameter.

Split bamboo is the best material, whether the rod cost one dollar or thirty. Steel rods are exceedingly serviceable for bait fishing, particularly the telescope variety, but are utterly useless with the fly.

The cutting of the line with a telescope steel rod can be avoided by making a hollow wooden stopper for insertion in the butt of the largest joint and placing a thin slice of cork in the butt cap before it is screwed on.

The cutting is always done when the rod is telescoped to push through thick brush or when through fishing for the day, and the above wrinkle may save a good fish some time, and certainly will save a cut line.

See that your rod has standing guides for the line to run through, instead of the ordinary rings and keepers which are a noisy nuisance and very hard on a good line. Blued mountings, ferrules, rod seat and ring and reel are as great a help as nickle plated

Photo by W. J. Street. A STILL REACH.

ones are a hindrance. This may easily be verified by flashing the reflection of the sun from a nickle plated reel through a pool where fish are known to be, then attempting to catch one.

Bear always in mind that the most acute sense a fish possesses is its sight, and abstain from the use of anything that will flash in the sunlight. When the rod is broken, do not try to burn or dig the wood out of the ferrule, but overlap the two parts six inches and wrap tightly with a piece of the line cut off for the purpose, if no other string is obtainable. If properly done the rod thus repaired will outlast the trip and handle almost as well as before. I always carry a roll of tire tape for these accidents, and find it handy for cuts or strains as well.

The very best lines are of braided silk and are of two kinds, in their order of merit as follows: First, a solid square braided silk. Second, a hollow tube of silk braided on a core of some other material.

In the first class, those dressed in boiled oil under the air pump are far the best. Such a line (generally a tapered one) is immersed in boiled oil, the line and vessel of oil placed under an air pump and the air exhausted. The air in the line is thus replaced by oil. The line is then hung in loose coils in an oven and baked in a slow heat for days. This operation is repeated six times, the line being rubbed down with pumice stone each time it is baked, and in the course of three months is finished. The result is unapproachable by any other method, the line possessing the pliability of India rubber, with the weight and lie of copper wire. One of these lines has been in constant use for twelve seasons and seems now as good as new.

The common oiled silk belongs to this class, and for strength is, when new, as good as any but does not possess the weight necessary for accurate and delicate work, and is short lived, the oil quickly rotting the material. In the second class come the average enameled silk lines.

These possess the quality of weight, but unless the core is of silk also, it is liable to rot first, leaving the thin skin of silk to stand the strain, which means a break at a critical moment.

Another disadvantage of enameled lines is the breaking of the enamel, which is a surface dressing only, and when once cracked permits the quick rotting of the unprotected interior.

Some fishermen dislike a heavy line, believing that it is more easily seen and consequently alarming to the fish. I am convinced that this is an erroneous impression, however, as if a proper length of leader be used and the fly correctly handled, it is impossible for the fish to see the line, not to mention the enormous advantage in accuracy and distance obtainable in the cast, particularly in a wind. A line which has never to my knowledge been used locally is known as the "blow" line. I should have tried it long since for lake fishing were it not for the difficulty in obtaining one and my failing to remember this fact until too late each year. The line is constructed of very loosely woven silk and is very light and porous. The fisherman proceeds to that shore of the lake from which the wind blows, armed with a very long, stiff pole (not rod), some live grasshoppers, willow or May flies, and a small hook attached to a long gossamer leader. The bait is impaled on the hook and the pole given a quick jerk upward, throwing the line directly overhead, where the wind catches it and blows line, bait and all well out into the lake, where the bait struggles in an enticing manner.

I believe the method to be a deadly one and hope to try it some day if my memory improves.

Too little attention is paid to the item of leaders by some anglers, whose sole object seems to be strength. If he goes for large fish a double one is generally selected, despite the fact that its strength is equal only to that of its weakest part, and in any event one with several loops for attaching gutted flies is generally preferred.

There is no better way of creating a disturbance in the water than with a loop of line or gut, the loop always carrying a silvery air space with it that is as discernable as a nickeled spoon.

This was a vexed point with me for many years, and was only solved by the use of eyed flies and the knot for attaching droppers, and now I have done away with loops altogether, whipping a permanent strand of

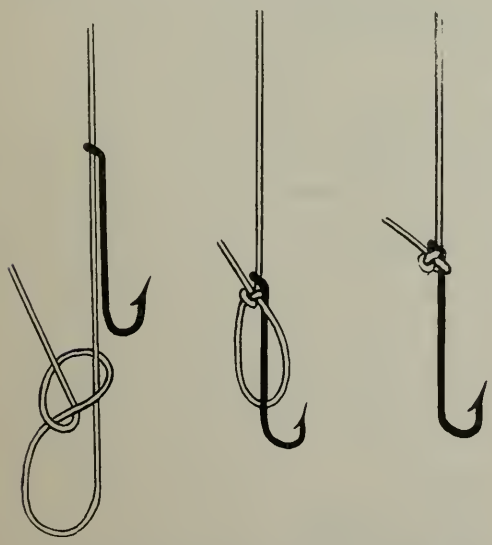
heavy gut to the line, tying each leader to this strand as used.

Whether the angler uses looped leaders or not, his supply should be soaked in water a half hour before use, either wrapped in a wet rag or in a box constructed for the purpose.

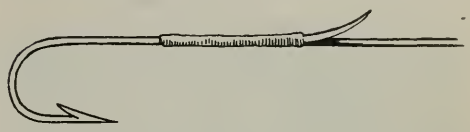
Gut is easily cracked and broken when dry, while if thoroughly soaked will stand far more than the required strain. Gut is quickly rotted by oil or sunlight, therefore if you want your leaders to break, wear them on the hat band.

A tapered leader adds almost as much to the ease of delicately and accurately placing the fly as does a tapered line, and should be used if obtainable.

The length of the leader requisite depends on the size of the stream and nature of the water, and varies from three to twelve feet. I always carry soaking in the leader box several strands of loose gut for repairs and save many a leader in this way. The cuts show two knots for this purpose, either of which is safe and easily tied.



In selecting reels take a single action with a narrow barrel and a large drum. The "Featherweight" or "Orvis" are the best of this class and can be found at any dealer's. The Martin automatic reel is meeting with much favor and while I have never used one, many friends who have are enthusiastic. An automatic reel is provided with a spring which winds up the line when a button is pressed, but possesses the disadvantage, in my eyes at least, of compelling the angler to strike by pressing the button, which I cannot but feel is a little too mechanical a method of capturing a game fish. One likes to feel that he has something to do with the capture, and I prefer to stake my quickness of eye and hand against the fish's cunning rather than use a machine.



Besides, the electrifying whirr of the click when a fish is struck is painfully lacking in the case of the automatic.

For minnow fishing the style of hook shown in the cut is far superior to all other methods of using a live (he is usually very dead) minnow, in that it does away with the numerous small hooks in other devices, which wound and kill many more fish than they land.

The matter of a fly book is and must always be a vexed question with the angler using gutted flies, as it is almost impossible to secure the gut so it can or will stay "put," and yet allow the fly to be easily and quickly detached without disturbing the others. Mine, which can be used for either or both eyed or gutted flies, is made with horizontal pockets, which hold securely anything of gut, and cork strips accommodating quantities of either style of fly. It is of my designing and is not to my knowledge on the market, but can be made at home, with a little patience and at almost no expense. For the benefit of the angler contemplating a trip is appended a list of articles likely to be forgotten.

Tire tape, for repairing a broken rod or damage to the person. It is particularly useful for cuts in the thumb or forefinger from the teeth of the fish.

A tube of rubber cement for repairs to the waders. With this include a piece of strong, thin leather, not rubber, for patching. Apply the cement around the hole, and also to the patch; let both dry for ten minutes, then apply the patch and hammer it thoroughly home. A patch put on thus will stay, and if of leather will outwear the garment.

A few extra metal tips and guides for the rod, a spool of silk for attaching and a vial of varnish. A bottle of good mosquito medicine and a small head net, which should be black in color; a light colored one is useless, because it is so hard to see through.

A light rubber cape strapped to the side of the basket next to the person acts as a cushion and is very useful in a sudden rain. A fish scale is useful for furnishing a basis for stories, but is not indispensable.

For cleaning fish, I have found a pair of blunt pointed scissors such as carried by dry goods clerks far more speedy and easier on the hands than the usual knife.

Too little attention is generally paid to the waders, a pair of rubber boots being the ordinary equipment. Rubber is the hardest substance known on which to maintain an equilibrium on wet rocks, and leather soling and hob nailing rubber boots is but a poor shift, soon springing a leak in the nail holes or cracking the sole. For deep water mackintosh trousers with stocking feet, and for small streams hip stockings of the same material, also with stocking feet, make a far better outfit and will last with ordinary care five or six seasons if they are used with heavy wool stockings between them and the wading shoes.

Several pairs of stockings should be taken on each trip, as they soon wear out in the heels, and if not replaced the mackintosh does likewise.

LONGING.

OH for a day on the sun-kissed hills,
  Where the banded deer roam in peace together,
And the murmuring song of a thousand rills
  Is wafted across o'er the purpling heather;
Where the voice of the lav'rock and linnet be
Blended together in harmony.

Oh for a day by some rippling stream
  Where the waving willows and curling grasses
Nod and smile in their mid-day dream
  At each water-nymph as she lightly passes;
Where trout and grayling do lie asleep
In the shaded vaults of their crystal keep.

Oh for a day in the peaceful woods,
  Where the air is rich with the pine's ambrosia,
Where doze securely the russet broods
  In their cool retreat 'neath the bracken's crozier;
Where grouse and woodcock and timid hare
Are hidden deep from the blinding glare.

Oh for a day by some quiet lake,
  Fringed with a maze of reeds and lillies,
Where hern and bittern and coot and crake
  Watch for the coming of Amaryllis,
Who slips from her girdle's chaste embrace
And laves her charms in unconscious grace.

Oh for a breath of the balmy air
  That fans the cheek of the country fallows—
Rich with the odor of flow'rets fair;
  Pansies and mouse-ear, pinks and mallows,
Sweet-william and thyme and mignonette
And roses and rue and espersette.

—*Montezuma.*

A BATTLE IN THE AIR.

By Will A. Wright.

THE Sparrowhawk—the smallest of the hawk family—never, so far as is known to the writer, attacks any animal or bird from pure wantonness. Several times I have seen one chasing small birds like the sparrow. Once I saw a sparrowhawk catch a field sparrow fairly on the wing, and the cries of the unfortunate little bird were pitiful to hear. I did not shoot the little hawk, for I suspected he had gotten tired of a mouse and gopher diet and wished a change.

In these pursuits he confines his attention mostly to mice, gophers and other members of the rodent family. Hence the deviation as given in the following narration is the more remarkable. The battle, if I may call it such, was witnessed by me some four or five years ago, out near the foothills, some twenty miles from Los Angeles.

I was riding my wheel along in a dreamy sort of fashion when I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by the loud and distressing cries of some birds. A flock of martins were chasing wildly through the air one of these little hawks. He had in his talons, as I afterward found, a half-grown dove and was flying low and laboriously. The attack was so vigorous that he dropped the dove and flew upward in an endeavor to escape; failing in this he swooped down upon one of the martins. With the little bird in his claws the hawk dropped toward the earth, tearing his unfortunate little antagonist with his sharp beak as he came. When the earth was almost reached the hawk released the martin and it fell dead to the ground. Again the hawk appearingly endeavored to escape, and as quickly the birds closed around him. After dodging about a few times he made a dash into their midst and another martin was fast in his claws. Again the fall toward

earth began, the little hawk, as before, tearing his victim wickedly with his beak, the black feathers flying out all around them. Twenty or thirty feet from the earth the hawk dropped the martin and flew swiftly upward.

Their flight had now carried them to the border of an orange grove and the hawk suddenly dropped toward the earth, then dashed in among the trees and escaped. Going back over the line of flight I picked up the dead birds and found each one disemboweled and otherwise badly mutilated. The incident was so unusual that I deem it worthy of notice, and would like to hear, through your columns, of other observances of a similar character, if any such have come under the notice of your readers.

MY FIRST DEER HUNT.

By Miss Frances La Place.

SAY, girls, wake up!"

I woke up—for the banging on the door would have awakened an Egyptian mummy. Just 3 o'clock! I rubbed my eyes—why did they have to start so early on their deer hunts?

I pulled up the shabby green blinds of the tiny window of our temporary home and looked out into the yard, which in the cold gray light of the misty dawning seemed so peaceful and quiet; so different from its usual bustle. How cosy the little room was at that moment and how comfortable Kitty did look, sleeping so peacefully while I, shivering and yawning, was trying to find my stockings.

My brother Jack, his wife and myself were passing our vacation at a farmhouse in the Santa Cruz Mountains. We had been having a splendid time, but everybody told us that our holiday would not be complete without the experience of a deer hunt—a real genuine deer, real hounds, in fact everything real.

The young "beaux" of the neighborhood—they were mostly Mexicans—had arranged for a hunt. Kitty and I were to be the honored guests, and Jack was to be leader if he so desired but he resigned the honor to Antone. Antone always carried the huntsman's horn and bossed the hounds.

The start was to be at 4 in the morning, therefore the occasion of our early rising. After waking Kitty and lacing on my leggings I hurried out to breakfast. Jack had finished his and was already getting out the horses. Gulping down my coffee and biscuit I went out to saddle my horse.

"Hello, sis, how did you happen to get up in time?" Jack said jokingly as I tied my horse to the post and brought the heavy Mexican saddle from the shed.

"Isn't it delightful?" I said, putting on a bold face.

"Splendid! How's Kit?" Jack had finished saddling his horse and was putting the side-saddle on the big bay for Kitty, who presently came out, shivering and shaking and making no pretense of enjoying herself.

"This is beastly," she said, clapping her hands to keep warm. She tramped around the dusty yard for a time and then came to where I was cinching the little buckskin.

"Oh, ho!" she said suddenly with a merry smile, eyeing me the meanwhile with a would-be critical eye. "Won't the deer run when he sees the combination of those green bloomers and that buckskin horse!"

Sorry to say, my bloomers were green, but I had made them from an old skirt so such a small matter as color did not bother me in the least nor did their greenness detract from the freedom I enjoyed when wearing them. Kitty was to ride side-saddle, while I—well, I rode "straddle," or, as fashion puts it, "cross-saddle."

"Here they come!" Jack exclaimed as we heard the loud blast of a horn, and after helping Kitty into the saddle he jumped on his big awkward gray horse. I was out in the road and ready to join the hunters by that time and turned to wave my hand to the farmer's wife as she stood in the doorway, a quizzical expression on her face as she surveyed me from head to foot. Her arms akimbo, her hands on her hips, and her big gingham apron gave her a general air of domesticity that made her seem in striking contrast to my up-to-date appearance.

After riding about two miles up the cañon Antone brought us all to a halt. "Now," he said with the slight accent that the California Mexicans have, "I take the hounds and go find the deer's trail and you can all wait till you hear the hounds start up the deer, and then you can take a short cut and lay for him." Antone and the hounds set off in search of the trail and the rest of us sat listening anxiously for the first baying

of the dogs. After a few minutes of waiting Manuel proposed we "hit the trail" further down. I agreed to this, and Manuel, Tom and myself started off, leaving Kitty, Jack and the rest of the boys waiting patiently to hear the hounds.

The sun was out in all its strength and glory and I felt exultant as we rode through the quiet cañon. Suddenly through the clear air we heard the dogs baying. Their barking broke on the stillness in an almost ghastly sharpness, and as they came nearer and nearer I thought of the deer who must have been making a valiant race for his life. Manuel and Tom sat motionless in their saddles but their rifles were in readiness for the sudden appearance of the deer. Where the others were I did not know, but further up the cañon several shots were fired.

Suddenly I saw a graceful brown creature crossing the opposite hillside, not in runs but long leaps. Leap after leap went the deer, and bang! bang! cracked both the rifles! But both were too late; the pretty animal was already out of sight and the hounds came tearing along on his trail. My buckskin mount had been rather lazy but as he saw the hounds cross before us he made a bound and dashed down the rugged hillside. Above the baying of the dogs and the pounding of my horse's hoofs I could hear Tom's warning cry to look out for the creek at the bottom! The further the buckskin went the faster he seemed to go, and every shot that resounded through the cañon appeared to put new strength into him.

As we neared the bottom of the hillside I could see the cool water of the creek shining in the sun. How the horse would cross it I did not know and I was going at such a pace already that I did not care. I blessed my large Mexican saddle and serviceable bloomers as the horse sped through the brush and thick ferny undergrowth that covered the rugged hillside. "Whoa!" I cried, tugging at the bit as we were within a few yards, but all to no avail for the buckskin had his teeth tightly set over the bit and all the pulling I could do would not stop him.

"Hold tight!" I heard Antone call from the other side of the cañon, where he was following up the hounds. He had hardly finished speaking when the buckskin with a spasmodic leap cleared the creek and was already tearing along in the direction Antone had taken!

Manuel and Tom had both disappeared when I had a chance to look back, but I could hear their rifle shots as they went after the hounds. Jack and the others were close behind, but they were still on the other side of the creek. How they crossed I did not see, for the buckskin was still bent on going and Antone and I were close on the hounds. We had gone several miles further when we saw the weary brutes coming toward us. "What—you didn't catch him?" Antone said to his dogs as they wagged their tails dejectedly.

As we rode back to where we had last seen the others, Antone told me many of the amusing incidents that had happened at previous deer hunts. He was very sorry that we did not get the deer. I was not sorry—I considered that deer fully deserving to live after making such a valiant race for his life.

It was a very sorry party, indeed, that we found waiting at the creek! There was poor little Kitty standing in the sun trying to dry her long riding skirt, which was dripping wet besides having a large three-cornered rent in it. Her handsome bay had fallen in the creek while trying to cross it, and Jack had a wet time of it getting Kitty safe to dry land. Jack had not risked it with his large clumsy gray, and I could not help feeling a bit jubilant at the way I had crossed it.

It was scorching hot when we reached the farm house, and we were as hungry as wolves, too! I was very glad that the farmer's wife wore a big gingham apron, and thought of other things besides deer hunting when I saw the appetizing dinner that was set for us.

WESTERN FIELD.

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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RETAIN THE PRESENT GAME LAW.

EVERY citizen of this great commonwealth is directly interested in the preservation of its game. The interest may be sentimental or mercenary, philanthropic or venal, personal or general according to the constitution of the individual, but all alike are directly concerned whether they appreciate this fact or not.

The game of our fields, forests and streams is at one and the same time an incalculably valuable State asset and a common—but conditional—public heritage. Every one is entitled to the equal enjoyment of its benefits under wise limitations which are imposed, not for the benefit of any favored class, but for the general good. The complaint of discrimination under our game laws is as ridiculous as it is malicious, there being logically no foundation whatever for such an assumption.

A well balanced game law embodies in itself all the fundamental features of the three divisions of civil law. It must be imperative, prohibitive and permissive, each to a degree justified and regulated by actual obtaining conditions. As conditions vary in different sections it follows that game laws must be essentially local in feature while really universal in essence. The main end and object of all game laws should be the logical preservation of the game to an extent that will ensure its common enjoyment both presently and posteriorly.

This the California game law is very well befitted to do. It is imperative, prohibitory and permissive in well balanced proportions and has been enacted with a wise view toward the universal good. All the citizens of this State, without exception, are affected equally by it, since one and all are commanded, prohibited and permitted alike to exactly the same degree. How can there be any possible "discrimination" in a statute which obviously recognizes no individuality in the subjects governed? The judge on the bench, the market hunter, the genuine sportsman—one and all, irrespective of age, class, sex or condition, are equally and impartially amenable to its provisions and must abide thereby, no one class or individual being accorded a single privilege, right or franchise which is not shared in common by the whole community.

Infallibility being unfortunately not a human endowment, it is very probable that our existing game laws are not as perfect as they might be or as they will logically become in time. But we urge that until something better is evolved, the present statute be retained and vigorously enforced. If there be one fault more apparent than others in the present law, it is the ill advised liberality to the present generation—the permission to kill too many beasts, birds and fishes on entirely too many days in the year. We are presently defrauding posterity and discounting our own assets as well. It would be a good thing were the law made more discriminative against the rapacity and selfishness of this age!

The law should be fortified, moreover, by a special section protecting our song and other insectivorous birds. It is a reflection upon the intelligence of our community that this measure was not taken at the very beginning. There are other species to whom more protection should be logically extended and many minor details in which advancement is possible. But on the whole the law is a good, just and equitable one and should not be tampered with in its general features.

Under no circumstances should any further license be extended. The law is presently all too liberal and indulgent to the present

generation and we predict that any possible future amendment of it will be along the line of prohibition rather than of permission. In any event legislation on this head should be watched with the most jealous vigilance. The present law is good enough to let alone provided that it be supplemented with a clause protecting non-game birds of economic value. It has taken years of honest, intelligent, unbiased philanthropic labor to secure, and the vicious, the ignorant, the mercenary and the malicious should be made to keep their hands off it. The law might be advantageously supplemented as above indicated but in all other respects it should be left untouched.

PRACTICAL GAME PROTECTION.

THERE is not one man in every thousand of those who shoot or fish but what would indignantly resent any imputation cast upon the quality of his sportsmanship. The men in this community who would unblushingly admit that they were merely game hogs, or that they did not at all times exercise a gentlemanly and commendable moderation in their sport, would be as hard to find as the proverbial needle in a haystack, and yet the majority of those who go with gun and rod afield incontinently persist in doing, to an extreme limited only by their personal possibilities, the very things which justify the epithets so unpalatable to them.

The Sunday issues of our local dailies teem with reports of full limit killers every week, and it has come to that pass when anything under the ordained maximum of legalized slaughter is popularly regarded as a reproach and reflection upon the "sportsmanship" of the performer. The full limit each day afield seems to be the popular standard of sporting estimation and every means is taken to accomplish that pitiable end by men who are otherwise intelligent enough to be ashamed of themselves.

For that man who measures his enjoyment afield solely by the number of animals he has succeeded in slaughtering, every normally minded man can entertain only a pitying contempt. If, as it has been wisely said, it is not all of fishing to fish, it is not logically all of hunting to hunt or of shooting to shoot. There is, of course, a glorious exhilaration in being able to stop a swift flying bird neatly in mid-air, or to out rival the cunning of a wary old trout patriarch and draw him, at your pleasure, from out his difficult keep. But is not the "strike" or the shot merely an incident—a link in the long chain of pleasures that attend on each pursuit? Is the skill of the angler who releases his hooked fish, or the gunner who refrains from shooting into the "brown of 'em," any the more questionable because of the generous restraint from easy murder? How often has it occurred to the limit bagger that he is, by his lamentable extravagance, breeding a very large scab on the nose of his own sport's futurity? Suppose that every other man who went afield were able and inclined to kill the limit likewise; how long would the game he is so murderously devoted to afford the opportunity for assuaging his lust for blood?

It is our opinion—and one that all thinking men will concur in—that reproach should and does attach to the limit killer. Take the present duck limit in this State for instance. Outside of the mercenary commercial feature of their market value—a condition which affronts the soul of every respectable and genuine sportsman—what is the excuse for destroying fifty beautiful lives in one short day? A proof of superior ability to handle a gun or the demonstration of its high shooting qualities? As good a proof and demonstration can be made at inanimate targets—a better one, for the difficulties can be exaggerated at will. Is it the mere pleasure of killing? We can not estimate our fellow men upon such an appaling basis. Why, then, will otherwise kindly hearted and broad mentalitied men so far depart from the bounds of decent necessity?

It is largely because they do not stop to consider the lethal draft they are making on game futurities; of the irremediable injury they are working to their own and posterity's interests; because they do not stop to compute and contemplate the loathsomeness of their deplorable extravagance.

Let us eschew this limit killing, brothers of the gun and rod. Let the measure of our destruction be the minimum of our present actual necessities. Let us get larger returns by taking a more lively interest in the beauty of the natural surroundings and a less ferocity in the popping of the explosive safety valve which seems necessary to the quieting of the brutal savagery that still lurks in the bosom of modern civilization. Let us, in short, practice practical game protection by decently refraining from killing the limit every time the occasion offers.

AUSTRALIAN OPEN BOAT SAILING.

By E. A. Bayley.

TO USE the words of an old Yankee boat sailor, who handled the tiller in many exciting races in the palmy days of the sandbagger and cat boats and whose pet hobby was boat sailing, on seeing the Australian open sailing boats: "I guess they are eye-openers!" The enormous spread of racing canvas they carry "beats creation" and how the crew keep them afloat is a wonder to all. Herein is where the Australians shine in racing boat management. The sailing crews are a generous lot of fellows, quick to welcome the arrival of a yachtsman from abroad with a royal Australian cordiality and a seat in their racers is always at his pleasure.

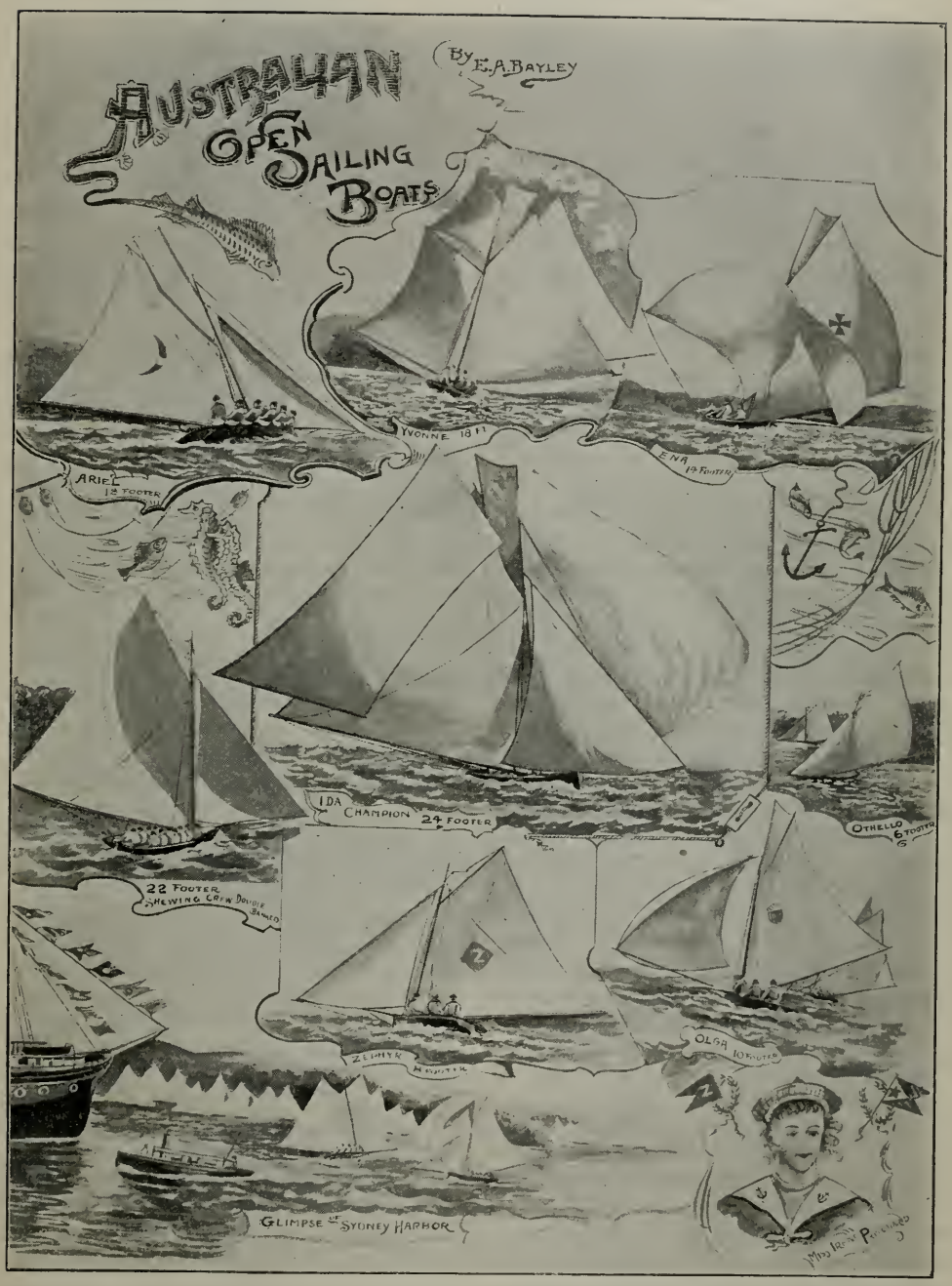
One is readily impressed with the beautiful harbor of Port Jackson, which is bordered with picturesque hills and clear sandy beaches. With its blue sky and white, fleecy clouds it presents a panorama which artistic skill and pigments could not exaggerate in the blending of color. It is so favored by nature as to make its adaptability for things aquatic simply perfection, with a fine sailing course of eighteen miles which would charm any yachtsman.

The aquatic months are from September to April, the weather during these months being delightful with steady northeast trade winds. The aquatic carnival of the year is held on Anniversary Day, at which time the crack sailing boats and rowers from all parts of Australasia congregate to compete for championship honors, thousands lining the points of vantage to witness this regatta.

The programme is a varied one, including fifteen sailing and eight rowing events for all classes of boats, including model yachts. Big purses are offered, and keen competition exists among the boat builders in their endeavors to design a champion racer. A winner means in every case a boom in trade, securing orders for new racing crafts galore. The popular class of craft is the twenty-two-foot open boat, with unlimited sail. The class ranges from boats seven to twenty-four feet in length.

No fixed ballast is allowed to be carried in these boats. Live ballast, therefore, is substituted, and this is constituted by the nimble crew of jaunty young yachtsmen. The change from fixed to live ballast was a wise one. Several boats with fixed ballast have filled and sank, carrying with them some of the crew who could not extricate themselves from the mass of gear and were dragged down to the bottom of the blue waters of the harbor; in other cases the crew have had long swims for dear life, with the possibility of being devoured by the man-eating sharks which infest Sydney harbor.

Sydney boat sailors are a manly, up-to-date lot of yachtsmen, alert to "catch on" to any new wrinkles in the yachting and nautical line. The skillful handling of these cockle-shells, staggering under their clouds of racing canvas, can be accomplished by those alone who have given their unstinted time and study, with their nerve and skill, to the difficult task. The most skilled skippers in the harbor have sprung from the tillers of "eight-footers." The boats present a striking marine picture, especially when rounding the stake boat and squaring away on the home stretch, as their snowy white canvas bellies out in grandeur and lends its ample folds to the breeze, making the craft scud along like frightened swans. They look as though submerged in a white smother of foam, and the sight is a "bobby dazzler" to


AUSTRALIAN OPEN SAILING BOATS
BY E. A. BAYLEY
YVONNE 18 FT
ARIEL 18 FOOTER
ENA 18 FOOTER
IDA CHAMPION 24 FOOTER
OTHELLO 6 FOOTER
22 FOOTER SHEWING CREW DOUBLE BANKED
ZEPHYR 8 FOOTER
OLGA 10 FOOTER
GLIMPSE OF SYDNEY HARBOR

the land lubber who momentarily expects them to take a dive, baptize their crews and disappear from sight. No rule exists as to whether the boat is to be on top of the water or under it when she crosses the line, so the skipper cracks on his canvas and drives her along. Exciting finishes have resulted in "dead heats" and occasionally races are won by a quarter of a length.

A twenty-two-footer running with a favorable breeze and all racing sails set, carries the marvelous spread of 3,440 square feet of canvas. Many of the sails are made of silk twill and each season develops some improvement either in shape or increased dimensions. The order is to increase rather than decrease the spread of canvas, making them fly as many kites as the proverbial "Flying Dutchman."

Jibing with this immense spread of canvas requires skillful handling. The skipper must act quickly, take desperate chances, for should the gear foul nothing would prevent a capsize, giving the crew a free bath, if no more serious results followed. Smartness in handling sails is a special feature with the crew of the Australian racing boats. Imagine, for instance, the setting of a spinnaker containing over 1,000 square feet of canvas within the space of eleven seconds of time, having the sail full and in the best position to render the boat its best service!

These boats might be properly termed floating bathing machines. During the greater part of their racing time the crew are either awash or hanging out to windward to steady their boat, while the "bailer" has a wet job throwing out the seas which the little craft ships constantly. Pumps have been used in many boats, but more rapid work has been accomplished with the "bailing dish," which is designed to fit the shape of the bottom of the boat and in quick hands get rid of volumes of water in short order.

The boats are built of cedar, have great beam, and the keels are of blue gum wood. They are fitted with huge "dagger" centerboards made of fine steel. Preparatory to a race these centerboards are pumice stoned and polished to a high degree of finish.

Small boats of the classes described are principally in vogue. The expense of building large yachts and entertaining a thirsty crew in the Antipodes is a financial problem these young ambitious yachtsmen cannot fathom. So they satisfy their love of sailing in these spunky little clippers.

The following are the dimensions of a "twenty-two-footer" with racing gear: Length, 22 feet over all. Beam, 11 feet. Depth, 2 feet 9 inches. Mainsail, 700 square feet. Jib, 260 feet. Spinnaker, 1,060 feet. Ballooner, 523 feet. Ringtail, 630 feet. Topsail, 155 feet. Jib topsail, 110 feet. Mast 34½ feet. Boom, 34 feet. Gaff, 21 feet. Bowsprit, 17½ feet inboard.

October opens the racing season. These graceful little crafts, varnished and fitted with the latest improved blocks, cleats and handsome sails and spars, with their smartly attired crews in white and colored flannels, according to their club colors, give them a jaunty nautical appearance, everything looking spick and span from keel to truck. There are about twenty-five sailing clubs in Sydney, each having a large membership, with a great many boats.

Miss Irene Pritchard, through her skillful handling of her eight-foot racer the "Zephyr," has earned the title of champion lady boat sailor of Australia and probably is second to none elsewhere. She has a splendid record, having sailed her boat in seven events, securing six wins, the seventh being a "swim out," having capsized her boat in jibing. Her sailing career commenced when she was fourteen years of age; now she is sixteen and still loves the invigorating pastime of boating. She has created a sensation in Sydney, outsailing some of the vets at the tiller. Her boat is a freak, being but eight feet long by eight-foot beam, boom 16 feet, bowsprit 9½ feet. It was built by her father, who is a talented designer of sailing boats.

Professor Sid Cavil, the popular swimming instructor of the Olympic Club, learned to love things aquatic through his experience in these boats while in Australia, and was acknowledged to be one of the smartest forward sheet hands in Port Jackson harbor, having many times been one of the crew of a champion racer. He loves to recount his exciting experiences with the "wet sheet and flowing sail."

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PROTECT THE TROUT.

Editor Western Field—*Sir*: If possible to do so without jeopardizing the stability of the present game laws our legislature should be prevailed upon to change the law so as to give protection to our trout during the entire spawning season. A careful study of the spawning seasons of the various varieties of trout which inhabit our coast streams will demonstrate to any reasonable mind the fact that a great mistake was made when the present trout law was framed. Why the season should open the first of April is hard for a person who really desires the protection of that splendid game fish to understand.

It is a well established fact that not even the steelheads are done spawning till well along toward the first of May, particularly when we have a late spring. In passing I wish to remark that in my opinion the steelhead is the progenitor of every variety of trout we have in the coast streams, land-locked and otherwise. Conditions and environment cause the apparent distinction. Land-locked trout spawn almost entirely during the months of April and May, and I have taken them full of eggs as late as the middle of June. I have never fished the interior streams, consequently am not competent to speak authoritatively concerning the spawning seasons of the trout in those streams, but I do not suppose they differ materially from those of the coast streams. On account of the colder climatic conditions which prevail in the interior, especially in the region of the Sierra Nevadas, I do not think they spawn any earlier than in the coast streams.

This being a fact I am fully convinced our trout season opens two months too early. How long it should remain open is more a matter of individual opinion. My own opinion is—and this is also the prevailing opinion of all the leading sportsmen of this section—that the season could remain open until the first of January without detriment. Very few fish other than young steel-heads, ranging from one-half pound to two pounds in weight, ascend the streams prior to that date.

I have never known one of these young steel-heads to spawn, though one may occasionally do so. In some localities these fish are called "egg-eaters" because of a habit they have of getting just below, and as near as they can to a female steel-head and devouring her eggs as she spawns them. Sometimes the old male punishes these young rascals for their impudence. Once in passing along a creek I heard a splash on some rapids. I quietly crept up behind a convenient log and looked over. On the spawning bed lay a female steel-head quietly rolling the gravel while the male was uneasily moving about. Something from below attracted my attention, and there, quietly stealing up, I saw a young steel-head trout about fourteen inches long. When he got within about ten feet of the spawning bed there was a swirl and a splash that made the water fly, as the old male on guard took after the young chap down over the rapids with the swiftness of an arrow and disappeared into a deep pool a few yards below. Presently the old fellow came back and took his station; after a little while the young chap came stealing up again, when the same performance was repeated. On three different occasions it has been my good fortune to witness similar occurrences.

Should the trout season be changed from April 1 to June 1 and extended to January 1 it would prove far more satisfactory from every point of view. Not only would trout be more plentiful, on account of matured fish having ample time in which to spawn, but it would give the spent fish an opportunity to recuperate and regain firmness and flavor. Again, it would give the fish a chance to gain strength, vigor and activity, and these elements in a trout's composition constitute the sole pleasure a sportsman gets out of catching him.

A few years ago I made frequent excursions during the months of April and May to the headwaters of the various streams along the coast to fish for land-locked trout. After a time I learned that I was doing a positive wrong, for fully one-fourth of all the trout I caught had not yet spawned. So, being desirous of giving the fish every possible chance to reproduce themselves, I deferred my trips until the months of July, August and September; and, I assure you, Mr. Editor, I have been more than gratified at the result. During the spring months I seldom caught a trout more than nine inches in length, while during the summer and fall months I caught them ranging from eight to fourteen inches, in the same pools that I had fished in the spring.

A catch made by a companion and myself once, in the month of August, on the headwaters of the west fork of the Waddell, is a fair sample of many similar catches made on the headwaters of the Soquel, Sur and many other creeks during the late summer and fall months. On this particular occasion we caught sixty-three trout from which we selected eighteen that filled a ten-pound creel, the remainder filling another creel the same size. We could have caught more had we so desired. Remember, I fished the same part of this same stream in April and had no luck at all. Careful observation proves to my mind that what I have said in this letter is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." C. A. Reed.

[There is quite a diversity of opinion, even among our best informed sportsmen, as to the exact time and duration of a closed season on trout best adapted to conjointly conserve the preservation of this noble species and yet ensure good sport in its legitimate capture. While we personally differ from our valued correspondent's view in not a few particulars, we gladly publish his ideas in the conviction that they will evoke in these columns a courteous discussion of this topic which cannot fail to prove of great interest and value to sportsmen and legislators as well. We cordially invite contributions on this head from those who are interested, respectfully suggesting that while theory in the abstract is very engaging, concrete facts have the higher value for obvious reasons.—Editor.]

THE GAME OF OREGON.

By L. P. W. Quimby.

THERE is perhaps no State in the Union that can boast of the wealth of game resources that is possessed by Oregon. Whether in the value of big game, birds, or the finny tribe, Oregon stands pre-eminent as a natural game preserve, and while this fact may not yet be generally known in the East there are already hundreds of sportsmen in other States who have discovered this paradise.

Large game in this State is confined to elk and deer. Elk, while not so plentiful as some years ago, under the protection of beneficient game laws are rapidly increasing in number and bid fair ere long to regain the prestige they once held as large-game assets of the State. The present law gives these noble animals protection until 1904, after which one a season may be killed by each hunter. Indians have been largely responsible for the decimation of elk.

Deer are yet plentiful in the mountains in every section of the State. The running of deer with hounds has been stopped and a season's shoot has been restricted to five deer per each hunter. The prohibition of the wholesale traffic in hides has finished the professional deer skinner and done much to increase the number of deer. Adherence to the present salutary law will preserve deer hunting for years to come.

Of upland birds Oregon has a large variety. Foremost among these must be mentioned that king of all game birds—the peerless Ringneck or China torquatus pheasant. This noble bird, while introduced in Oregon from China but a few years ago, is already thoroughly at home and furnishes perhaps more sport than all the other feathered game together, anually attracting hundreds of sportsmen from other States. These birds are plentiful in all sections of the Willamette Valley and thousands are shot annually. For delicacy of flavor no other game bird can compare with the Ringneck pheasant. The marketing of these birds has been restricted to the last fifteen days of the open season.

Other upland game birds yet plentiful in Oregon are native pheasants and grouse and quail. Prairie chickens and sage hens are to be found in certain sections of Eastern Oregon. The English partridge is a recent addition to the game resources of the State and is rapidly obtaining a foothold. These birds were imported two years ago and are increasing rapidly, being yet protected by law at all seasons of the year.

Ducks, geese and snipe are plentiful in season. In Southern Oregon there are natural breeding lakes for ducks where these birds are to be found by the million. Geese furnish rare sport in the stubble fields along the upper Columbia River in the fall.

Oregon's streams teem with almost every variety of trout. The lakes are also yet well populated with game fish. Black bass were introduced several years ago and are already plentiful in the Columbia and Willamette Rivers.

Those who are partial to more strenuous sport than is permitted in the pursuit of the animals and birds used for food find adversaries worthy of their metal in black and grizzly bear, "mountain lions" and wild cats. Jack rabbits and coyotes also furnish amusement to those who use the rifle.

MONTANA NOTES.

Red Lodge, Mont., Jan. 1, 1903.

GAME protection in this State is now more than a name and while there is lots of room for improvement still the prosecutions in the last year have been decidedly beneficial.

When one sees poachers like our old friend Jim Fullerton getting after the law-breakers there is hope that some game may be left for posterity.

The streams and lakes of Montana have been well stocked, and excellent fishing can be found anywhere.

Bear were very plentiful this fall and exceedingly bold, coming down into the towns and ranches. One was killed in the streets of Red Lodge and another chased, but escaped. Elk are rapidly following the buffalo.

Anon.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB.

Board of Directors—W. Greer Harrison, President; J. C. B. Hebbard, Vice-President; Henry B. Russ, Treasurer; John Elliott, Secretary; J. J. Gleason, Leader; Wm. Mackie, Captain; Thos. Magee, H. V. Ramsdall, Keneth Melrose, Washington Dodge, William Shea.
Medical Director—Dr. Morton Gibbons.
Superintendent —Captain C. E. Sage.

THE Board of Directors has decided upon two very important improvements, both of which will add materially to the comfort of the club's members.

The first, and perhaps the more important of these improvements, is made possible by the generous offer of Claus Spreckels as president of the Independent Electric Light and Power Company. For some time the present method of lighting the building has been inadequate; this is more particularly felt in the upstairs handball courts, and the addition of a new court has made the insufficiency of the existing system even more noticeable. The directors were considering how to best remedy this weakness without entailing the club in heavy expense, when Mr. Spreckels, who was recently made an honorary member and feels very kindly toward the institution, made them an offer which solved the problem.

The contract which Mr. Spreckels proposed making with the club to provide electricity for both heat and power, was based upon such a favorable rate that the board deemed it advisable to at once accept the offer and discontinue the club's own generating system, not only from an economic standpoint but because it would remove the discomfitures arising from generating electricity in the building.

The doing away with the generators will put an end to the shaking and throbbing which has always been unpleasantly felt in the east end of the Red Room, and it will make the dressing rooms in that portion of the building considerably cooler and more comfortable.

When the new system is installed the building will then be perfectly lighted and the handball men will have no further cause for complaint.

The second and more radical improvement consists of several changes in the present arrangement of the rooms. The present billiard room is to be fitted up in a most attractive style as a dining room: the card room will become the billiard room; the former supplanting the existing reading room, which will be arranged for in the far end of the Red Room.

These changes have not been decided upon without a long and careful study of the best needs of the members. It was conceded by all that the overcrowded, poorly arranged kitchen is a serious drawback to the continuous prosperity of the cafe, as it is impossible to give the service the members require from so congested a culinary department, and as it is not practical to increase the kitchen facilities in its present location, the question of removing the cafe from its novel position around the tank gallery was thoroughly discussed and a move decided upon.

The directors first considered the desirability of using for the cafe the end of the gymnasium now occupied by the wrestling and boxing men and moving them to the further end. This idea was given up when Architect Shea informed them that an eight story building was soon to be erected in the rear of the club house; which in itself would deflect considerable light from the gymnasium, and that he did not consider it wise to further decrease the light by cutting off the south windows.

After every other available room had been considered the billiard room was selected. This room has been for some time by far too extensive for the requirements of the billiard playing members, so that the moving of the tables into a smaller room will not inconvenience the players in any way. The card room men are a patient lot, and it matters not to them whether the card room is on the top floor or the bottom, as long as they have a room with ample ventilation, and they will be well looked after in this respect. The readers will be much more cozy and comfortable in their new quarters in the Red Room and if the conversation or smoking in the other end of the room annoys them in any way, heavy velvet portieres will be hung so that sounds or smoke will not disturb their quiet.

SANTA BARBARA POLO.

By L. W. Redington.

THE question of a suitable polo ground to play on during the coming season is one which is causing the Santa Barbara players no end of trouble and anxiety, and the lack of a really good field will be a serious drawback to the advancement of the game here this winter. An extensive schedule of games between club teams and fours representing Burlingame and Riverside is being planned, and it is absolutely necessary that a good field be secured at once, as both men and ponies are sadly out of practice.

The present lack of a field is the result of a slight misunderstanding between the Polo Club and the management of the Potter Hotel. During the early part of last summer, the hotel people announced that they would build a fine turf field in the hotel grounds if the local club would use it during the winter. This the club agreed to do and the lease on the old field near the mesa was allowed to run out. Later, when the survey of the hotel field was made, it was found that the playing space would be extremely narrow, but, in spite of this drawback, the management of the Polo Club decided to hold to their agreement and use the field during the season. Nothing had been done toward making the hotel field up to the fifteenth of December, and since that date, the club has been looking for a suitable playing ground. This unforseen delay will undoubtedly set back the opening date of the polo season here.

Santa Barbara will probably join in the inter-club tournament which is being planned for the latter part of January. Mr. Richard Tobin of the Burlingame Club, and Mr. James Colman of Los Angeles, who are the chief movers in the proposed tournament, are very anxious to have one series of games played at Santa Barbara, and if a first class ground is to be had the local club will no doubt fall into line and undertake the management of a tournament here. Five teams will probably compete in the tournament, composed as follows: Two teams of English players who are to spend the winter in California; one team from Burlingame; one from Riverside, and one from Santa Barbara. The teams will meet in the northern part of the State and come southward, playing a series of games at Burlingame, Del Monte, Santa Barbara, Riverside, and possibly Los Angeles. Each club will have the management of the games played on it's home grounds, and separate cups will be offered at each place. All the games will be handicap, the teams being divided into classes, A, B and C.

ROBT. CAMERON ROGERS ON "NANCY LEE."

The personnel of the team which will represent Santa Barbara in the match games has not been decided as yet, and at present it is not known just which of the old players will play this season. Robert Cameron Rogers, the captain of the team, is well supplied with fast ponies, and will play regularly throughout the winter and spring. The three Boeseke brothers, Ernest Wickenden. J. L. Colby and L. W. Redington, will also take an active interest in the game, and these with the visiting players who are sure to be in Santa Barbara this winter, will form the material from which the first team will be chosen.

GOLF.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE last few weeks have been busy ones for local golfers. The weather, though cold, has been for the most part fine, and the contests have not been interferred with by rain. The most important event was the first 36-hole match of the tournament between teams representing the San Francisco and Oakland clubs. The first eighteen holes were played on the Adams Point links on Saturday, December 6, the teams consisting of twelve men each. Somewhat to the surprise of everybody, the San Francisco team gained a lead of 5 up, the scores being as follows:

INTER-CLUB TOURNAMENT.

Saturday, December 6.

Oakland	Up
W. P. Johnson	0
E. R. Folger	0
J. A. Folger	0
F. S. Stratton	3
R. M. Fitzgerald	6
J. H. Ames	0
W. M. Carpenter	1
A. H. Higgins	1
G. E. de Golia	0
J. O. Cadman	*
D. F. Belden	3
Rev. E. E. Baker	0
Total	14

San Francisco	Up
H. C. Golcher	3
S. L. Abbot, Jr	1
J. W. Byrne	4
H. M. Hoyt	0
W. Gregory	0
Lieut. J. S. Oyster	4
G. B. Cooksey	0
Charles Page	0
P. G. Gow	6
T. G. McConkey	*
Capt. D. J. Rumbough	0
E. J. McCutchen	1
Total	19
Oakland	14
San Francisco	5

*All Square.

F. S. Stratton made the excellent medal score of 38, 40, total, 78; H. M. Hoyt turned in 40, 41, total, 81; and S. L. Abbot, Jr.'s card showed 41, 43, total, 84. The home team was captained by R. M. Fitzgerald, and the visiting team by S. L. Abbot. Jr.

On Saturday, December 13, the second half of the match took place on the Presidio links and proved very interesting, the first eight men of the Oakland team being 5 up against their opponents. The last four men of the San Francisco team, however, completely turned the tables, coming in 18 up against the visitors. The afternoon's play ended 13 up, and the whole match 18 up in favor of San Francisco. The detailed scores are shown in the table:

INTER-CLUB TOURNAMENT.

Saturday, December 13.

Oakland	Up
W. P. Johnson	0
E. R. Folger	4
J. A. Folger	0
F. S. Stratton	5
R. M. Fitzgerald	1
F. A. Kales	0
J. H. Ames	3
W. M. Carpenter	6
A. H. Higgins	0
J. O. Cadman	0
D. F. Belden	0
G. E. de Golia	0
Total	19

San Francisco	Up
H. C. Golcher	3
J. W. Byrne	0
S. L. Abbot, Jr	7
H. M. Hoyt	0
Lieut. J. S. Oyster	0
G. E. Starr	4
G. B. Cooksey	0
P. G. Gow	0
Charles Page	1
T. G. McConkey	8
W. Gregory	5
Capt. D. J. Rumbough	4
Total	32
Oakland	19
San Francisco	13

In previous inter-club tournaments between Oakland and San Francisco the teams have consisted of eight men each, so that it is interesting to observe that the last four men really won the match for San Francisco. Reckoning the scores of the first eight men in the teams, San Francisco was 1 up on the first half, and 5 down on the second half, of the match, so that the first eight Oakland men were 4 up on the whole match. I do not quite know who was responsible for the suggestion that the teams be larger than usual, but the idea was that the inclusion of more men in the teams would encourage the members to increased efforts and interest in the game

On Tuesday, December 16, in the morning, eight members of the Ladies' Annex of the San Francisco Golf Club took part in a driving contest, five balls each over a bunker a hundred yards off, none to count that went outside a course forty yards wide. Miss Alice Hager won, four of her drives, 118, 104, 123 and 134 yards, making a total of 479 yards. Miss Edith Chesebrough was second with three drives that cleared the bunker and kept within the course, the distances being 125, 129 and 129 yards, total 383 yards. The other scores were as folows: Miss Florence Ives, 102, 113 and 104 yards, total, 319 yards; Miss Alice Hoffman, 145 yards; Miss Sarah Drum, 110 yards; Miss Carroll, 104 yards. Mrs. Nickel and Mrs. Girvin also competed.

In the approach-putting contest each competitor played three balls at 50 yards and three at 75 yards over a hazard, holing out on the home green. The

scores for the six balls were as follows: Miss Edith Chesebrough, 20 strokes; Mrs. Girvin and Miss Carroll, 24; Miss Hoffman, Mrs. Nickel and Miss Ives, 25; Miss Hager and Miss Drum, 26.

On Saturday, December 20, there was an eighteen-hole handicap against bogie on the Presidio links. Dr. J. R. Clark won, finishing 2 down with a handicap of 5. R. G. Hanford, handicap 12, took second place with 3 down. Other contestants were G. B. Cooksey, Leonard Chenery, Captain D. J. Rumbough, Captain Hinkley, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Major Charles Christensen, Charles Page, Bernard Faymonville, E. A. Millar, F. H. Beaver, Lieutenant Fleet, Rolla V. Watt, W. M. Hoyt, J. W. Byrne, R. I. Bentley, R. White, Worthington Ames, W. J. Dutton, Chauncey R. Winslow and G. E. Starr.

The ladies' eighteen-hole handicap against bogie, played on the Presidio links on Tuesday morning, the penultimate day of the old year, was won by Mrs. J. R. Clark, who, with a handicap of 4 strokes, finished 5 down. Miss Hoffman, handicap 6, finished 8 down; Miss Ives, handicap 8, was 9 down; Miss Houghton, handicap 4, was 10 down; Miss Carroll, handicap 8, and Mrs. Nickel, handicap 12, finished 11 down; Mrs. Girvin, handicap 12, was 12 down; Miss Hager, handicap 2, came in 14 down; Mrs. Belcher, handicap 14, was 16 down; and Miss Carroll, handicap 18, was 18 down.

The annual contest for the Liverpool gold medal, which is emblematic of the medal play championship of the San Francisco Golf Club, was won on New Year's Day by S. L. Abbot, Jr., with the excellent score of 44, 43, total, 87; George E. Starr being second with 45, 45, total 90. In the afternoon eighteen more holes were played, with a handicap, the net scores for the four rounds being counted for the first and second handicap prizes. S. L. Abbot, Jr., bettered his excellent work of the morning, making the two rounds in 43, 40, total, 83. With the handicap of 4 deducted, his net score for the four rounds was 166. No one approached within measurable distance of this excellent score, which was the result of steady, consistent golf. Hugh Blackman, H. C. Golcher, and George B. Cooksey tied for second prize with net scores of 178. The details of the day's play are shown in the table:

CONTEST FOR LIVERPOOL GOLD MEDAL AND SPECIAL HANDICAP.

Competitors	1st Round	2nd Round	3rd Round	4th Round	Gross	Handicap	Net
S. L. Abbot, Jr.	44	43	43	40	170	4	166
Hugh Blackman	45	49	44	48	186	8	178
H. C. Golcher	46	47	43	45	181	3	178
Geo. B. Cooksey	45	47	47	44	183	5	178
Charles Page	45	51	46	43	185	6	179
H. M. Hoyt	48	46	45	47	186	4	182
G. T. Perkins	49	46	44	51	190	8	182
Geo. E. Starr	45	45	52	47	189	6	183
T. G. McConkey	47	48	43	52	190	5	185
R. I. Bentley	52	48	49	47	196	10	186
Capt. D. J. Rumbough	45	50	52	48	195	8	187
R. G. Hanford	55	49	52	49	205	10	195
E. A. Millar	51	56	51	49	207	12	195
C. R. Winslow	54	51	51	48	204	8	196
Louis F. Monteagle	52	53	56	49	210	12	198
Andrew Carrigan	49	54	58	48	209	10	199
Reginald White	62	66	56	57	241	12	229
P. McG. McBean	*	..	..	..	...	14	...
S. H. Boardman	*	..	..	..	...	14	...
T. Binney	*	..	..	..	...	10	...

*No Returns.

While the San Francisco Golfers were competing on the Presidio links, a New Year's Handicap was being played over the Point Adams course. A baker's dozen of competitors completed the 36-hole event, the handicapping in which was remarkably good, only eight strokes separating the winner and the player who finished tenth. J. A. Folger, scratch, just won the first prize by one stroke from W. P. Johnson, also a scratch played. Third prize went to A. H. Higgins, and fourth to Dr. W. M. Carpenter. F. A. Kales covered the "short course" in 38, and J. A. Folger, W. P. Johnson and D. F. Belden in 39. Over the "long course" W. P. Johnson and J. A. Folger's rounds of 41 were the best. The details of the day's play are shown in the table:

OAKLAND GOLF CLUB: NEW YEAR'S DAY HANDICAP.

Competitors	1st Round	2nd Round	3rd Round	4th Round	Gross	Handicap	Net
J. A. Folger	39	41	40	43	163	scr.	163
W. P. Johnson	39	43	41	41	164	scr.	164
A. H. Higgins	47	45	40	47	179	14	165
Dr. W. M. Carpenter	44	49	39	46	178	12	166
Arthur Goodall	41	47	46	49	183	16	167
J. B. Cadman	43	48	44	47	182	16	168
D. F. Belden	39	50	45	50	184	14	170
F. A. Kales	38	46	40	46	170	scr.	170
F. S. Stratton	40	45	40	46	171	scr.	171
G. E. de Golia	45	47	44	49	185	14	171
J. H. Ames	43	48	44	50	185	10	175
C. P. Hubbard	46	49	43	52	190	scr.	190
W. Olney	54	52	56	63	225	18	207

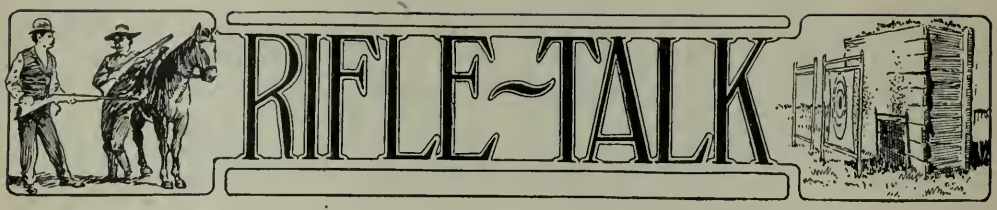
The competition for the Council's Cup for men of the San Francisco Golf Club, the qualifying rounds for which took place on Thanksgiving Day, was completed before the close of the old year. In the opening match play round G. E. Starr beat Captain D. J. Rumbough 2 up; Lieutenant J. S. Oyster won from Warren Gregory 5 up, 4 to play; H. C. Golcher defeated S. L. Abbot, Jr. 2 up, and George B. Cooksey was victorious over Dr. T. G. McConkey 5 up 3 to play. In the semi-final round Lieutenant J. S. Oyster beat G. E. Starr 3 up 2 to play, and G. B. Cooksey defeated H. C. Golcher 2 up 1 to play. In the final round Lieutenant J. S. Oyster beat G. B. Cooksey 3 up 2 to play. The Lieutenant's name will be inscribed on the trophy, which will remain in the possession of the club, to be fought for on later days.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the San Francisco Golf Club for 1903 took place in the club-house on the Presidio Reservation on Saturday, January 3. The following were elected without opposition: L. O. Kellogg, J. W. Byrne, Andrew Carrigan, W. E. Lester and Lieutenant J. S. Oyster. The first four were members of the Council during 1902. At the first meeting of the Council L. O. Kellogg will be chosen president, and a secretary-treasurer will be elected. A Green Committee and Tournament Committee will be appointed. The new Council will devote its attention to securing permission from Washington to lay out nine holes on the tract of land intervening between the present links and the Marine Hospital, so as to make a full eighteen-hole course. The enlargement of the course will enable the club to increase its membership and its income.

Miss Alice Hoffman has been re-elected Captain of the Women's Annex of the San Francisco Golf Club and will represent it on the tournament committee.

On Tuesday, January 13, the qualifying rounds of a competition for the Council's Cup for women will be held on the Presidio links. Next day the opening round, on Thursday the semi-final round, and on Friday the final round will be played. On February 10 there will be a medal play handicap against bogie for the ladies, and on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th another contest for the Council's Cup.

When golf was first introduced to the Pacific Coast, many people remarked that it was a mere fad, which would have its day and die out. It is quite true that people do not now view a golfer as if he were an escaped lunatic and do not gather at the links to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at the players as they did on the first introduction of the game. Against this may be set the fact that the average golfer has ceased to be so spectacular and brilliant a figure as he once was; his raiment is simpler and not so picturesque. It has been discovered that golf, like most other sports, can be played most comfortably in loose and easy clothes, which, if not necessarily old, are at least not insistently new. The golfer is like the old soldier who, when asked by the great Duke of Wellington what dress he thought best for fighting, expressed a preference for shirtsleeves. Though the interest of the mere spectator in golf has waned, and though some people may have given up playing, few who have once tried the game have abandoned it, and new recruits are constantly being added. The game has ceased to be a fad or a fashion, and has become one of the permanent recreations of the country.



By M. J. White.

P. A. Becker's New Cartridge.

PAUL A. BECKER, who is the vice president of the U. S. Revolver Association, as well as the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, is never so happy as when experimenting with loads for revolver cartridges. Mr. Becker and the writer took to the shooting range the first Laflin & Rand smokeless rifle powder filled cartridges produced here, and this powder has been a stand-by ever since. The company has recently ceased the manufacture of this particular brand of explosive, so we are informed, and none can be obtained for love or money in San Francisco. Mr. F. C. Hinckel, on learning that Laflin & Rand smokeless rifle powder was soon to go out of manufacture, purchased all that he could find in this locality, for he attributes his success as a revolver marksman to this powder.

Mr. Becker cast about for a substitute, and I believe he has met with success. His experiments have been made with a .32-caliber Smith & Wesson police and army revolver, for which he had specially made a cylinder chambered to take the .32 Colt's new police cartridge. The shell is primed with the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's No. 6½ primer. The powder charge is Hazard's No. 2 Rifle Smokeless of a sufficient quantity to fill the shell up to the bullet without compressing. His bullets are cast from one to sixteen to one to forty, and all give good results. Mr. Becker has used the 83 grain S. & W. bullet, the 98 grain S. & W. long, and the .32-20-115 Winchester cast in an Ideal mould. One rainy day recently, when he could not go to the range, he tried one shot indoors to see what the penetration would be. He fired at a target which consisted of forty thicknesses of felt matting—such as the gun and ammunition dealers use on their show-cases. The bullet went through the entire bunch, tore a chunk out of a mahogany dining-room chair, ripped a section off a sofa pillow, scattered the feathers, split a window sash and shattered a pane of glass. Mr. Becker was delighted. From an experimental standpoint the shot was eminently a success. Mrs. Becker's views of experiments need not here be recorded.

The carrying qualities of the cartridge are equal to its penetration, and for accuracy it is as good as any I have ever seen. The recoil is very slight and there is scarcely any smoke and but little noise. After several hundred shots were fired without cleaning, an examination was made of the barrel, which was found to be as clean and free from dirt and lead as though only one shot had been fired. With ordinary care but little fear need be entertained of corrosion of the barrel.

It must be remembered that the experiments with this cartridge were made with a firearm expressly constructed for smokeless powder. Before trying such ammunition in the weapons made for the use of black powder, it would be well to get a word of advice from the manufacturers of revolvers and from those who are making the powder in question.

WITH THE MARKSMEN

After twelve months' active competition for prizes, the California Schuetzen Club closed its shooting season on the Schuetzen Park range near San Rafael on the 21st ult. The club's programme for 1902 was in many respects different from that of former years and the experiment proved a success. This organization is among the oldest in the West, and it has a membership as large as any on the Coast. The wind-up of the year was celebrated by a banquet held in the park dining room, where the prizes were distributed.

To Otto A. Bremer fell the honors of the day. His record for the season was the ten best scores of ten shots on the 25-ring target, which aggregated 2199. Bremer received a beautiful goblet, presented by Philo Jacoby, for the best single string of ten shots (299). His third prize was for the best bullseye made during the year, which measured 29-1000 of an inch from a dead center. Most of the prizes consisted of money and the winners and their scores are here given:

For the best bullseyes, competed for at least seven times: Otto A. Bremer 21, F. E. Mason 36, J. C. Waller 68, Philo Jacoby 97. Prize-winners, classes, seven or more monthly competitions: O. Bremer 2199 rings, A. Gehret 2198, C. M. Henderson, 2141, G. Tammeyer, 2108, A. Rahweyler 2087, M. Blasse 2082, W. Blasse 2075, T. J. Carroll 2066, F. A. Kuhls 2057, L. Reubold 2042, J. C. Waller 2020, G. Rischmuller Sr. 1988, J. Kullman 1987, W. Hartter 1970, O. Burmeister 1961, L. Thierbach 1949, A. Hampel 1934, F. A. Schrumpf 1910, A. Utschig 1906, A. Jungblut 1905, R. Langer 1901, C. Sagehorn 1883, A. von Wyl 1871, J. Horstmann 1842, H. Scheunert 1778, F. Riede 1743, F. C. Hagerup 1649, M. Reubold 1632, W. Nolden 1593, L. Rink 1582, E. Englander 1540, F. Levers 1393, C. Gut 1313.

In all, the sum of $267.75 was distributed to the marksmen mentioned.

On the occasion of the last shoot, F. E. Mason and Otto Bremer indulged in an interesting side match of 50 consecutive shots each. Mason made the remarkable run of 1144 rings, the highest ever made in 50 shots on the Schuetzen Park range.

The California Schuetzen Club's programme for this year is the same as last year. A. L. Ott offered a silver goblet, and Park Manager Brehm a beautiful trophy.

* * * *

A little over a year ago a number of young men, some of them who had not yet cast their first vote, organized themselves under the name of the Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club. The growth of this club has been remarkable, now numbering 154 active members. Ludwig Siebe, Jr., and Wm. A. Siebe, sons of Captain L. Siebe, proprietor of Shell Mound, were among the leading spirits, and they drew together those in whom they recognized material for riflemen of great promise.

The first efforts of many of the youngsters, while earnest, was also alarming, but they soon became experienced in the handling of firearms. In order to secure the best results, the more expert were placed in the first and second classes, and these shot with regulation fine target rifles on the 200-yard range. The third class use .22 caliber rifles and shoot on the 50-yard range. Early in December the club held its final shoot of the year, and then celebrated its first anniversary by a banquet in the park dining room, at which the distribution of prizes took place. Six prizes were awarded to each of the three classes for the best seven scores of the year. A special prize, a beautiful gold medal, presented by Captain Siebe, was won by O. Poulsen. The competition was among the three men of each class who had the seven best scores, with handicap conditions, so as to allow those in the lower classes a fair chance for their efforts. The other prizes consisted of medals, cash, trophies, etc. The winners were the following, and their scores:

First Class—Herman Huber 2771, G. Mitchell 2466,

J. Cobby 2363, W. A. Siebe 2314, H. W. Kleinenbroich 2241, F. J. Povey 2235.

Second Class—John C. Ringen 2752, E. Wixson 2690, A. Ramm 2629, Dr. H. N. Roche 2619, C. A. Becker 2578, L. Murphy 2546.

Third Class—Albert Poulsen 2546, O. Poulsen 2335, J. Kenny 2327, Frank Schullerts 2205, A. Liebscher 2119, A. Gay 2009.

The club has prepared a fine programme for the year 1903. In order to equalize conditions, where there are so many active members, four classes have been formed. The champion, first and second classes shoot the regulation target rifle at 200 yards, and the third class the small rifle on the 50-yard range. Six cash class prizes will be given, beside three Winchester rifles to the first, second and third classes. In the bullseye competition all the money shot in and $2.50 added will be distributed weekly among 60 per cent of the members competing. M. O. Feudner has offered a Winchester rifle to the marksman making the three best bullseyes during the year. Captain Siebe has offered a fine medal to be shot for at the last shoot of the year by the three highest in each class.

* * * *

The third annual banquet and distribution of prizes of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club was held on December 26th, at Shell Mound. Three years ago this club was brought into existence by a handful of enthusiastic marksmen, and now the membership, nearly sixty, includes the best rifle, revolver and pistol shots in the West In this time it has developed many experts with these firearms who before were unknown in the shooting ranks. Prizes for competition have never been lacking and the season of 1903 promises to be as marked by success as any in the past.

The foregoing was the substance of Toastmaster D. W. McLaughlin's opening remarks when about four dozen members and invited guests were seated at the banquet table, which was loaded with the best things to eat and drink that Captain Siebe could find in the holiday market. The opening ceremony was the presentation of the gold King medal, which was won by A. Thode on the best bullseye of the day's shoot. Then followed the distribution of prizes in this order: Rifle, 200 yards, best ten scores on the 25-ring target, handicap conditions: First prize, W. F. Blasse; second prize, Martin Blasse; third prize, Clarence M. Henderson; fourth prize, G. W. Hoffman. The Glindemann trophy was won by William F. Blasse.

Pistol and revolver, handicap match, best ten scores of ten shots at 50 yards, standard American target: First prize, L. C. Hinkel; second, J. Kulmann; third, J. E. Gorman; fourth, P. A. Becker; fifth, J. R. Trego.

J. E. Gorman was awarded a special prize of a loving cup for breaking the world's record in ten shots with a pistol, making a possible 100 points. He also beat the world's record for 100 shots, making 924 out of a possible 1000 at 50 yards.

During the year the Golden Gate members have won many of the club's gold and silver medals, so that on the whole the number of prizes really won during the year was double the number enumerated.

There was one cloud that spread over the gathering. Mr. McLaughlin announced the illness of the president, Fred H. Bushnell. "But we know Fred would say, "Go ahead, boys, and don't mind me," said the speaker. The banquet lasted until a late hour. Addresses were delivered, songs sung, and it was not until Major Tompkins told his favorite fishing story that the assembly dispersed.

One of the features of the day, or the season, for that matter, was a remarkable revolver score made by Mr. L. C. Hinckel who is one of the youngest of the expert revolver shots on the coast. In the handicap match he assembled a fine bunch of 10's, and when he entered the shooting stall for the last shot he found that he might be able to make a 98. This score, it will be remembered, is not often made with a target pistol and very rarely with the heavier weapon. The possibility set Mr. Hinckel's nerves to tingling, although he was shooting under a strain all the way through. He put the weapon down several times before pulling the last shot, and when he did pull the trigger he said, "I've got it," and the flag came down showing a 10. He shot a .32 caliber Smith & Wesson target revolver.

At a recent meeting of this club F. H. Bushnel was elected president, Paul A. Becker vice president, B. P. Jonas secretary and treasurer, F. S. Washburn, M. F. Blasse and J. Kullman shooting masters, G. W. Mitchell, E. Woenne and M. J. White trustees. In preparing the programme the club abandoned the handicap matches. On the rifle range there are now three classes, three prizes to each class, one single entry score of ten shots bi-monthly, best ten scores to win. There is also a re-entry match in which military and hunting rifles may be shot, a handicap of eight points being allowed on these firearms. On the pistol range there are two classes for the pistol and revolver marksmen. Target revolvers are allowed a three-point handicap and military revolvers five points over the pistol. There is also a re-entry match. In the class matches on both ranges the prizes are silver cups presented by the club. On both re-entry events are offered merchandise prizes, trophies and cash, about twenty in all.

* * * *

The Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club's recent prize shooting festival was a grand success. It was held on the Shell Mound range and the attendance was large. The competition was on the main target, with twenty half-inch lines. Otto Bremer won the first prize, making 79 lines out of a possible 80. Al Gehret made the most red flags, seven, in twenty shots.

At the Norddeutschers last turkey shoot Herman Huber carried off the largest bird, making 68 out of a possible 75. F. P. Schuster won the second prize turk on 67.

Captain L. Siebe, manager of the Shell Mound ranges, has decided to offer another medal to be competed for by the marksmen of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club. Competitors in this event must enter in twelve successive months' shooting contests.

* * * *

For the past twenty-five years the San Francisco Fusilier championship gold medal has been in the temporary possession of nearly as many marksmen, but now its wanderings among the military shots are over. This beautiful and much-coveted trophy was finally won last Sunday on the Shell Mound range by Captain Frank K. Moore of Company C, First Infantry, N. G. C. In order to become the permanent possessor of this prize it was necessary for the marksman to win it three times in succession. Many who have held the trophy for a year, and whose names are inscribed on the reverse side thereof, are now greyheaded and defective of sight. Others have put aside their guns forever. In 1894 Captain Moore won and held the medal for a year, and it was not until 1900 that it fell into his hands again. By constant effort he managed to secure it for 1901 and again in 1902. On the final shoot, December 26th he made 48 out of a possible 50. He may well be proud of his prize.

* * * *

The San Jose Rifle Club concluded its season's shoot for prizes on the last Sunday in December, and on the following evening held the annual banquet and distribution of prizes and an election of officers for the ensuing year. The officers selected were President, George Keffel; vice-president, M. F. Marshall; secretary and treasurer, A. E. Weber; shooting masters—R. J. Wight, J. F. Bollinger and P. H. Knobel; sergeant-at-arms, F. Schumacher Sr.

Class medals for the best eight scores, ring count, were presented to the following: Champion Class—Ed Maxey, with 1,735 points; J. G. McMillan, 1,636; Dr. F. Schumacher, 1,643; W. H. Roberts, 1,590; J. Riechers, 7 scores, 1,437. First Class—George Keffel, 1,644; Theo Medici, 1,616; R. J. Wight, 1,594; J. F. Bollinger, 1,564. Second Class—F. Schumacher, 1,568; M. Sullinger, 1,564; M. Marshal, 1,553; A. E. Weber, 1,514; M. Schmitt, 1,520; P. H. Knobel, 1,559; M. Knudson, 1,517; M. Malovos, 7 scores, 1,329 points.

Cash prizes for best counters during the year—First, George Keffel; second, A. E. Weber; third, W. H. Roberts. Prizes for most points in 6—10 shot scores in classes: Champion Class—Ed Maxey, first prize, 107; W. H. Roberts, second, 85 points. First Class—R. J. Wight, first prize, 90; George Keffel, second, 88; J. F. Bollinger, third, 79 points. Second Class—A. E. Weber, first prize, 80; M. Sullinger, second, 79; M. Marshall, third, 75 points.

* * * *

H. Kroeckel of Stockton recently established a new club record for the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club on the Harbor View range. In the .22-caliber rifle match, ten shots, Columbia target, he made 1, 1, 1, 2, 2, 1, 2, 1, 3, 1—15, or one point better than the previous record. Mr. Kroeckel received the club's gold button for the feat.

H. L. BETTEN, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS 1903.

The twentieth annual field trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, which were held at Bakersfield January 12 to January 16, inclusive, proved to be one of the most successful meets in the history of the club.

Weather conditions were, in the main, all that could be desired, and the attendance was unusually large and of an enthusiastic character. The class of performers in the various stakes was far above the average and would compare very favorably with anything run in trials east of the Rockies. Birds were found in reasonable numbers and the majority of the dogs had ample opportunities to show their finding qualities.

The club again made its headquarters at the Southern Hotel and although this hostelry was in the throes of renovation the genial hosts, Messrs. Lindley and Bennetts, did everything possible to make the crowd comfortable and virtually turned over the hotel to the field trial enthusiasts. The cuisine was excellent and the rates reasonable, and by next season the installation of a new heating system together with bath facilities, will make the Southern one of the best appointed hotels in the San Joaquin Valley.

Mr. H. S. Humphreys of Indianapolis, Ind., who was selected to judge the trials, did not arrive in time to draw the grounds before the running, consequently was at a disadvantage in selecting proper routes. He gave every brace an abundance of time in

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DERBY TROPHY, PRESENTED BY J. E. TERRY.

which to show their quality and was thoroughly conscientious in his endeavors to place the dogs on their merits, and outside of the fact that he overlooked two deserving dogs in Detroit Joe and Northern Huntress (both of which should have been carried along in the stakes in which they competed) his decisions gave perfect satisfaction.

Among the spectators who followed the dogs were noted John Coleman, Mrs. John Coleman, Frank H. Mayer, W. W. Van Arsdale, J. W. Flynn, J. M. Kilgarif, Andrew Jackson, Charles Coggins, C. W. Hibbard, W. W. Richards, Albert Betz, Sam Cutler, C. E. Worden, Fred Butler, H. T. Payne, P. D. Linville, F. T. Hayes, L. Kellogg, M. Geary and M. R. Nicholson of San Francisco; Judge C. N. Post and J. E. Terry, Sacramento; Wallace Bruce Coutts, James Coutts, Fred Coutts and Charles Coutts, of Kenwood; T. J. A. Tiedemann, H. L. Betten and John Hughes, Alameda; H. S. Peach, Igerna; Thomas Fogarty, H. Dumbell, Miss Ash, Miss Pyle, Captain McKitrick, ——— White (author of "Blazed Trail"), Mrs. James Stockton, C. C. Stockton, Superintendent Taylor of Stockdale Ranch, Al Lindley, James McKenzie, Mrs. Dr. Fowler and John Bennetts, of Bakersfield; John W. Considine, F. R. Atkins and James Watkins, of Seattle; John H. Schumacher, Los Angeles; Dr. C. E. Wilson, Elko, Nev.; J. E. Lucas, San Clemente; Charles Babcock, Del Rey; James Dunham, Oakland; H. Lindley, Klamathon; J. A. Johnson, Rosedale; G. H. Anderson, Santa Clara; F. A. Dixon, San Jose; R. M. Dodge, Bakersfield, and a number of others whose names cannot be recalled.

Kilgarif, the winner of the Derby, is a good looking black and white and tan setter dog by Orion out of Mary Lou, and is owned by his breeder, J. E. Terry of Sacramento. He is a very fast and wide ranging dog, hunts out ground to splendid advantage, shows nice style in motion or on point, and possesses a very keen nose. His bird work in the Derby was of the sensational order and his entire performance in the stake was facile princeps.

Nelly Bang, winner of second, is a very sweet and dainty little lemon and white pointer bitch by Champ Senator P.-Manitoba Belle, and is the second dog of this breeding to get in the money. Nelly showed good

Made by Hammersmith & Field.

THE ALL AGE TROPHY, PRESENTED BY "WESTERN FIELD."

speed and style, a keen nose and was absolutely staunch on point and back. She lacks in range, but hunts out ground to good advantage and quarters it nicely. She is owned and bred by J. M. Flynn of San Francisco, who also owns her illustrious sire.

Margarette, winner of third, is a medium sized black, white and tan pointer bitch by Cuba's Zep-Jingo's Bagpipe, and is owned by the Stockdale Kennels. She showed good speed and average range, but lacks in style. She is a good performer on birds and took advantage of opportunities accorded her. She was under good control and showed that she possessed a keen nose.

Peach Blossom, winner of the All Age stake, has competed in five trials on this Coast and has been placed each time. She is a very high class little black, white and tan English setter bitch by Champ. Count Gladstone IV.-Peach Mark, and was bred by her owner, W. W. Van Arsdale. Blossom showed splendid speed, ranged wide and possesses more style than any dog which competed in the trials. She ran consistent heats and was thoroughly honest and under good control. Taking everything into consideration, it is doubtful whether her equal can be found on this Coast, and she is a credit to a great nick which produced three good winners from one litter.

Dr. Daniels, winner of second, is a liver and white pointer dog of splendid type and conformation, by Plain Sam out of Dolly Dee II., and is owned by W. W. Van Arsdale. He ranged fast and as wide as the nature of the grounds demanded, showed fine style in moving, a keen nose and was under perfect control. In his manner of quartering when down on scattered birds he outclassed every dog in the trials, and there was little to choose between Peach Blossom and Dr. Daniels for first place.

Cuba Jr., winner of third, is a liver and white pointer dog by Cuba of Kenwood-Florida, and is well known on both sides of the continent. He is a fast and wide ranger, stylish in his way of going and a snappy performer on birds; this dog has now won eight places in trials and is by far the best dog brought out by the Stockdale Kennels who may well feel proud of his splendid record.

THE DERBY.

Fifteen dogs qualified for the Derby, and after a rather late start the field trial party drove to grounds some six miles southwest of Bakersfield.

The first brace down was J. E. Terry's black, white and tan setter bitch Lou (Orion-Mary Lou), handled by Coutts, and Fred Butler's orange and white setter dog Judge Hunter (Counts Mark-Verona School Girl), handled by Babcock. They were cast off in fairly open country and both showed nice speed and a moderate range. Judge is a very high headed and stylish dog and shows a great deal of class. Both were unlucky in finding and no bird work was done in this heat. Down at 10:15, up at 10:55.

J. M. Flynn's lemon and white pointer bitch, Nelly Bang (Senator P.-Manitoba Belle), handled by Coutts, and L. A. Linville's setter dog Plumas (Cavalier--Love Knot), handled by Hughes, were cast off at 11 o'clock and ran 36 minutes. Both showed good speed and range, Plumas going widest. Nelly quartered her ground nicely and made two nice points, and both dogs missed a number of opportunities and ran over scattered birds.

The third brace consisted of J. M. Flynn's black and white pointer dog Bang Up (Senator P.-Manitoba Belle), handled by Coutts, and Dr. C. E. Wilson's black, white and tan English setter dog Clippers Lad (Clipper W.-Dixie Queen), handled by owner. Neither dog showed much speed and Bang Up appeared over cautious. A few birds flushed wild but the dogs failed to find. Lad appeared completely out of condition and should have been drawn. Down 11:45, up at 12:15.

Stockdale Kennels black, white and tan pointer bitch Margarette (Cuba's Zep-Jingo's Bagpipe), handled by Dodge, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter dog Detroit Joe (Joe's Count-Queen of Diamonds), handled by Babcock, were put down after lunch and ran 50 minutes in nice open country. Joe at once showed great pace and was soon after a jack-rabbit, and it was some time before he could be brought back to course. Sent on, he cast wide, and finally located a small bevy in sage at the edge of a draw and was a trifle unsteady to flush. Crossing the railroad track, Margarette alternately roaded and pointed on running birds and was steady to shot and wing. Joe made a wide cast and then pointed a single, but left point as handler came up and the bird flushed wild. Margarette then pointed a rabbit, following with two more nice points on birds. Joe made a wide cast and nailed a small bevy at the farther end of the field a few seconds before being ordered up. Joe proved himself to be a high class puppy, with remarkable staying powers and plenty of speed range and style, as well as a keen nose. Margarette was moderate in going qualities but showed a good nose and staunchness.

Made by Hammersmith & Field.

THE MEMBER'S STAKE TROPHY, PRESENTED BY W. W. VAN ARSDALE.

The next brace was M. B. Coutts' liver and white pointer dog Fleetwell (Alec C.-Whisper), handled by Charles Coutts, and Charles Coggins' black, white and tan English setter bitch Mountain Quail (Charm-Jessie Gladstone III.), handled by Peach. They were cast off at 2:15 and were worked through heavy weeds along a slough bed. Quail pointed a small bunch of birds flushed in the preceding heat, and Fleetwell coming up ran over them and flushed. Both dogs made game several times but no birds were flushed to their points. Speed and range of both were moderate. Fleetwell best in style. Up at 3 o'clock.

C. E. Worden's orange and white English setter dog Jay M. (Colonel R.-Spots Girl), handled by Lucas, and same owner's black, white and tan setter dog Harry H. (Why Not-Sue), handled by Coutts, were put down at 3:20 and were run 40 minutes. Both dogs started at great speed and made wide casts; Harry H. the widest. Jay showed best in style, carrying a high head with splendid tail action. Worked through willow swale. Harry H. pointed but failed to locate properly and a large bevy was flushed by horsemen and scattered throughout the timber. A number of birds flushed about the dogs, and finally Jay M. made a stylish point and was steady to flush and shot. Harry next made two points and bird was raised to one. Jay M. then pointed but was held too long

KILGARIF, WINNER OF DERBY, OWNED BY J. E. TERRY.

and bird flushed wild. The dogs missed a number of opportunities and their work on birds was unsatisfactory.

The last brace down was W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter bitch Countess Mark (Counts Mark-Verona School Girl), handled by Babcock, and J. E. Terry's black, white and tan English setter dog Kilgarif (Orion-Mary Lou), handled by Coutts. Countess was first to point and was steady to flush and shot. She next chased several birds a short distance. Kilgarif, going at great speed, snapped to a grand point on a ditch bank, the bird flushing wild as Coutts came up. Countess next made two points and Kilgarif followed with a point in a clump of brush, the bird running out on the other side and flushing wild. Worked along the bank of a dry slough bed. Kilgarif snapped up eight points in quick time, giving a remarkable exhibition of high class point work and conclusive evidence of the possession of a wonderful nose. Down at 4:20, up at 5 p. m. Kilgarif was a fast and wide ranger. Countess moderate in these qualities.

Stockdale Kennels' black and white pointer bitch Midget (Cuba's Zep-Jingo's Bagpipe), handled by Dodge, was the bye dog and was put down in a vineyard at Canfield's at 11:13 and was run 35 minutes, but failed to do any point work, although her running mate nosed up a number of birds. She did not show well in speed, range or style and was spotted out.

Judge Humphreys then announced a second series, with the dogs drawn to run as follows:

SECOND SERIES.

Harry H. with Judge Hunter.
Lou with Mountain Quail.
Nelly Bang with Margarette.
Jay M. with Kilgarif.

Harry H. and Judge Hunter were cast off at 11:53 and were worked in same vineyard where Midget commenced her bye. A large bevy was feeding among the vines and Judge, going at good speed, went into the birds and flushed and chased, Harry H. also running over several without pointing. Harry made a nice cast to heavy weeds but failed to find. Judge Hunter ran over another bird and Harry, not to be outdone, duplicated the work of his brace mate. Harry did not run as well as yesterday, seeming logy. Hunter showed plenty of pace and style but was rank in his work on birds. Up at 12:02.

Lou and Mountain Quail were put down at 12:10 and ran a long and unsatisfactory heat. Lou was best in pace and range but failed to locate birds, a number of which

MARGARETTE, THIRD IN DERBY, STOCKDALE KENNELS.

flushed about the dogs. Quail made the only point and was nicely backed by Lou. Down 50 minutes.

After lunch Nelly Bang and Margarette were put down in an old cornfield and worked through a growth of sunflowers in the center of the field. Nelly was first to find, pointing a bevy nicely, and was steady to shot. She next picked up a single and this was followed by a point from Margarette, Nelly backing in good style. Nelly pointed again and Margarette backed to order. Both steady to shot. Margarette next

MIDGET.

made two points, to which no birds could be raised, Nelly backing nicely. Nelly finished the work with two good points and ran an errorless race throughout. Down at 2:06, up at 2:45.

Jay M. and Kilgarif were taken across the road and cast off in an alfalfa field. Kilgarif made a very wide cast but returned to course in due time. Jay M. meanwhile was making game in heavy weeds but failed to locate and pottered considerably. Kilgarif, ranging wide, worked out the field and swinging up wind located a bevy and was steady to shot and wing. The birds scattered in sagebrush and Jay M. false pointed, Kilgarif backing. Kilgarif then picked up six snappy points in rapid succession and gave another grand exhibition of finding qualities without an error. Jay M. was suffering from an injured foot and was totally unfit to run. Down at 2:55, up at 3:23.

In order to comply with a rule of the club which requires that the winners of first and second must run together, Kilgarif and Nelly Bang were put down at 3:37. Kilgarif showed best in all qualities and Nelly trailed quite a little. They were ordered up at 3:45 and the winners announced as follows:

Kilgarif first.
Nelly Bang second.
Margarette third.

JUDGE HUMPHREY AND HIS "ASSISTANTS."

A PROMISING PUPPY, OWNED BY T. J. A. TIEDEMANN.

ALL AGE STAKE.

The All Age Stake closed with fourteen starters, of which eleven were previous winners, and as far as the quality of the contestants was concerned it must go on record as the greatest stake ever run in the history of trials on this Coast.

An early start was made for Canfield's place and the first brace, consisting of Stockdale Kennels' black, white and tan pointer dog Cuba's Zep (Cuba of Kenwood-Jaquina), handled by Dodge, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter Bell Boy (Tony Boy-Lena Belle), handled by Babcock, were cast off in the field where Nelly Bang and Margarette did such nice work the day before, but failed to find. Sent across the road into sagebrush country, Zep made a nice bevy find and Bell Boy deliberately went in and flushed. Both made a

PEACH BLOSSOM, WINNER OF ALL AGE, OWNED BY W. W. VAN ARSDALE.

couple of points on singles and missed opportunities. Bell Boy showed nice style but did not range out very well. Zep is altogether lacking in class but is quite a bird finder. Down at 10:20, up at 11:28.

C. E. Worden's liver and white pointer bitch Pearl's Jingle (Young Jingo-Pearl's Dot II.), handled by Lucas, and J. E. Terry's English setter dog Kilgarif (Orion-Mary Lou), handled by Coutts, were put down at 11:30. Kil made a long cast and was gone several minutes after which dogs were run through the field where Kilgarif did his sensational work the night before. Jingle was first to make game and roading up to bevy flushed a bird and dropped to a point on the flush as balance of bevy arose. She next made a false point on the scattered birds and followed with a nice point and was steady. She next roaded quite a distance

DR. DANIELS, SECOND IN ALL AGE, W. W. VAN ARSDALE OWNER

and pointed, but no bird could be raised. Kil next made two points, followed by a point from Jingle. Several birds now flushed wild ahead of the dogs and Kil pointed but moved in at shot. Worked around to weed patch. Jingle flushed a single and a number of birds got up as she dropped to flush. Kilgarif then made three points in succession, but was a little unsteady to flush. Up at 12:02.

The third brace comprised Mountain View Kennels' black, white and tan pointer bitch Fan Go (Young Jingo-Abdallah Fan), handled by Lucas, and J. E. Terry's English setter bitch Lady (Count Gladstone IV.-Peach Mark), handled by Coutts. They were cast

R. M. Dodge, Photo.

CUBA, JR., THIRD IN ALL AGE, STOCKDALE KENNELS.

off in the adjoining field and worked back to alfalfa field where preceding brace had run. Both showed good speed and style and Lady cast wide and reached well. Fan pointed in bunch of weeds and a number of birds flushed wild. Fan steady to wing. Both flushed several birds and Lady made three false points. Fan pointed in tree and chased the bird a short distance when it flushed. Lady pointed and bird ran and flushed when she was sent on by handler. Both slowed down somewhat before the end of the heat, but were independent and hunted out ground fairly well. Down at 12:12, up at 12:55.

Lunch was now partaken of, after which a drive of a mile and a half was made to new grounds, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black,

white and tan English setter dog McCloud Boy (Tony Boy-Sadie Hopkins), handled by Babcock, and John W. Considine's English setter bitch Lola Montez (Llewellyn Drake-Zola Montez), handled by Lucas, were cast off. This was a grand going brace, both dogs ranging out wide and at great speed. Working through a slough bed with heavy growth of willows, a bevy was seen to flush and the birds scattered. Lola was first to point and was a little unsteady to shot. Boy next stopped to a flush of single and then pointed a single in nice style and was steady to flush. Lola continued to cast wide and showed best in pace, although Boy was a great going dog considering the heat. Crossing the road the dogs were taken up for six minutes and then sent on through willow timber but no birds were found. Down at 2:02, up at 2:52.

A. H. Nelson's black and white English setter bitch Sport's Destiny (Marie's Sport-Mark's Fleet), handled by Lucas, and Stockdale Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Cuba Jr. (Cuba of Kenwood-Florida), handled by Dodge, were put down in an open field of sage and started at good speed. Cuba Jr., returning from a cast, running up wind and pointed a bevy, but went into a deliberate flush and chased the birds a short distance, then returning he flushed a single which had remained behind. Working on scattered birds, Cuba made three very snappy points and Destiny backed indifferently. Sent across railroad track into adjoining field Destiny made a nice cast but failed to locate. Cuba was best in speed, range and style. Destiny hunted industriously but seemed off nose, probably due to the fact that she was in full season. Down at 3:07, up at 3:43.

The last brace of the day was T. J. A. Tiedemann's English setter bitch Northern Huntress (Ch. Joe Cummings-Mecca II.), handled by Coutts, and W. W. Van Arsdale's liver and white pointer dog Dr. Daniels (Plain Sam-Dolly Dee II.), handled by Babcock. They were put down in nice open country and both showed fine speed, range and style. Huntress made several long casts to likely places and stayed out well. A bevy was flushed by the field trial party and a number of the birds scattered along an irrigating ditch. Daniels was first to point and Babcock killed the bird. Huntress next pointed rather undecidedly and was steady to shot. She then ran over a bird and next pointed a single which ran from her, Doc backing nicely. She then made another point and was steady. Daniels then made a long cast and Huntress pointed a bird in heavy weeds, which was flushed by Babcock. Daniels next roaded up to a bevy and a few birds flushed wild as he dropped to point on the balance. Huntress then alternately roaded and pointed on single bird and was steady to shot, and finished with two more points to her credit. Daniels also scored another point before being ordered up. This was the best heat of the day and both dogs showed to advantage, especially Huntress, who had put up a magnificent race. Daniels also showed himself a bird finder and quartered his ground in an admirable manner. Down at 3:58, up at 4:40, which ended the work for the day.

The next morning the party drove to a point a mile and a half northeast of Gosford's place, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter bitch Peach Blossom (Ch. Count Gladstone IV.-Peach Mark), handled by Babcock, and Frank Pratt's lemon and white English setter dog Bush (Highland Fleet-Jersey Queen), handled by Dodge, were cast off along a willow run. Both showed fine speed and ranged wide, Blossom exhibiting a degree of style seldom seen. Soon after starting a rabbit crossed her path and she followed it to a willow thicket and was lost

CUBA JR. AND SPORTS DESTINY, DODGE HANDLING.

CUBA'S ZEP.

for some time, Bush being held up several minutes. Sent across the road, Blossom pointed several rabbits. Working through the draw a large bevy was seen to flush and birds scattered in all directions. Blossom made several wide casts and finally pointed, evidently on foot scent. She next pointed and roaded up, the bird flushing wild. Both dogs missed a number of opportunities to point, birds flushing all around. Both made several false points. Bush then nailed a single and was steady to shot. Worked along a slough bank, Blossom pointed and Bush backed, and then Bush went into birds and chased a short distance. He next pointed a single and Blossom backed nicely. Blossom next made two nice points, snapping to one in great style as she slid from the top of the bank. Blossom had much the best of the heat, but both dogs missed many opportunities to point birds lying in heavy cover, due no doubt to peculiar conditions which prevented the majority of dogs down in the second series from making a creditable showing in bird work. Ordered up at 11:08, after runnning 58 minutes, which concluded the first series.

Judge Humphreys then announced the dogs to run in the second series as follows:

SECOND SERIES.

McCloud Boy with Sport's Destiny.
Lola Montez with Dr. Daniels.
Lady with Cuba's Zep.
Kilgarif with Peach Blossom.
Cuba Jr. with Northern Huntress.

The first brace, consisting of McCloud Boy and Sport's Destiny, were cast off along a slough bed at 11:46 and ran 45 minutes. Boy was unlucky in being down twice in the heat of the day and on grounds of the same character as those on which he ran his first heat. Both dogs started fast but owing to the thickets through which they were run could not show either pace or range. Boy pointed twice but no bird could be raised. Destiny also made one point and the bird flushed wild. A wild-cat was started from a clump of brush by one of the dogs and "Coyote" Johnson, the well-known hunter and trapper, gave a splendid exhibition of horsemanship in rounding up the feline and finished it with a .30 caliber bullet through the heart. Boy worked earnestly, but although a number of birds flushed wild from heavy cover no further work was done by the dogs and the party stopped for lunch.

While hitching up the horses, a team used by Messrs. Payne, Atkins, Flynn and Tiedemann shied at a piece of pie held in the hand

BELL BOY.

of the aforementioned Payne and started to bolt. J. W. Flynn pluckily attempted to stop the frightened horses and finally succeeded after narrowly escaping being trampled under the hoofs of the team.

Lunch partaken of, the next brace, consisting of Lola Montez and Dr. Daniels, was called for and after a short drive were cast off in an orchard. Both started well but Lola soon slacked in speed and plainly showed that she was out of condition. Daniels ran over an outlying bird of a bevy and it flushed wild. He then pointed and Lola refused to back; no bird. Later a small bevy was seen to flush where Daniels had made game. Sent on, Lola roaded into a patch of high brush and handler claimed point. Daniels on the other side roaded up

and birds flushed. Crossing into open field Daniels flushed a bird and followed with a point, being a little unsteady to shot. Lola chased a single some distance. Crossing a fence into an open field Daniels pointed a bunch of four birds and was steady. Lola false pointed and Daniels ran over a couple and was steady to wing. Lola made two points to which birds were raised, Daniels backing once and following with three good points of his own. Daniels quartered his ground in an admirable manner, making proper outward turns at tne end of each cast and taking advantage of the wind. Down at 1:40, up at 2:34.

A move was now made to territory east of Gosford's and Lady and Cuba's Zep were put down at 2:58. Both showed good speed and range but Zep soon slowed up. Lady kept up a good clip. Lady ran over a single and then pointed a small bevy, Zep making an independent point as he was called up to back, the birds flushing wild. Both ran over several singles and Lady made two more points from which birds were raised and finished her heat by pointing a rabbit. Lady was best at all points. Up at 3:30.

LOLA MONTEZ.

F. R. Atkins, Photo. PEARL'S JINGLE, COUNT'S MARK BACKING.

Kilgarif and Peach Blossom were cast off at 3:35 and worked through sage brush to cover along a slough where Mountain Quail and Fleetwell had run during the first day of the trials. Both started fast and ranged wide, especially Kilgarif, who made several long casts. The dogs were then running to the left, and Kil pointed and roaded up on a running bird which flushed. Kil then fell over a bank and the remarks of his handler were forcible if not polite. Blossom pointed along a fence but no bird was raised. Kil made another point, the bird flushing wild, and also pointed a rabbit. No further work was done and the dogs were ordered up after running 26 minutes.

The last brace of the day was Northern Huntress and Cuba Jr., and a drive of three miles was made to grounds used by the club in 1899 and 1900. The dogs were cast off in a large open field with sparse corn, and both ranged fast and wide, Huntress making several casts of a third of a mile or more to likely spots. A small weed field was hunted out, after which Huntress made a cast through timber and was gone for some time. Cuba meanwhile hunted out a limited amount of territory and pottered on foot scent but failed to locate birds. Down at 4:38, up at 5:13. This concluded the second series, and the following dogs were selected to run in the third series:

THIRD SERIES.

Dr. Daniels with Cuba Jr.
Lady with Peach Blossom.
Cuba's Zep with Kilgarif.

The first brace, consisting of Dr. Daniels and Cuba Jr., was put down at 10:10 in the field where Nelly Bang and Margarette had competed, and soon after the starting Cuba Jr. started to make game and a bevy flushed from a dry slough bed, the birds taking to trees. Worked through the cornfield, both dogs ranged fast and wide but failed to find birds. They were then worked through a vineyard and the pasture field adjoining without finding. Taken across the road they worked through good cover and a bevy flushed wild and scattered into trees and the alfalfa field nearby. Cuba pointed where birds had flushed from and Daniels backed. Put down on scattered birds in alfalfa field, Cuba Jr. was first to find and was steady to flush of four or five birds. Daniels then dropped to point and Cuba backed nicely. Daniels pointed another and bird flushed wild. Cuba pointed again but moved up too close and bird flushed. Daniels next made a point from which the bird evidently ran, which ended

LADY, WINNER OF MEMBER'S STAKE,
J. E. TERRY OWNER.

COUNT'S MARK, SECOND IN MEMBERSHIP STAKE,
W. W. VAN ARSDALE OWNER.

the bird work of the brace. Daniels showed to splendid advantage in quartering this field, cutting up his territory with mathematical precision and working out every rod of ground over which he ran. He went fast and wide and never faltered on scent, and is one of the best pointers ever put down in trials on this coast. Cuba Jr. also made a creditable showing but was outclassed by his brace mate.

Lady and Peach Blossom were cast off in the same field and both showed fine speed and style and ranged wide. Blossom made a long cast and on her return pointed a single and was absolutely staunch. She then pointed again within thirty yards of the same spot and Lady backed stylishly but no bird could be raised. Crossing into a large expanse of sage Blossom made a very wide cast, Lady also ranging out well. This was a grand going little brace and the most stylish pair down in the stake, Blossom excelling in these qualities. No birds were found until the dogs were running back to an unworked corner of the alfalfa field where Lady pointed, Blossom backing nicely. Lady moved up and the bird flushed. She soon made another point and Blossom acknowledged the point with a stylish back, but it proved false Down at 11:40, up at 12:15.

Cuba's Zep and Kilgarif were worked over the same grounds as the first brace and failed to find until put down in the vineyard, when Kilgarif roaded up too close to a bevy

and flushed the birds and was steady to wing. Worked on the scattered birds, both dogs ran over them right and left and showed no nose whatever. Kilgarif showed well in pace, range and style, but his bird work in this heat was very inferior. Zep failed to show at all. Down at 12:38, up at 1:27.

The entire party now tied up for luncheon, after which Peach Blossom and Dr. Daniels were cast off to decide the winners of the first and second in the All Age. Both ranged well and at good speed, Blossom showing superior in style. After a short run Blossom made game alongside a fence and several birds flushed as she stopped to point. Sent on, Daniels pointed on ditch bank and Blossom backed nicely. Daniels then moved on and the bird flushed as he left the point. The dogs were then ordered up and the winners announced as follows:

Peach Blossom first.
Dr. Daniels second.
Cuba Jr. third.

Six dogs were entered in the Members' Stake and the work of the winners classed with anything seen in the last day's running of the All Age. The stake was purely one for amateurs, but the dogs were well handled by their owners and their clean cut work made a good impression upon all who witnessed the running.

The first brace down was Charles Coggins' black, white and tan English setter bitch Mountain Quail (Charm-Jessie Gladstone III.), handled by owner, with Judge C. M. Post's black, white and tan English setter bitch Lou (Orion-Mary Lou), handled by owner. They were cast off shortly after the finish of the All Age stake and were run about thirty minutes. Quail was the only one to find and pointed a single in sage but left her point and the bird flushed wild. Several others were seen to flush but no further work was done.

NORTHERN HUNTRESS, THIRD IN MEMBER'S STAKE, T. J. A. TIEDEMANN OWNER.

A move was now made to territory where Dr. Daniels and Northern Huntress ran their splendid heat, and J. E. Terry's English setter bitch Lady (Ch. Count Gladstone IV.-Peach Mark), handled by owner, and W. W. Van Arsdale's English setter dog Count's Mark (Ch. Count Gladstone IV.-Peach Mark), handled by owner, were cast off at 3:50. Both showed good pace and style and Lady ranged wide. No birds were found in this vicinity and the dogs were taken across the road to unworked grounds. Lady soon made game and drew to a point on a very large bevy, being joined in the work by Count. The birds were flushed and scattered in good cover. Count pointed three birds which had failed to flush and was steady to shot. Crossing a large irrigating ditch Lady pointed again and was a trifle unsteady to shot and kill. Count then pointed and Van Arsdale killed; Count then pointed again and Van Arsdale killed; Count unsteady to shot. Lady then pointed and Count backed; both steady to shot. Lady made another snappy point and was steady to flush. Count next pointed and was steady to flush. Lady pointed again and bird flushed wild. Lady finished the work by a good point and Count backed stylishly. Up at 4:38.

The last brace down was T. J. A. Tiedemann's black, white and tan English setter bitch Northern Huntress (Ch. Joe Cummings-Mecca II), handled by owner, and John Coleman's lemon and white pointer dog Kern of Kenwood (Glenleigh Jr.-Stella), handled by owner. Huntress showed the best in all qualities and made two nice points on scattered birds. Kern pointed once at birds in tree but was not in condition to run against a bitch of Huntress' class. This brace was down about 35 minutes and concluded the running in the trials of 1903.

The awards in this stake were as follows:
Lady first.
Count's Mark second.
Northern Huntress third.

In the evening the beautiful cups donated by J. E. Terry, WESTERN FIELD and W. W. Van Arsdale were presented to the lucky owners of the winners of first in the Derby, All Age and Members' Stake respectively. Mr. Terry having won the cup donated by himself, returned it to the club, and it will be contested for by the high class youngsters of next season's Derby.

Taking everything into consideration, the trials of 1903 were a decided success and there was not the slightest evidence of acrimonious feeling among the great gathering of field trial enthusiasts who were present at Bakersfield. The Pacific Coast Field Trial Club may well feel proud of this, its banner meet, and everything points to continued success in the future. Certainly no club in the United States can show a more enthusiastic and whole-souled body of sportsmen than that which gathered at Bakersfield to view the trials in January, 1903, and the future presages well for field trials in this State.

At the annual meeting of the club, which was held in the parlors of the Southern Hotel on Wednesday evening, January 14th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, W. W. Van Arsdale; first vice president, C. E. Worden; second vice president, H. W. Keller; secretary-treasurer, Albert Betz; executive committee—C. M. Post, J. H. Schumacher, T. J. A. Tiedemann, W. S. Tevis, J. W. Considine.

The new members elected were J. H. Wooley, Thomas O'Brien, Joseph Watkins, C. W. Coggins, F. A. Dixon, J. B. Coleman, Albert Lindley, W. W. Richards, F. R. Atkins and J. W. Considine. Judge H. S. Humphreys was elected an honorary member of the club.

THE OAKLAND SHOW.

By OUR STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

AKLAND'S annual dog show opened December 17 with all the advantages of good weather, and the conditions then existing lasted throughout the show. This year there was a catalogue total of 108 dogs, which, with duplications, ran up to nearly one hundred and fifty as the gross entry.

The show was not as well attended as in former years, owing, most probably, to the fact that it was not advertised, and also the time of the year at which it was held.

John Bradshaw acted as superintendent, and deserves much credit for the way he handled things. Spratts Patent benched and fed, under the able direction of affable Thomas Banks.

The judges were: Jos. Cutten, Mastiffs and St. Bernards; Dr. Musser, Great Danes; John X. De Witt, all hounds and Dalmations; Mrs. W. C. Ralston, Cocker Spaniels; N. H. Hickman, Fox Terriers; John Bradshaw, other breeds.

Judging commenced at 2 o'clock on Wednesday and continued until Thursday afternoon, when the Cockers were judged by Mrs. Ralston, she having the proud distinction of being the first of the fair sex to officiate in this capacity in the West. Her decisions were well received by even the losers, and on the closing night of the show the exhibitors showed their appreciation by presenting her with a floral offering.

St. Bernards brought together two of the best dogs of this breed ever shown on the coast in Grand Master II and Lester C. The judge giving the latter the decision on the grounds that Master was out of condition. To our mind Grand Master was in the best of condition and should have won in a canter, scoring in head, legs and general carriage. Lester seemed logey and weak on his pins. There was practically no competion in bitches; Gypsy Lee II a bitch of good quality, taking all of the honors.

Great Danes were a good lot, but the judge mixed them so badly that we could not attempt to untangle them. Three Greyhounds

faced the judge, the decision rightly going to Belfast. English Setters, were a poor lot, only one of merit being shown.

Cocker Spaniels had an entry of twenty-six, and were well handled by Mrs. Ralston, not a murmer of disapproval being heard. Black puppy dogs saw Little Man to the fore, with Black Silk Jr. in second position. The former is of fair sort but badly bowed at elbow and will grow coarse. In limit, Black Silk II took the blue, having no competion, the same being the case with Delverton Capp's in open, Capp's received the tri-color.

Black bitches brought out a fairly good one in Jetta, she has a nice clean cut head, but her coat is poor. Plumeria Portia scored in winners, and later took special for best Cocker in show, and on Saturday ran the imported Fox Terrier Wandee Mayse a very close race for best in show of any breed, two tie ballots being cast before the final decision was reached. Portia is without question the best Cocker ever shown on the coast, and the best we ever saw.

In other than black dog puppies, Humberstone Artist, badly out of condition, was given a second by the judge, first being withheld. Champion Hampton Goldie took the winners class with Plumeria Beau II reserve. Goldie also won the special for best stud dog, with Portia and Beau.

Bitch puppies saw Red Sue, Little Maid, Coquette Bonnie, and Glenwood Little Sister in the morning; they were placed in the order named. Little Sister was laid down in very bad condition and should have been left at home; she is a pup of quite some promise, however, and will be heard from later. She was best in her present form.

Five faced the judge in novice bitches, Plumeria Flo, scoring over Plumeria Mignon easily. The puppy winner being a close third. Glenwood Ruby wore blue in limit, she is a fair sort. Flo took the winners with Mignon reserve.

The team class went to Hampton Goldie and Plumeria Chic, Plumeria Kennels also won the kennel prize.

Eighteen collies with Ch. Ormsmirk Emerald Jr. at the head of the dogs, Robert Bruce reserve. Bitches saw Mr. Albea to the front again with that good bitch Ormsmirk Gypsy, the reserve going to Dixon Moll, a pup of promise.

There were only two Bulldogs shown, a new one coming out in Joel Damon. Damon has an exceptionally good body and legs, and is very active for a Bulldog. He will take a lot of beating.

Fox Terriers led in point of numbers, thirty-six being brought before the judge. Mr. Hickman handled his classes like a veteran, this being his first attempt in the judging ring. Wandee Kennels did most of the winning. Wandee Blizzard taking winners dogs by a very close margin from the puppy Garston Prefect. Wandee Mayse, a new importation going from novice bitches to best dog in the show of any breed. Mayse is a good one of the right sort. Her genial owner, Chas. R. Hanley, is to be congratulated upon his purchase of this bitch.

In wires Cairnsmuir General, went to the front, scoring over Humberstone Bristles. We would have reversed it. Maggie the Maid was an easy winner in bitches. There were only two Irish Terriers, of little quality, one Maltese Terrier—a good one.

T. J. Blight was on hand with a goodly string, and deserves much credit for the excellent care which he takes of his charges. Financially and otherwise the show was a success.

While in Hollister on a business trip recently, we had the pleasure of visiting the Kennels of Mrs. E. Colwell. This lady has, among her numerous pets a Cocker Spaniel, Rhody by name, that was stricken some years ago with paralysis, and has since carried his hind quarters around on a wagon made for the purpose. Rhody seems perfectly happy, and follows his mistress around wherever she goes.

The California Cocker Club will hold its annual election of officers at the next regular meeting. The club is in a prosperous condition, quite a few new members having been added to the already large list during the past year. A goodly lot of medals and trophies were offered for competition at the Oakland Dog Show, by members of this club.

The judging of Cocker Spaniels at Oakland by Mrs. W. C. Ralston has created no end of interest among the fair sex. Quite a number of well-known society belles showing their pets in consequence.

We learn from an authorative source that dog shows will be held at Stockton and San Jose immediately following the San Francisco Kennel Club Show. This is good news.

CALIFORNIA COCKER CLUB MEETING.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the California Cocker Club was held at 125 Geary street on Wednesday evening, January 14th, at 8 o'clock, Vice President John H. Dorian presiding in the absence of the president.

The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing term: Executive committee—P. C. Meyer, James H. Jones, John H. Dorian; ex-officio, Hon. William C. Ralston and Edward C. Plume. President, Hon. W. C. Ralston; first vice president, John H. Dorian; second vice president, J. H. Jones; secretary-treasurer, E. C. Plume.

The vote on vice president and executive committee developed quite a strong sentiment in favor of Messrs. Meyer and Ackerman, who have contributed not a little to to growth and development of the club.

Secretary Plume's report showed the club to be in a prosperous condition, and the holding of a specialty show during the year was discussed at some length. It was finally left to the executive committee. After having passed on many matters of importance, the meeting adjourned subject to a call from the executive committee.

* * *

Mr. Geo. Douglas of Woodstock, Ont., is to make his debut as a judge at the W. K. C. show. Mr. Douglas is a veteran breeder of Cocker Spaniels and is well known to all fanciers. His awards will be watched with much interest. Mr. Douglas has heretofore declined all invitations to judge; we are glad to see that he has been prevailed upon to pass on the Spaniels at New York, however, for we know that there is no one better qualified for that position; and we congratulate the Westminister Kennel Club, and Spaniel breeders in general, upon obtaining his services.

Irving C. Ackerman has a very promising litter of Fox Terriers by Humberstone Bristles.

Premium lists for the forthcoming Westminister Kennel Club show to be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, are out. Entries close January 26th. There are 390 classes with prizes of $15.00, $10.00 and $5.00. The usual vast array of special prizes is also offered.

A FEW SCATTERING REMARKS ABOUT DOGS.

By W. W. Titus.

LOCATED as I am near the historic grounds of West Point, where many a hard heat between good dogs has been run, and many a worthy winner crowned as it were with the laurels of victory, it is no wonder that often when I come in at night after a hard day's hunt, see the dogs well cared for, eat supper and retire to my den to smoke a pipe and catch up with my correspondence, I sit back in my rocker, and fixing my eyes on the glowing coals in the fire get lost in the misty mazes of the past and hunt in the fields of long ago.

I could tell your readers interesting tales of the old Field Trial grounds, of dogs unknown now but famous in their day as great bird dogs, that hunted over these grounds years before a thought of holding a field trial on them had occurred to any one. On the extreme east end of these grounds, on the bank of the Tombigbee River, live the Young brothers, Captain Billy and Major Val Young; both have hunted all their lives, are now three score and better, yet at the sound of the hunter's horn their blood thrills and each succeeding year they hold their place with the most enthusiastic of the crowd.

Old Waverly Hall was once famous for the entertainment furnished by its owner and the fine hunting and fishing to be had within a short distance of its hospitable gates. Many a place has been pointed out to me by Captain Jimmie Young (now one of the great majority) where he or others had killed a deer, a big gobbler or some other game. But I am digressing. I started out to talk about dogs, and I must hark back on the trail.

The first Field Trial was held by the American Field Trial Club, in 1888, on these grounds. It was the first introduction to the public of the great Roderigo-Bo-Peep nick; while there had been some winners of this breeding before this year they came in a bunch, Orlando winning first in Derby, Bettye S. second, Roi d'Or third, Count Piedmont fourth, and Daisy Hope fifth. The All Age was won by Ollie S.; King's Mark, second; Cassio third, and Consolation (a

pointer) fourth. After this trial the American Field Trial Club disbanded and no other trials were held here until the spring of 1895.

Orlando was sold after his winning here to Bayard Thayer, of Boston, who used him as a shooting dog until the Avent & Thayer kennel was formed, when Mr. Avent took him in hand, put him in field trial shape and won on as though his field trial career had never been broken by filling such a plebian position as a shooting dog. Bettye S. also did more winning in her All Age form, while Roi d'Or had the great honor to be grandsire of Tony Boy, he being sire of Laundress, the dam of Tony Boy. Count Piedmont, I think, died, and Daisy Hope made quite a reputation herself in her All Age form, so it will be seen that the derby winners in the First Trial run on the West Point grounds contained the names of dogs that were the makers of Field Trial history.

The trials of '95, held by the United States Field Trial Club, showed the two great puppies Tony Gale and Tony Boy, while the All Age was won by Rodfield, a dog whose name as a sire in the present day is considered quite the thing. Some great derby dogs made their appearance on these old grounds, but few are living to-day. On these grounds Joe Cumming started as a derby, winning nothing, but closed his field trial career here by winning the championship. I must not forget to mention Pin Money, Tory Fashion, Topsy's Rod, and the honors won by Count Gladstone when he captured the championship here, and of Cincinnatus Pride, who made the winning race of his life in the All Age here, and of the great pointer dogs that have also made reputations in trials here: Jingo, Von Gull, Delhi, Tipoo, Young Jingo and others which I do not at present call to mind. There were never but two championship races run on these grounds, Count Gladstone winning one and Joe Cumming the other. Tony Gale won the championship on the New Albany grounds. Of the many famous dogs these years have produced and the numbers of puppies bred from these famous sires, there are but few running at the present time that could be considered their equals, and none that are better field trial dogs than the old regime. We breed and breed, thousands of puppies each year, while the few great ones are so limited in number they might well be accidents. For years the public has bred to winners, expecting to profit thereby, but the records show that breeding winners is as much an uncertainty to-day as it was twenty years ago, the only difference being that there are many more bred and consequently more accidents. We read long articles on how to breed, and it really looks easy when some one tells us how to do it, but after trying we find we are chasing shadows and the author in all probability never bred a winner in his life.

We are told of the ever increasing value of the pure Llewellyn, yet cold blooded dogs like Captain Jack, Speckle B. and others give these statements positive denial. I use the term cold blooded, instead of out-cross, as the pure Llewellyn faddists would have us believe that all dogs outside the Llewellyn family are to be so considered.

The Llewellyn blood is all right; I have no desire to cry it down but I believe there were good dogs before the Llewellyns, or we would not have had the Llewellyns. I also believe that when this strain was founded it was impossible to have incorporated in it all the good setter blood extant, and that there is still just as good grade Llewellyn blood as the pure, and when it comes to personal choice I think I would rather have it.

The Llewellyn admirers are always talking of finding a suitable out-cross, but what is the use of their doing it? If they found it they would be afraid to use it because the progeny would not be pure Llewellyns.

I have tried as hard to solve the problem of breeding as any one, and have met with my share of disappointments, yet I learn something from each one and were I to live several hundred years might become fairly expert in the mystic art. I tried for an out cross myself, some years ago, starting with Daisy Hope, but while this family of dogs produced good bird dogs there was a difficulty in breeding the blood on and all resulted, one might say, in failures after getting a few crosses from the starting point.

In the meantime I was watching the Gleam blood. I saw the dogs Gleam's Sport and Gleam's Pink, and Marie's Sport and have watched the line of blood until I am satisfied in my own mind that the Gleam blood was the proper out-cross on the present line of Llewellyn blood.

I bought Mecca II. and bred her to Joe Cummings. The only one of the litter that ever started in a field trial was Northern Huntress, a pretty good bitch I judge from what I have read of her, while Sport's Destiny, a bitch containing a still smaller amount of Gleam blood, is better.

Mecca II. bred to Domoko, a dog containing an out-cross himself, produced Marse Ben, quite a good dog but lacking the class and finish of the highest type, though equal to any in bird sense and actual field quality, outside of that mentioned.

Domoko was by Antonio-X-Laska, she by Buckellew-Jolly Nell, she by a Laverack dog Prince out of Jolly May (Rob Roy-Pocohontas).

He was a dog with lots of drop, short head and square muzzle, Mecca II, the same, while Marse Ben is pig jawed and light in muzzle, thus failing to prove the old breeding rule that "like begets like."

Mecca II. bred to her sire, produced the bitch whose picture I send you and which the Titus-Hoover Kennels own. Note the muzzle on this bitch, her long lean neck and shoulders, while in thin condition she will weigh close to fifty pounds and in show condition at least fifty-five.

The photo gives her the appearance of being throaty, but what makes this appearance is her ear on other side; she is as clean in throat as a greyhound.

If I can breed such muzzles on grade Llewellyns as this in-bred Gleam bitch has, I will have made some progress, for this blood will give size. I have demonstrated by two different dogs that it will produce field trial quality and I selected a dog that excels in animation, grace and class, to breed on to these bitches, this dog being Count Whitestone.

I have known the Gleam blood for years and have seen some of the greatest bird dogs I have known that were strong in that blood.

The characteristic of this strain of blood

MARSE BEN.

is they are big and coarse, and I take the position that the Llewellyn of to-day is much the same as the Laverack of thirty years ago, as they have passed through the same era of in-breeding and need strong and vigorous blood to breed on to them like the Duke-Phœbe blood of those days, and I think the Gleam blood is the nearest duplicate.

This bitch whose photo I send has never been trained; she is fast but goes at a different gait than the fast Llewellyns of 30 to 38 pounds weight; she has not their short choppy stride and does not sprint while she hunts. She goes at a long swinging stride without much effort, covers the ground rapidly, and ranges too wide to say she hunts to the gun, as she is on the order of a "bolter," not staying off long but too far out to be under any command.

She is a wonderful bird finder and points with good style but is not stanch. She shows all the quality needed in a brood bitch from a field standpoint and I expect to produce something extra from her if I do not have the misfortune to slip up as I have before. At any rate the chances seem favorable and I look forward to the result with great interest.

I have bred a litter sister of Northern Huntress, also a full sister of Marse Ben, to Count Whitestone, and I am looking for something good from this breeding also. I have taken up enough of your valuable space and your readers will think this is an advertising article; but at the risk of being doubted I will make the statement that we have no dogs for sale. I have merely been building castles in the air and dealing in futures.

THE DIFFERENCE AND THE REASON.

By A. G. Tater.

A spectator attending a field trial for the first time will be not a little surprised at a number of things he sees. He is familiar with the etiquette of a day afield; knows what is expected of a brace of dogs in search of game; has a good conception of the merits of pointer or setter; and understands the habits of game birds. Imagine his disgust, then, when seeing the work of a fast brace of dogs under a competent judge, to see the dogs and handlers leaving scattered birds in likely pockets, without even stopping to look for birds where the spectator saw and marked them down. He is likely to remark to his friends: "Field trial dogs? I could take my old dog Top and go over the same ground that brace covered and find twenty birds." And probably he could. So could the handlers with the dogs just taken up. But that does not prove that the race has not been run to the best advantage, or that the judge did not know what he was doing.

In training a dog for field trial competition a handler will follow somewhat different tactics than if he were training a shooting dog. The puppy is kenneled all the time except when afield with his trainer, otherwise there would be danger of spoiling a good pup by allowing him to become a self-hunter. When the trainer takes him out it will be on a lead-string, or in a crate, and he is not started (cast off) on anything but a "bit of good going," for the idea is to develop speed. A twenty or thirty minute run will be the extent of his exercise for the day, unless the pup should run into birds; then the trainer has his work cut out for a little while. Flushing, chasing, blinking, dropping to point, over timidity, over rashness, and above all stanchness to shot, are points in the mind of the trainer as he sees the pup "making game." But the one and the main idea in training a field dog is to develop those qualities which go to make a high-class dog. If he kill too many birds over him he will make a potterer of him; and if he should fail to kill some birds over him the dog would loose interest in his work. The greatest care is required, and the nicest judgment must be used, to keep the dog up to the top notch, and at the same time correct his bad habits. Pages might be written about trainers' methods, but that is not the intent of this article. I started out to show Spectator why a field trial dog is different to his old dog Top. The whole object of the trainer has been to develop speed, range, bird finding, and stanchness. He has spent a year on the dog. The owner has paid him $12.50 a month during that time. Has also defrayed a part of his expenses in attending the field trials, and in addition has paid entrance and starting fees, and the pup stands the owner at about $200 above his original purchase price, which may have been $100 more. The dog is started in a field

trial for a forty minute run. He is expected to show in this short time what a year's education under a competent teacher has developed. The judge knows what pitfalls the trainer has had to bridge, and he gives the handlers their course. It would be obviously unfair after the handlers have started on a course to call one of them off and ask him to hunt out a pocket where Spectator had marked a bird down. The other trainer would have the advantage of continuing the course and might find a bevy while your marked bird was being hunted for by the other dog. In a field trial the best a judge can do is to give the handlers a course and keep them to it. The race ought to be on an even basis. No handler ought to have any advantage over another, and each dog, or owner, ought to have a fair show. A dog trained to run a thirty or forty minute heat at top speed would be utterly demoralized if asked to potter in corners after singles. So that Spectator's strictures were not well taken.

Again, Spectator may see a brace of dogs cast off on bare ground where there is neither cover nor feed for the birds, and will be heard to remark: "What's the use of running dogs there, there are no birds within a mile of here." The judge sees things in a very different light. He sees in this bit of bare ground an excellent opportunity to test the speed and range of the dogs and watch whether one or the other will make tracks for cover where birds are likely to be found. He will notice whether the dogs are searching for game or whether they are just running for fun. In this way he will try out the dogs and possibly arrive at a point where it is possible to send the dogs up wind on a likely piece of ground, all of which manœuvers Spectator will not understand. After Spectator has attended a few field trials he will get "onto" these wrinkles, and will spare the judge or judges and reserve his criticism till after the decisions.

COCKER SPANIELS AS FIELD COMPANIONS.

The cocker spaniel is essentially a field dog and in certain parts of England, Scotland and Wales, as well as in heavily wooded sections of the United States and Canada, takes the place of the setter and pointer as a canine field companion.

For reasons not apparent to the writer this breed of merry little workers has been somewhat neglected on this Coast, and comparatively few of our sportsmen breed them for working purposes when, if their capabilities were properly recognized, they could not fail to find a place in the hearts of sportsmen who confine their upland shooting to brushy territory, where it is impossible to use the pointer or setter to any advantage.

Although it is some years since I have had an opportunity to shoot over a good brace of cockers, I remember very distinctly the pleasure afforded by a pair of liver and white spaniels belonging to a friend of mine, and believe that if fanciers of the present day had seen these little fellows at work they would realize that the cocker is, above all things, a field dog, bred with the instinct to hunt which, however, is allowed to remain dormant (if it does not suffer deterioration), in the up-to-date representatives of the breed.

The cocker spaniel is admirably adapted for use in the brushy districts of the bay counties, as well as other sections where dense coverts abound and with their aid many bevies which resort to heavy cover can be worked to splendid advantage. Owing to their small size cockers can work their way through tangled brush and undergrowth which would effectively retard a setter or pointer. They are, withal, keen of nose and when perfectly broken adjust their range to the best interests of the gunner who is warned of the proximity of birds by the barking which precedes the flush, for cockers almost invariably give tongue and rout out the birds without resorting to the pause or point which characterize the pointer or setter.

* * *

In the resignation of Dr. H. Clay Glover from the position as veterinarian to the Westminster Kennel Club, which he has filled so acceptably for about twenty years, that club sustains an irreparable loss. Few men living are qualified either by training or experience to even approximate to an indifferent discharge of the duties he performed so well and we are glad to note that the doctor with his usual great generosity has offered to give his successor the invaluable benefit of his advice and experience.

Queries and Answers

Can you give me a simple, cheap and economical recipe for waterproofing canvas—something that can be depended on under the conditions ordinarily encountered during our local wet seasons? I want to absolutely waterproof coat, carry-all bags and tent.
McCloud, Cal. SURVEYOR.

ANSWER: Canvas can be made as impermeable to moisture as leather, by a simple tanning process. Steep the fabric in a decoction made of 1 lb. of oak bark with 14 lbs. boiling water. This quantity is sufficient for 8 yds. of stuff. Soak in the tan for 24 hours, then take out, pass through running water, and hang up to dry. The flax and hemp fibres in absorbing the tannin are not only effectually waterproofed but actually attain more resistance to wear.

I am building a canvas boat out of 20 ounce duck, and would be glad of your advice in the matter of dubbing it. Ordinary paint rots the canvas and soon cracks and peels off. Can you suggest something better than painting? CORINTHIAN.
Sausalito, Cal.

ANSWER: The formula used in the British Navy for "filling in" canvas boats, is as follows: Grind 6 lbs. English ochre with boiled oil and add 1 lb. of common black (oil) paint which makes an indifferent black mixture. One ounce common yellow rosin soap is dissolved by heat in ½ pint water and mixed while hot with the above paint which is laid upon the dry canvas as stiff as can conveniently be done with the brush. Two days after, a second coat of the paint (without any soap admixture) is laid on. When this is dry finish with a coat of any desired color oil paint.

I have nearly a thousand yards of raw silk fish line which is too soft and fluffy to run well from the reel in bait casting. Is there any way by which I can enamel or stiffen it? It is of good quality and the economy is quite desirable with me.
Vancouver, B. C. J. C. BARTHOLET.

ANSWER: Put two parts of boiled linseed oil with one part of gold size in a bottle and amalgamate well by frequent shaking. In three days it will be ready for use. Stretch the line and apply the mixture with a flannel rag. When thoroughly dry repeat the coating. By re-enameling the line this way after, say, a half season's using, it will be preserved indefinitely.

In company with three friends I am contemplating a combined hunting and prospecting trip to Alaska the coming season. What equipment would you suggest in the way of rifles, revolvers, and fishing tackle? Can ammunition be obtained in Alaska or had we better take a supply along?
Boston, Mass. A. J. SMITH, M. D.

ANSWER: Equipment on such a trip must obviously be largely a matter of personal taste. One of the most successful hunters of our acquaintance, who has made several excursions into the territory named, informs us that his battery consists of only three weapons:. A .30-40 Winchester repeating rifle, a three barrelled shotgun and rifle combined (12 gauge shot and .30-30 rifle barrel) and a Colt's automatic pistol. He is particularly attached to the three barrel, which he says he uses most frequently of all in mixed shooting. Dall De Weese, than whom there is no Alaskan hunter more famous, inclines to the Mannlicher 8 m. m. rifle, the Luger automatic pistol and also commends the three barrel Daly (12 gauge and .30-30). He also speaks very highly of the .30 Savage rifle and a 12 gauge cylinder bored Winchester repeating shot gun which proved peculiarly effective with both shot and ball cartridges on his last trip. Ammunition had better be taken along to prevent possible disappointments. An eight or ten ounce rod with stout silken line and heavy leaders, and a good supply of snelled hooks and standard flies on 6 and 8 hooks will be all the fishing tackle required.

An English dog fancier (now deceased) once gave me a lot of home-made dog soap which was the best thing I ever used in the treatment of dogs for vermin and mange. It contained both mercury and tar and was almost magical in its effect. Can you possibly tell me what it was and how to make it?
Oakland. A COCKER BREEDER.

ANSWER: A soap of the kind indicated, that has been used with much satisfaction by the writer, is made by dissolving 8 ounces of wood tar in an equal quantity of wood naptha. This is then mixed with two pounds of any good hard soap, previously melted by gentle heat without water. When nearly cool add four ounces of mercurial ointment mixed with two ounces of lard. Beat the mass thoroughly together and let it cool and harden before using. If wanted more bland and gentle in action double the quantity of hard soap.

I am making a lot of experimental rifle sights out of brass and would like to know how to color them a dead black that would stay black permanently, if possible. Can it be done? APERTURE.
Los Angeles, Cal.

ANSWER: Make a streng solution of silver nitrate in one dish and of nitrate of copper in another. Clean the brass by rinsing in a weak solution of sulphuric acid. Mix the two nitrate solutions together and plunge the brass in the mixture. Then remove and heat the brass evenly until the required degree of dead blackness is obtained. Best process known for color and durability. Another way is to rub the clean brass with a bit of wash leather dipped in pure chloride of platinum which has been permitted to liquify in the open air. Do not use the chloride employed by photographers.

What is the best bait to use in a salt water marsh to attract ducks? And can you give me the address of some one from whom I can obtain such bait in quantity? A SUBSCRIBER.
Watsonville.

ANSWER: Potatoes, slightly scalded and cut in pieces the size of a walnut, is said to attract the canvas backs and other deep diving species. Beans, barley, broom corn seed, wild rice and "wild celery" (Vallisneria), are all likewise very efficacious in attracting all varieties of wild fowl. Messrs. Erlanger & Galinger, 300 Davis street, this city, make a specialty of duck bait and can supply you promptly with a large assortment and in any quantity.

To decide a wager, please state which metal in a Damascus twist barrel, iron or steel, remains white after the barrel is browned. DAMASCUS.
Ventura, Cal.

ANSWER: In the browning of steel and iron composite (Damascus) gun barrels, the steel is darkened much more than the iron fibres, the latter being the lightest in color.

The following request, addressed to one of our representative sportsmen, will appeal to all the fraternity who individually have often had the same imperative need of an up-to-date weapon of the same appointments as those designated by the writer. His order, it is needless to say, is yet in abeyance:

DEL MONTE, Oct. 16, 1902.

"MY DEAR ———: On one of those days when you have absolutely nothing to do, you could do me a great favor by stepping in at ——'s, and asking them to send me down a shot gun. I ask you to take this trouble because I have absolutely no idea what kind of a gun I want. I should imagine a self-loading, self-aiming and self-firing gun of very light weight, guaranteed to kill quail or ducks within a radius of half a mile and not to hit anything else, and warranted not to kick or buck, and to be under all circumstances kind, gentle and patient with its master, would about fill the bill. Do you think they keep that kind at ———'s. The light weight seems to be a desideratum. Don't you think so? I presume I had better only hire the thing for the present at least, as I doubt whether I shall use it often, although I am told there are many quail and duck in this immediate vicinity. I suppose I shall need also some few cartridges, just one for each bird."

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: Can you put me in communication with one or more responsible parties familiar with the hunting in Alaskan wilds? By this I mean that portion contiguous to the Copper River and Sheep Creek. Should also be pleased to have any information from any reader of WESTERN FIELD concerning guns, duffle, camp equipage and general routine of camping and hunting in this remote region. There are some parties here who want to spend two or three months of the coming year in the above section. Kindly give this space and oblige.
LEN D. WHITTEMORE.
521 Fifth street, Redlands, Cal.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head, at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTS, FOR SALE, EXCHANGES, ETC.

FOR SALE—A fine Eastman folding Kodet 5x7 camera, with roll holders complete, Iris diaphragm shutter, extra good R. R. lens etc., for sale cheap or exchange for approved 4x5 camera. Want a smaller outfit. "Camera," WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

FOR SALE—Brand new Zeiss Prism double binocular field glass, 12 power, highest type and finish, modern glass, in sole leather carrying case. Cost $85. Sell cheap or exchange for diamond, good suburban lot or other acceptable values. "Z-12," WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

FOR SALE—Highest grade Sharps-Borchardt target rifle, extra fine pistol grip stock, full target sights (windgauge, level, vernier, etc.), just recut by Geo. Schoyen and fitted with false muzzle, special bullet mould and starter, lubrication pump, etc., complete. In heavy sole leather case. Never fired except for target proof. Phenomenal shooter. Just right in dimensions. Cost $165. Have no use for it and will sell cheap or exchange for approved value. Can be seen at WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

WANTED—A well-bred pointer or setter, thoroughly broken on quail, price limit, $100. Give full particulars. W. R., 165 Golden Gate Ave.

* * *

WANTED—A light field gun, 12 or 16 gauge, of standard make and in good condition. State make, dimensions and lowest cash price in first letter. A. R. Jones, Jr., 1304 Folsom street, San Francisco.

* * *

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A new graphophone with 30 disc records. Perfect condition. Cheap for cash or exchange for fine tailoring. E. K. D., 424 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

* * *

FOR SALE—Two fine high-grade rifle telescope sights, made by Sidle, Phila., to order. One is 5-8 and the other 7-8 inch diameter. All latest improvements, largest field, perfectly flat, unexcelled definition and illumination, both with extra adjustable eye pieces and brand new. Mountings complete. Sell cheap or trade for best offer. What have you? F. H. M., 14 Lyon street, San Francisco.

* * *

WANTED—A bargain in a .30-30 Winchester for cash. Must be in perfect condition inside. Full particulars in first letter. George D. Hibbard, Witter Springs, Cal.

* * * *

FOR SALE—Winchester, single-shot, .25-37-77; Ideal adjustable reloading outfit; 50 shells; Lyman sights; O. K. condition; $12. Address Wm. I. Wallace, M. D., Hemet, Cal.

* * * *

SEMPERVIRENS CLUB OFFICERS.

At the last annual election of the Sempervirens Club of California, the following officers were elected for 1903: President, Mrs. Lovell White; first vice-president, Mrs. Y. J. Bucknall; second vice-president, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard; general secretary, Mrs. Mary E. Gorham; recording secretary, Prof. Barton Cruikshank; corresponding secretary, Miss Agnes Lowry; assistant corresponding secretary, Mrs. Fannie Lent; treasurer, Sanford Bennett; financial secretary, W. W. Richards; literary correspondent, Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter. The personnel of the above directorate is especially high, and the club is to be congratulated on its great good fortune in this connection.

TRADE TOPICS

THE D. M. LEFEVER SONS & CO.'S SINGLE TRIGGER.

Concerning their new single trigger mechanism which has excited a very large interest and much congratulatory comment among sportsmen, the D. M. Lefever, Sons & Co., have this to say:

"After several years of experimenting and testing different devices, we have at last accomplished that desired and long looked for improvement in double barreled shot guns, the single trigger, and for simplicity, durability and effectiveness, we challenge its equal. For the last four years, while working and experimenting on our own device, we have watched with considerable interest the work of the different inventors, but up to the present time we have not seen one but what is complicated, hard to adjust and assemble. It is not so with our single trigger which has but two pieces besides the trigger itself, viz, the lifting block and shifting indicator, and no small pieces to break or get out of place.

"The trigger can be changed instantly from one barrel to the other even while bringing the gun to the face in the act of firing. The indicator always shows which barrel will fire first; if it is on the left barrel it will not change and that barrel will always fire first, and if it is on the right it will act the same.

"To change from one barrel to the other, press the indicating shifter to the opposite side; for instance, if it shows on the right side the right barrel will fire first, if on the left, the left first. The indicating shifter is placed on the lower side of the stock just back of the trigger, where it can be instantly moved by the thumb or finger. The trigger pull of our single trigger can be changed the same as our double trigger guns. In sending out our guns with the single trigger we set the pull at 4 lbs. The operator can reduce it to 3 lbs., or increase it to 5 lbs. by turning the screws in the bottom of the trigger-plate under the sears, to the right for easy pull, to the left for harder; however, we do not recommend moving the screws unless the operator actually needs the change. In turning the screws be careful and give them a very slight turn and then test the pull.

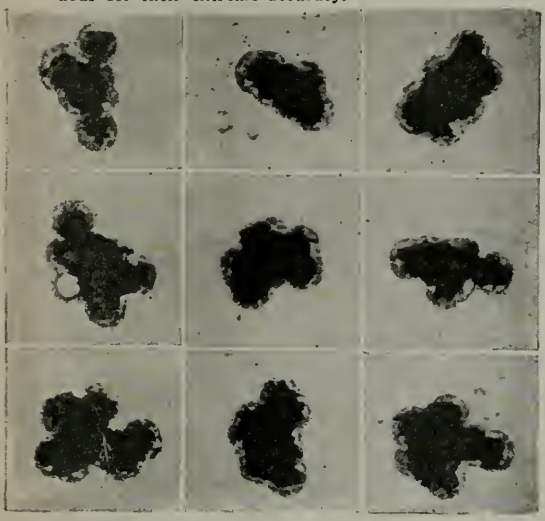
"A great deal can be said in favor of the single trigger vs. the double. Our experience is that the single trigger will improve a 70 to 80 per cent man from 10 to 15 per cent in his shooting, especially in live or double bird shooting, for the following reasons: 1st, the stock is the same length for both barrels. Second, the second barrel can be fired much quicker and with the same accuracy as the first. Third, no possibility of injuring either finger on the guard or front trigger.

"Fifteen dollars extra will be charged for the single trigger on all grades of our guns up to the highest grade, or our Uncle Dan, the price of which includes the single trigger. On our own make of finished guns now out we will put on this device for $20."

PERFECTION OF AMMUNITION.

The accompanying illustration shows a recent test of Peters 22-caliber short cartridges. They were fired from rest with a Stevens-Pope rifle at a distance of 25 yards. Each group represents 10 consecutive shots, and the series represents 90 consecu-

tive shots. This remarkable shooting shows the high degree of perfection to which American metallic cartridges have been brought, Peters cartridges loaded with Kings Semi-Smokeless Powder, being conspicuous for their extreme accuracy.



The new Savage micrometer sight, which is adapted for all standard sporting rifles, is meeting with the highest commendation of the sportsmen throughout the country. Baker & Hamilton, of San Francisco, who are the Pacific Coast distributors, report a very large demand for them, not only from those using the Savage, but the Winchester, Marlin and other rifles as well. It certainly seems to fill a long felt want for a wind gauge sporting sight and will logically achieve a great popularity.

THE IMPROVED COLT'S AUTOMATIC.

The Colt's Patent Firearms Co.'s 1903 catalogue exhibits a very fine line of their world famous products, embracing all desirable calibers, models, and dimensions of rifles and revolvers from .22 to .45 caliber. Among other notable exhibits is their new automatic pistol embodying among other improvements for this year a novel and efficient safety device which does away with the former combined moveable safety and rear sight; a new rear sight admitting lateral adjustment; a "take down" device, new style firing pin and magazine catch and a slide stop to hold the slide open after discharging the last cartridge. There is also a reduction in the number of operating parts and an increase in capacity of magazine, the latter now holding eight cartridges.

This pistol, as improved, now represents the very highest type of high power modern smokeless small arms, and, needless to say, is constructed of the highest possible quality of materials, and with a perfection of fitting and finish that has always individually characterized the Colt's product.

THE NEW SAVAGE RIFLES.

The Savage Arms Co. desire us to announce that in consequence of an unprecedented demand for their beautiful 1903 calendars, the supply is exhausted, and no more can be presently furnished. En passant we note that this enterprising concern are now able to deliver to the trade their long delayed .22 caliber rifles and are, in addition, now putting on the market rifles adapted to the favorite .25-35, .32-40, and .38-55 caliber cartridges. This will make the line of these celebrated rifles complete, and sportsmen generally will be pleased with the opportunity of securing this favorite weapons in calibers suited to their various tastes and needs. Baker & Hamilton, 2-6 Pine street, this city, will have a full line of all these calibers in stock March 1st, and will be able to supply them in any quantity.

AN UP-TO-DATE INSTITUTION.

The Southern California Business College, 614 South Grand avenue, Los Angeles, California, whose advertisement appears on another page of this magazine, has established a precedent in business college work by erecting a fine college building for its own specific requirements. It has the largest and best equipped establishment of the kind in Southern California, being furnished throughout with oak rolled top desks and adjustable office chairs. It has the largest attendance, the largest faculty of teachers and the most thorough system of work. All branches of business are practically taught, including book-keeping, banking, shorthand and typewriting, practical office work, telegraphy, Spanish, and assaying. A gymnasium 46x100 is connected with the College and is free to the students. A new catalogue is just off the press, and will be gladly sent to all making the request.

A NEW POWDER.

A new bulk smokeless powder of distinctive excellence is announced by that reliable old firm, J. H. Lau & Co., 75 Chambers street, New York, whose introduction of the famous Ballistite dense powder proved such a lucrative and signal success. The new powder which is to be known as the "Empire" is the latest product of the celebrated Nobels Explosive Co., of Glasgow, Scotland, the manufacturers of the famous Ballistite and bids fair to achieve just as wide an adoption as the latter. It is smokeless, odorless, without residue and is unaffected by age or climatic changes. Unlike their Ballistite, the new explosive belongs to the class of "bulk" powders which are characterized by their occupying the same bulk as their equivalent of black powder, and on which account they can be loaded in the same machines, and into shells similar to those used for ordinary Nitro powder.

Like most of the powders of its class, Empire is granular, the grains being approximately spherical in shape. In composition it is essentially a mixture of Nitro-Cellulose and Barium Nitrate together with a moderating agent, and it may be pointed out that, as the percentage of Nitrate of Barium does not exceed ten per cent., freedom from blow-back and large alkaline residues in the barrel of the gun is insured; faults, which at one time, proved a serious drawback to the use of most "bulk" powders. It is claimed by Nobel's Explosive Company that in this respect Empire Powder is the best yet placed on the market. This new powder, together with Ballistite, is now being loaded for the convenience of Western sportsmen by the Selby Smelting & Lead Co., of San Francisco, and by the Southern California Arms Co., of Los Angeles.

THE ITHACA LINE.

The Ithaca Gun Co., during the year 1902, manufactured 20,327 double barrelled high-grade sporting shot guns, but even this enormous output did not fill their orders, so the Ithaca factory has been enlarged to turn out 25,000 guns during the present year.

Since this company began to look after the Coast trade, using WESTERN FIELD for their advertising medium, about 1,200 guns yearly have been sent west of the Rockies, and distributed through the large cities.

Their representative, Mr. Louis P. Smith, is expected in 'Frisco about February 15th, and we predict an increase in the demand for Ithacas, because the reputation of this company for the past twenty years has been of the best, and they are ever on the alert for improvements. Making so many thousand guns yearly enables them to market guns at a lower price than a small factory could possibly do.

The sixteen different grades of Ithaca hammer and hammerless guns range in price from $19.75 to $300.00.

The Universal Automobile, manufactured and sold by the Universal Automobile Company (California Machine Works), is a strictly up-to-date product of home manufacture, embodying all the known improvements, and is destined to achieve a well-deserved popularity not only here at home where the excellence of its maker's product is proverbial, but in other sections as well, wherever an appreciation of good work and scientific methods obtains. The Universal is one of the few really dependable auto conveyances in the market. Everyone who has had any experience with it is

warm in commendation of its superior qualities and the satisfaction afforded in its use. It is claimed by its manufacturers to develop a horse power for every 100 pounds of its weight. Among other improved devices it has double opposed cylinders, jump spark, Longuemore carburetter, automatic lubricator, and parts full nickel-plated. It has three speeds forward and reverse. It is beautifully finished, is leather upholstered and in every way of the highest quality in appointments, material and lines. Being made here in its entirety, desired parts can be duplicated without delay. All purchasers of the Universal are carefully and comprehensively instructed in its use and manipulation, and we heartily recommend prospective automobilists to give this elegant home product a fair and exhaustive trial.

* * * *

The "White" Steam Carriage was one of only two carriages to make perfect scores out of eighty entries in the English reliability trials. It beat the other car making a perfect score by using one-half the fuel, thereby defeating all the European cars.

The "White" has made the best score of any carriage built in all the American endurance contests and reliability trials. We quote the following from the Cycle and Automobile Trade Journal of January 1, 1903, on page forty-five, just preceding a copy of the official report of the last reliability trial from New York to Boston and return, in which seventy-five automobiles started:

"In glancing over the table of troubles adjustments, etc., it will be noticed that three vehicles—a gasoline, and two 'White' steam wagons—had absolutely no troubles on the road, and made no repairs or adjustments at controls—in fact made the entire run from New York to Boston and return without as much as adjusting anything on the vehicles."

* * * *

H. E. Skinner Co., 801 Market street, this city, has recently taken the agency for San Francisco and vicinity of the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co. These goods are eminently adapted to the wants of campers, yachtsmen, etc., and are also largely used in residences and hospitals, by reason of both their sanitary and comfort-giving qualities. Sportsmen all over the country are unanimous in their endorsement of this product, and it is enjoying the widest adoption of any similar device now on the market. The Skinner Company are being favored in their new location by the largest volume of business in the history of the concern. Their new store is a marvel of chaste elegance in its appointments and the stock carried has no superior and few equals on the Coast, if not indeed in the whole country as well. An inspection of it will repay all sportsmen, who are made especially welcome.

* * * *

One of the most strikingly clever devices for an advertising card employed by the trade is the one illustrated above, which is issued by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., and will, we understand, be used in their regular advertisements during the coming year. It so thoroughly and efficiently accentuates the waterproof qualities which are such an engaging characteristic of this famous product that further comment is unnecessary.

WINCHESTER GREASELESS BULLET SMOKELESS POWDER CARTRIDGES.

The severest kind of a test of the accuracy, cleanliness and general desirability of Winchester .22 Caliber Smokeless Powder cartridges loaded with Winchester Greaseless Bullets was made recently in San Antonio, Texas, by Adolph Toepperwein. Mr. Toepperwein, who held the world's record for shooting flying targets with a rifle, having made a score of 979 hits out of 1,000 shots, undertook to better this record. He succeeded, making the remarkable score of 986 hits out of 1,000 shots, the targets being 2½-inch clay discs thrown into the air by an assistant. Mr. Toeppenwein attributes his success in improving his previous record to the fact that the new Winchester Greaseless Bullet cartridges are so much cleaner than the lubricated bullet cartridges, which he used before. He says: "I am constantly using .22 caliber cartridges of Winchester make loaded with smokeless powder and the new Winchester Greaseless Bullet, and it is my belief that it is the best small caliber ammunition on the market. Its accuracy cannot be beat and I find the penetration equal to black powder loads, and, if anything, greater, due probably to the hardness of the bullet. The ammunition works magnificently in any repeating rifle, and there is nothing to stick and gum the action. While shooting for the record last week, I shot in all 1,100 shots. During all this shooting, I did not clean the two rifles I used, nor did I find it necessary to cool them, although I shot quite rapidly. The barrels at the end of the 1,100 shots were as clean as though I had fired only 10 or 15 times. I am glad that you are pleased with my shooting, but it was only the result of using the best ammunition I assure you."

AUTOMOBILING

JNO. C. ALBERT, *Editor.*

RECOGNIZING that there is at present no publication on the Pacific Coast which is devoting any attention to the great and growing automobile industry, WESTERN FIELD has decided to establish a department of the paper for the purpose of furnishing impartial, expert information regarding automobiles. The different types of power such as steam, gasoline and electricity will be fully discussed in turn in this department which will be conducted by an expert in the business who has been retained with that end in view, Any questions which may be directed to the Editor of the Automobile Department will receive attention and our aim at all times will be to furnish the public as nearly unbiased, reliable information as it is possible to obtain.

THE automobile has come to stay. Of that the writer is convinced. It is no doubt true that a comparatively small per cent. of the automobiles offered for sale at the present date have attained a degree of perfection which would justify this conviction. Great progress has been made during the past two years and there are, unquestionably, several first-class makes of automobiles which do give good satisfaction and which are less expense and trouble to take care of than a horse equipage.

One who has never ridden in a thoroughly well built, powerful automobile, cannot understand the sensation of bounding along over country roads for hours, at a pace which the best horse could not maintain for over a mile. Mounted on a vehicle equipped with long resilient springs and large pneumatic tires, the roughness of the road, which would make the speed impossible with any other type of vehicle, is hardly noticed. With the throttle in one hand and the steering wheel in the other, almost any desired speed can be obtained. Hills can be mounted with the feeling one imagines will come with the advent of the air ship. The consciousness of power and of exhilaration which the horseman feels when he has a spirited horse before him, with the lines in his hands drawn tight and the horse straining every nerve, is nothing compared to that of the experienced automobilist when he realizes the perfect control he has over the powerful, throbbing, lifelike machine, unmixed as it is with any of the usual sympathy for the poor horse beast, who, after he has gone a quarter or a half mile, is almost exhausted.

The automobile brings, within the radius of an afternoon's spin, beautiful country roads through mountains and valleys rich with a million varied hues and enables one to breathe the pure, fresh air, away from the city's noise and turmoil; while with a horse, during the same period of time, it would be impossible to get beyond the smoke of the city.

The National Government has taken the greatest interest in the development of good roads. There is established at Washington a "Good Roads Inquiry Bureau" which has done a great deal to aid the various States in advancing this most worthy cause. This Bureau is under the control of a director-general and makes a business of obtaining data with reference to the cost of building good roads and of sending expert engineers into the various States to organize "Good Roads" clubs and aid the local authorities in laying out the best grades for their roads, as well as utilizing the best available material for road-making. The question of drainage is also given the widest consideration and the enthusiasm worked up in many of the States by the Good Roads Inquiry Bureau has been very great.

At the present session of the Federal Congress there will be introduced a bill providing for the appropriation of $20,000,000 by the Federal Government, out of the present large surplus in the treasury, to be distributed among the various States in proportion to the population of each, on condition that each of the States appropriates an equal amount to that received by it from the Federal Government for the same purpose. These two sums, combined with the road taxes of

the various counties and townships, are expected to provide funds sufficient to give road-building in the United States an impetus heretofore undreamed of. The cost of transporting the farm products of the country to the nearest railroad station is estimated by the Good Roads Inquiry Bureau to be about eight times what it would be if the roads were of the quality they are in some of the countries of Europe. The saving to the farmers alone, in the United States, in the cost of transportation during a single year would, it is claimed, amount to over $100,000,000. When the farmers are brought to a realization of this fact, which is one of the labors in which the National Government is actively engaged at this time, there will be no difficulty in getting the necessary appropriations to build the best roads it is possible to construct out of the local available materials in every State of the Union.

It is unnecessary to point out what this road development means for the future of the automobile. It has been carefully determined by competent authorities that the cost of heavy hauling in England, for example, can be and is reduced from twenty cents per ton mile by horses, to less than seven cents per ton mile by automobile, over the same roads and under the same conditions. This is a remarkable showing for the automobile and is only computed upon the cost of horses actually in service, while as a matter of fact the average stable usually has half as many horses in reserve and at rest as are actively engaged in service at any time, so that there is that amount of dead expense added to the cost of hauling by team which is not chargable against the automobile as it does not "get tired." This advantage of the automobile, it is claimed, can be greatly increased by constructing heavy trucks for carrying purposes, so that the carrying platform or body can be backed onto a properly constructed platform and left to be loaded or unloaded while the running gear and power picks up another platform and proceeds on its way, thereby keeping the motive power at work all the while.

It is perhaps not generally known that in California a very large amount of the plowing and harvesting in the great San Joaquin Valley is carried on by the use of heavy automobiles or as they are better known, "traction engines." They are also used extensively for hauling lumber in the mountains, and during the teamsters' strike in San Francisco a traction engine was brought into use and, with one man to run it, did the work of sixty teams in hauling a cable. It is, in the writer's opinion, just as certain that the automobile will displace the horse for utility work as it was that the locomotive would displace the stage coach for overland travel. It is no doubt true that the teamsters' union and some others that may be affected will oppose the advance, as the stage drivers opposed the coming of the railroad, but the wiser among that class will soon recognize the futility of such opposition and devote themselves to improving their opportunities by being the first to use the automobile and by applying their experience in the handling of merchandise. In this way they will have a material advantage over any other class of citizens in obtaining the control of the heavy transportation which is now being done by teams.

California is surely destined to be the greatest automobile State in the Union. The climate all the year round is such that one can ride in the open air every day with no inconvenience worth mentioning. The rainfall is so light that good roads, once built, can be maintained at the smallest cost, and the materials for road-building are the best and so generally distributed that they can be obtained and utilized with the smallest possible expense. It is true that there are many mountains, and grades will have to be overcome perhaps to a greater extent than in most other States. This is, of course, harder on the automobile but since its use is a matter of comparison with other modes, and since the disadvantages of heavy grades are objectionable to other modes of transportation to a greater extent than in the case of the automobile, it is very clear that this type of vehicle has a greater advantage over the horse-drawn type of vehicle where the difficulties are greatest in the way of grades, and that therefor it will surely displace the horse to a larger extent in California than in any other State. There are several of the best American makes of automobile handled in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and the Northwest is rapidly becoming interested in them, notwithstanding the great amount of rain and the difficult road conditions in the latter section, for while the automobile is of course at a disadvantage on bad roads, it is still not at as great a disadvantage as is what has always been considered "man's best friend."

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REPEATING RIFLES FOR HUNTING

No matter what your ideas or preferences are about a rifle, some one of the eight different Winchester models will surely suit you. Winchester Rifles are made in all calibers, styles and weights; and whichever model you select, you can count on its being well made and finished, reliable in action and a strong, accurate shooter

FREE—Send your name and address on a postal card for our 164 page illustrated catalogue.

WINCHESTER

"DOUBLES" are just as easy to make with a

WINCHESTER

Repeating Shotgun

as they are with a double barreled gun. The third shot which a Winchester Repeater gives, often bags a badly crippled bird which otherwise would get away. Winchester Repeating Shotguns are now made in "Take Down" style in 12 and 16 gauge. Send name and address on a postal for 160 page illustrated catalogue.

Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

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A. MULLER, Agent

10 cts. MARCH, 1903 $1 a Year

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Painted especially for Western Field
by H. W. Hansen

"HE BROKE THROUGH THE CIRCLE OF DOGS."

See Page 81

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 2. MARCH, 1903. No. 2.

A BEAR HUNT.

By CHARLES R. MOFFATT.

I SPENT my vacation in the grandest of all places for a summer's outing—the mountains of California, making my headquarters at Old Fort Seward, on the North Fork of Eel River.

The broad and fertile fields of the valley, once the reservation, together with thousands of acres of rolling mountain lands, in part glades and gentle sunny slopes, covered in spring with a velvet carpet of clover, brocaded with ferns and brilliant with poppies; in part splendid dark forests of oaks and firs, hiding thickets of hazel and huckleberries, brightened on the rocky ridges with the red stems and branches and shining green leaves of madronas and manzanitas; and some miles of the broad, swift Eel River; long stretches of the ripples and alder-bordered pools of Dobbins Creek and the singing stream of the sinuous Fort Seward cañon are now included in the great Fairbanks stock ranch.

Returning to the ranch house one evening, my basket well filled with trout from Dobbins Creek and my faithful horse packing a five-point buck that I had just killed in the edge of the timber by the lower grain field, two strange hounds came rushing out at me.

"Come here, Spot! come back, Speck!" was shouted after them and an athletic young man arose from the foot of the big madrona tree against the trunk of which he had been leaning and came to me. Taking off his sombrero, uncovering a handsome head with forehead white above the line of sunburn, he slapped each of the hounds and said:

"Get back, you rascals!" and then to me: "My hounds are not always so ill-natured but the scent of that freshly-killed deer makes them wild."

The young man was introduced to me as "Mr. Hull—Cy Hull, the bear hunter," and Mr. Fairbanks said:

"Now you can have some hunts worth talking about. If there is a bear in the mountains, Cy and his old dogs can find him; and when you go out for a run I want you to take Bell and the young dogs, Judge and Jim, for they could not have a better master than Cy nor a better leader than old Spot."

Nick, a boy employed on the ranch, who had been standing near, said: "I don't think you will have to hunt very long to find a bear. As I was coming home from the Denmark ranch last night I saw a lot of fresh sign at the big wallow just below the upper trail. Cy knows where that is."

It was soon arranged that the hunter and I should "try our luck" next morning, so the dogs were locked in the kennels and our Winchesters, cartridge belts, saddles and bridles inspected.

Promptly at 3:30 o'clock the next morning the hunter opened the door of my bedroom and said: "Good morning! You 'build' some coffee and breakfast and I will feed and saddle the horses. It is a jolly morning for a run with the hounds. There is a thick damp fog and the tracking will be fine until nearly noon."

The breakfast was quickly "built" and more quickly eaten, and just as the first gray tints of morning began showing through the fog we were ready. We were

Painting by H. W. Hansen. "THE FIRST GRAY TINTS OF MORNING."

greeted with a rousing chorus from the hounds in the kennels.

"The dogs know what is up," said Cy, "and are eager for a run. Hear them talk!"

I opened the kennels and the great beasts came bounding out, baying their delight.

Bell and her year-old hopefuls, Judge and Jim, were perfect specimens of the thoroughbred bloodhound. The hunter's dogs were immense fellows in whose veins mingled the blood of foxhound, bloodhound and mastiff.

Cy coupled Judge and Jim with a strong yoke. "We must keep the youngsters with us," he said, "or we will have a start, if it is only a squirrel, before we get out of the gate. We will not turn them loose unless we strike a hot bear trail and have a chance to get them in close to the old dogs."

Going to the blacksmith shop he let out an ill-looking cur, nearly the size, color and shape of a coyote, with a monstrous frowsy head.

"This thing," he said, "is the property of Mr. D——, a worthy gentleman but not a judge of dogs. D—— paid a large price for him and thinks he will be a record breaker. I think so too, but it will be the booby prize he will be entitled to. He is called 'Shep,' but he must have been named by a joker. That cur would rather eat sheep than guard them. However, I have promised D—— to give his dog a chance."

We tightened our saddle cinches and made a start. The hunter's command to the dogs to "shut up!" silenced the pack at once, but we heard a loud barking behind us and the manager's beautiful collie came out of the darkness, bounding up to kiss my hand, then up to kiss that of the hunter, back and forth from one to the other, begging so hard that I said to him:

"Well, well, good fellow, we will let you go but you must do just as you are told." Then at the command, "Follow!" the intelligent, well-trained creature took his position behind my horse.

"We will go to the wallow by the side of the Denmark trail," said Cy, "and see if we can find sign fresh enough for the dogs to work up. Failing there, we will try the big 'rough' above the old Stepp cabin."

This route took us down the river from the Fort Seward buildings, the trail running at the base of the densely-wooded mountain on our left and just outside of the grain fields in the valley. The fog was very dense and the forest still black as midnight, and in the fields the few remaining great oaks, indistinctly seen in the gray, with their knarled arms outstretched were awesome giants, the drifting fog seeming to give them motion. The only sound was the gentle murmur of the river over the bar at the mouth of Dobbins Creek.

As we were passing the lower field, Spot and Speck trotting in front and the rest of the pack following us, Bell suddenly gave a

"Boo-oo-oo!" and dashed up the hill into the forest and Shep went, wildly barking, after her. Judge and Jim made a lunge, one on either side of a sapling, their yoke causing them to back somersault to an ignominious stop where they lay whining. Old Spot trotted back to the place where Bell had made the break, put his nose to the ground, took one sniff, raised his head in contempt and trotted back to his place in the lead, the whole proceeding interrupting him not more than half a minute.

Cy said: "A deer has jumped out of the field here," and then shouted "Come back!" Bell returned at once but Shep went yelping off up the hill. The two young dogs, trembling with excitement, whined piteously and Cy said, for them:

"Oh, please, master, do let us go, and we will start something for you right away!" and then, to them, "You sure would, boys, and a squirrel, a grasshopper or a cricket would do."

Continuing our journey down the river until we crossed the stream flowing from the great "rough on the north side of the mountain, we turned to the left and began ascending the ridge, Bell and her boys in the meantime making a number of false starts, each time to be called back by the hunter.

At an altitude of perhaps a thousand feet above the river we came to the upper line of the fog and were greeted by the first rays of the morning sun through a notch in the ridge to the east. The fog in the valley was like a vast expanse of billow-tossed sea, and the summit of Dobbins Mountain and other high points, bearing dark green firs, oaks and red-stemmed manzanitas and madronas, were islands of wondrous beauty.

A few hundred yards above the old Stepp cabin, in a piece of dense wood we came to the wallow mentioned by Nick. It was a shallow, muddy pool with a margin of rankly-growing rushes and weeds. We found numerous bear tracks in the mud and a place where a bear had rubbed against the trunk of a fallen tree, leaving some of his hair sticking to the bark.

The hunter made a careful inspection about the wallow and said:

"No fresh sign here! All at least a week old."

Old Spot sniffed at one of the tracks, then his great brown eyes sought his master's face, and he gave one short "Boo!"

"Yes, old fellow," said Cy, "I see he has been here, but so long ago that he may be over in Trinity county by this time."

While we waited Spot twice carefully circled the pond with his nose to the ground and then came back to us and looked at his master.

"That settles it!" said the hunter, "we can't get a start here. We will try along the trail that leads to the top of the mountain before going into the 'rough.'"

We rode slowly with frequent stops, and the hounds, obeying Cy's command to "Get out and hunt!" worked through the timber and brush for some distance each side of the trail. Once while waiting Cy said. "This is good feeding ground for bears. Look at the berries!"

Before us was a damp flat of an acre or two growing a wild tangle of blackberry vines on which some of the late fruit remained; huckleberries, the dark purple fruit contrasting handsomely with the shiny green, squirrel-ear leaves of the plant; bright

"SPOT" AND "SPECK."

red thimble-berries, trying to hide under huge light green leaves; quantities of those miniature apples—service berries; hazel bushes with each nut hiding in its frilled, pea-green hood; oak boughs almost bending with their weight of acorns; and on the rocky bank just above the flat, even a yew tree (Taxus brevifolia), with some light pink, waxy berries on the thinly-foliaged boughs. I noted that there were but a small part of the large variety of trees and shrubs in the forest about us. I counted six species of the oak—white oaks, black oaks, two species of live oak (Q agrifolia and Q chrysolopis), many of the latter of majestic proportions, and along the borders of the openings, scrub oaks and poison oak shrubs. On the mountain side, the eastern part of the great "rough" before us, grew hundreds of giant firs huge as

"The tallest pine hewn on Norwegian hill,
To be the mast of some great admiral,"

and the top of the ridge above them was crowned with the beautiful ever-thick, shining leaves, clusters of red berries and smooth red trunks, from which the outer bark of last year (a parchment record of their growth) had just been rolled. Along the spring brooks falling into the cañon grew many graceful laurels with their dense dark foliage of aromatic leaves; maples, quivering in the slightest breeze; tall alders, with gray trunks marked with odd spots of milky whiteness; clumps of buckeyes from which the early-fading leaves were already beginning to fall but still bearing some late white blossoms, whose heavy odors mingled with the delicate fragrance of the bloom of the wild lilac growing just beyond. Festooning and connecting the branches of the living trees, and kindly trying to hide the decaying remains of fallen lords and monarchs of the forest, grew garlands of wild grape vines. In the branches of an oak, nearly over our heads, a gray squirrel was quarreling with a jay, no doubt because of some impertinence of the inquisitive and vindictive blue rascal; and from his perch on a cedar bough an oriole was greeting the morning with melody. But who can describe the wonders and delights of a California forest in summer?

We started up the trail again and as we were riding through a thicket of huckleberry bushes Spot, trotting along in front, stopped, looked up the hill and a number of times put his nose to the ground, then slowly raised his head, sniffing the air.

"Old Spot winds something," said Cy.

The dog leisurely trotted off into the brush and we waited. In a few minutes we heard a single "Boo-oo!" from him, two hundred yards up the hill, but as the old fellow never "spoke in jest," that was enough to command immediate attention. "Boo-oo-oo!" answered Bell from the trunk of a fallen tree along which she had been tracking—probably a coon; "Boo-ow!" answered Speck from the brush at the left of the trail and both dashed through the thicket, direct to the leader. We waited for some minutes but heard only occasionally from Spot, who was working along the hill, parallel to the trail.

"An old bear track," said Cy, "and too cold for any of them but old Spot, but he may be able to work it up."

We rode along a hundred yards and coming to an opening of a few acres saw Spot working at the upper edge of it.

"The bear crossed this opening about night before last," said the hunter, "and where the sun has shone on the tracks the scent is gone, but in the damp places in the timber, and where the bear rubbed against the brush, Spot can still catch it. Watch the old fellow!"

Several times the dog started from a bunch of ferns by a little spring at the edge of the opening, and with nose close to the ground worked slowly out into the open and back again to the starting point. Then he got back in the brush a rod or two from the edge of the opening and began slowly circling it. The hunter, watching him, said:

"Spot is sure that bear went through this opening and he'll pick out where he left it."

We rode over to the spring and in the mud below it were a number of tracks made by a very large bear. Cy got down and examined them carefully and said: "Made about yesterday morning—but the bear may be feeding in this locality and I'll not be surprised if the dogs jump him in half a mile of this spot; but if he was just traveling through here he may be ten miles away."

A "Boo-oo!" from Spot announced that he had picked up the track after going about a third of the way around the opening, and this gave us the direction the bear was

Painting by Straib. "ONE THAT CY FOUND LAST YEAR."

headed—straight to the most densely wooded part of the "rough."

"Boo-oo! boo-oo!" came from Spot.

"That's better," said Cy.

"Where are the other dogs?" I asked.

"With Spot. You couldn't drive them away from him now; but that scent is not good enough for them to talk about yet."

We waited a few minutes more, when, suddenly, the forest rang. "Boo-oo! boo-oo! boo-oo!" from Spot; "Boo-ow! boo-ow! boo-ow!" from Speck; "Boo-oo-oo-oo! boo-oo-oo-oo!" bellowed Bell, and down the bottom of the cañon in the very center of the "rough" they went, giving tongue at every jump.

A thrill went through me and Cy straightened up in the saddle, his eyes dancing.

"By George!" he shouted, "that's the music! We'll take a scalp home with us this morning."

"Do you think they have jumped him?" I asked.

"Haven't sighted him yet but are on a red hot track. They opened where the bear bedded last night. Hear them sing! The bear is not far ahead."

I had forgotten the collie but he could control his impatience no longer and jumped up and licked my hand, his body wriggling, his bright eyes snapping with excitement. "Oo-owo-oo!" (Oh, master, let me go!) he pleaded.

"Do you think the collie will go to the hounds, Cy?"

"Sure, a bee line!"

"Go on, boy," I said and he went like a shot.

They were going around the lower point of the ridge we were on and were not a great distance from us; so in an almost incredibly short time the collie's sharp "yip" joined the bellowing of the hounds. Poor yoked Judge and Jim were groveling at our feet and whimpering but Cy said:

"I can't trust you yet, boys! If you

should cross a fresh deer trail between us and the hounds, you would go on it red hot. Come on for that point. If the hounds get behind the ridge, we can't hear them."

Spurring our horses we dashed down the trail over rocks, under limbs, through brush, to keep in hearing of the dogs our only thought.

We reached the point, halted and found that the hounds were not three hundred yards below us and had turned and started back up through the "rough" on the other side of the cañon. They were going at a terrific pace, bellowing every time they hit the ground, and filling the cañon with their echoing music. I could feel my flesh creep with excitement and Cy stood up in his stirrups and shouted:

Whoop-ee! whoop-ee! Stay with him, boys! He's our meat; he'll not go far up that hill with the best dogs in Humboldt county after him." Then, "There he is now! They're on to him!" as the bellowing suddenly changed to fierce baying, intermingled with growls. Then after a moment or two:

"That's a big one and an old one, and he's seen dogs before! I wonder if the old curmudgeon will refuse to tree? There was an old devil in this 'rough' two years ago that the best pack in Humboldt county couldn't tree, and he killed two dogs for me. Wonder if this is the same one back again!"

A cry of pain came from old Speck.

"You old fool!" said Cy, "will you never learn discretion?" Then, with voice softened: "Poor old fellow! I hope he's not much hurt. I'd as soon have that bear eat me as kill my old chums."

The dogs were baying now—no more snapping and growling—and we heard Bell whine.

"They are all more or less afraid of him and are keeping at a respectful distance," said Cy, "and he's a good one that will make old Spot and Speck stand back. It's no tree but a ground fight, I guess, and we might as well go to them. Come on!"

We rode down into the cañon as far as possible, then left our horses and hurried afoot through a tangle of vines and huckleberry bushes, the undergrowth of a dense forest of firs and oaks, making our way to the bottom of the cañon where a fine cold stream ran over the roots of a border of alders. After a refreshing drink we started up the other side, pulling up steep places hand-over-hand and crawling through deer trails under the matted tops of the underbrush. We got within forty yards of the dogs and bear but not in sight because of the tangle of brush, and Cy slipped the yoke from off Judge and Jim and in an instant the delighted youngsters were with the pack, baying fiercest of all.

The reinforcement of dogs brought us temporary bad luck, for the bear at once broke away, the whole pack bellowing after him.

"If that old curmudgeon will not tree he'll wear the dogs out—and us, too," said the hunter in disgust. "He's going down hill in the direction of the river, and going like a locomotive; there's not a dog up with him now, they're tracking again." But, in an instant, "Whoop-ee! Come on! He's treed!"

One following hounds for the first time would have failed to know how he came to that conclusion, for the hounds had "shut up" suddenly, and not a sound was heard from them for a minute or two.

"The old smarty got out of sight of the dogs and then shinned up a tree," said Cy, "and in their rush the dogs went by without seeing him." (A bay from Spot interrupted him). "But he don't fool old Spot very long!"

The whole pack was baying again, finely; Judge and Jim making more noise than all of the others.

"I guess we'll get him now," said the hunter, and we made our way as quickly as possible through the brush and had got within fifty yards of the tree when the dogs redoubled their baying, old Speck snapping and growling.

"Make a rush!" said Cy. "He's coming down and will get away yet!"

We jumped into the tangle, at times tearing through the interwoven tops, with vines around our necks, arms and legs and catching at our guns; at times jumping on top of the brush and bearing it down; then, for a rod or two, on hands and knees crawling underneath. No football player "bucking the center" ever had greater need of muscle and endurance. A bramble held my shirt sleeve and I left it behind but took with me a good deep souvenir scratch. When within forty feet of the tree, a large

leaning madrona, I caught sight of the bear backing down the trunk and attempted to raise my rifle, but succeeded only in getting the muzzle in somewhere near the right direction, pulling the trigger just as the desperate beast let all holds go and dropped among the dogs. Cy's rifle also cracked but his was also only a shot from the hip through thick brush.

With a few terrible slaps, one of which slit one of Speck's ears, the bear broke through the circle of dogs and went tearing down a slope of fifty degrees into the bottom of the cañon. We followed—hats gone, faces scratched, sweating from every pore.

When we reached the bottom of the cañon we could tell from the baying of the dogs that the bear had taken to tree again. The great hounds, frenzied by their close fight and tasting blood, had torn him as he started up the hill on the opposite side of the cañon until he could endure no longer.

In the bottom of the cañon we encountered Shep. One of his numerous small varmint chases had brought him nearly in the path of the bear as it went tearing down the hill. Never have I seen more abject terror; with hair all turned the wrong way, tail between legs, eyes bulging and mouth frothing, he was retreating up the cañon yelping for mercy at every jump.

We were a short distance above the junction of a small gulch with the main cañon and the intervening point was not high and was quite free from underbrush; we quickly made our way to the top of the point and at last had our game in sight. A large leaning black-oak grew at the top of the bluff of the branch gulch and the bear had gone nearly to the top of it, the perpendicular distance from his resting place to the bottom of the gulch being fully two hundred feet. The old hounds sat on the hillside resting and baying occasionally, but Judge and Jim were trying to climb the tree and were frothing with valor, evidently believing they had done the heavy work and that we would not have had a bear skin in sight if they had not been turned loose.

"NOW MAKE A GOOD SHOT."

Cy called all of the dogs to him on the hillside above the tree, so that they would not rush under when the bear fell and get hurt, and said to me:

"Now make a good shot!"

The old brute was turning and twisting, evidently about ready to come down and make another fight and flight, but I got a chance at its breast and gave it a shot with my .45 Winchester plumb in the center, the ball ranging up between the shoulders into the backbone. The shot knocked it off the limb, and end over end like a great squirrel it fell to the bottom of the gulch; but so great was the vitality of the beast that, notwithstanding the terrible shot and fall, it was on its feet in an instant as the dogs

rushed around it and we gave it two rounds each in the side before it would keep still.

There was our game at last stretched out! A huge, gaunt cinnamon bear with powerful jaws, teeth in their prime, and terrible claws —just the beast to make a long run and a hard fight.

I skinned off its mask for a trophy and the dogs gathered around for some bits of the meat. At this stage of the proceedings Shep sneaked into view on the bank above us and, comprehending the situation, straightened out into his full proportions and came boldly down and was soon strutting around the dead bear, making a grab at every bite tossed to the other dogs, and snarling at each that got a bit of the well earned breakfast.

"There is a lot of human nature in dogs," soliloquized Cy. "See old Spot, there! He started this chase and engineered it to a finish and got in and fought when it was time to fight; but he is willing to take a small part of the proceeds and swaggers not a bit. But that cur of a Shep, without sense enough to know the freshest bear sign or follow a red hot track, and who nearly turned in-side-out with terror when the bear in fighting trim came around his way, gets in for a goodly portion of the feast and is trying to strut himself into credit for the whole proceeding."

Cy is not only a good hunter but a bit of a philosopher.

When we rode back to the ranch house, exhibited our trophy and told the story, one of the always-late-to-breakfast visitors at the ranch asked: "Why did you not leave one man to watch the bear when the dogs got it up the tree, while the other came for us so we could have gone out and helped you kill it?"

The reply was:

"If you had been with us on our journey to that tree, having followed in the wake of the bear, you would not have asked the question."

"THE HEAD OF THE 'ROUGH.'"

THE BIG WOODS.

By T. S. Van Dyke.

OF COURSE the groves were God's first temples. For where else shall you find such a fitting place to bow to the mysterious power of the Universe? Not upon the prairie, though there are few places where one feels one's insignificance more than in the loneliness of its vast sweep. Not upon the sea with its still more certain proof that there is no fellow creature within many miles. Nor yet upon the mountain top where you may see even more plainly what a trifling link you are in the mighty chain of being. On all these you may feel your importance as a factor of creation sadly reduced, but it is only in the depths of the great virgin forest that you feel annihilated. The possibility that a fellow may be within ten rods of you without your knowing it only makes more stunning the probability that there is none within as many miles. And when you think of the miles of intersecting circles you can weave if left to your unaided wisdom, and the years you may have to thread a small section before you dare lay aside the little compass, you feel very much diminished.

If you think otherwise be in the big woods when through the coppery green of the sky, of which you can see just enough to heighten its startling hue, the thunderbolt hisses down in zigzag line as if the hand of Jove were quivering with wrath. On the prairie you can mark the storm afar, know what is coming and from whence. On the ocean you can shrink within your cabin and awake long-slumbering prayers. On the mountain you have the caves and the rocks and in both have an idea of where you are and what is impending. But in the great forest primeval from the time you hear the first muttering of the thunder, see pallor creep over the green and hear the ominous whisper of the coming blast, till you see the head of some patriarch curl and wither in a blinding flash while the splitting of its huge trunk adds to the deafening roar, all is uncertainty of the most solemn type.

Or be there when another kind of darkness sends a strange chill to your heart: when there is a livid hue in the darkness that creeps along the sky, a reddish cast in the sunlight that filters through the sickly green of the leaves, a yellow tinge in the paleness that steals over the face of the brook. There is moaning in the trees as a new kind of breeze arises and a distant roar more startling than that of thunder may set some new chord in strange vibration within you as flakes of gray begin to ride the air and on the rising breeze comes a smoky smell that only makes the dead air more stuffy. And when you hear a muffled crash, followed by another and another, while crackling sounds begin to accompany the black cinders that soon begin to fall around you, where will you seek shelter? If you knew which way to run how would you find your course? What will the caves avail you when the shrewd bear is too wise to be caught in them and the wolf relies on his untiring foot? And what would you do in the depths of the stream when the giant trees that guard the banks are writhing in the heat driven before the great storm of fire?

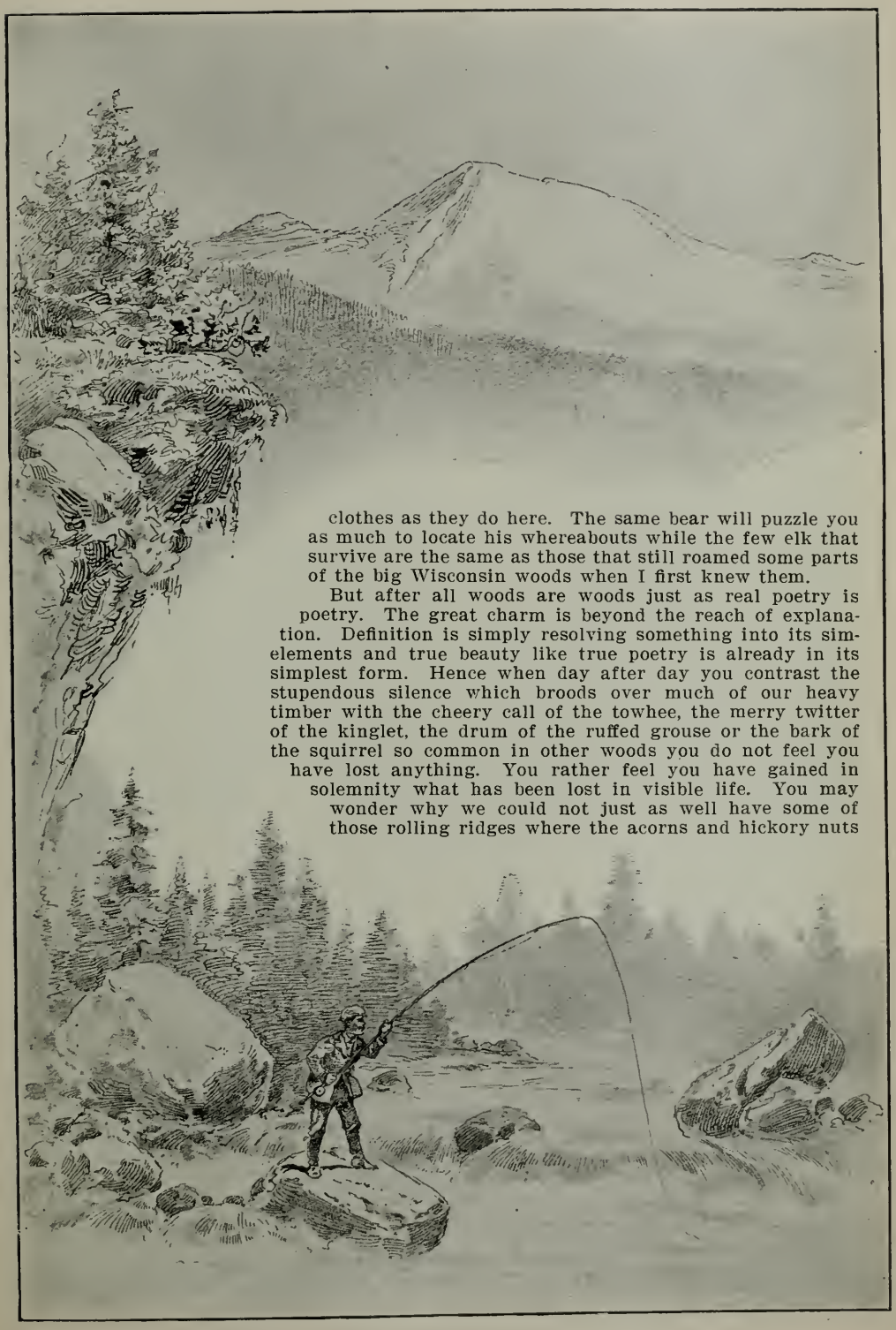
For those who care no more for the world than the world cares for them there is nowhere such a feeling of being at home on nature's breast as in the big woods when one once knows them well. Though the prairie has its attractions one raised there can quickly make himself a happy home elsewhere, the mountaineer can transplant himself though he may retain a lingering love for the hills, and he who has been cradled on the tumbling wave may be contented on

the shore. But he to whom the great forest has once been home will live there while memory keeps her throne. From my earliest days strange sensations gambolled over my soul at the sound of the words "big woods." The twenty acres of timber on the edge of town in which my father built when I was a child seemed a world in itself, connecting as it did with other woods that reached far away into the country. There I spent all my spare hours, holidays and vacations, feeling only contempt for the city boys who had to roll hoops and fly kites. Yet all their glory seemed dim when any one spoke of "the big woods" farther away.

That early love has never faded though fate has compelled me to spend most of my time on the mountain, plain or slope. None of these are so replete with enduring charms as the depths of the big woods. Crater Lake and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado have made me wonder more, the rush of grand streams like the upper Kern and Williamson with their shining trout of arrowy speed, have given as great a temporary pleasure, while the glistening cliffs and snowy fields of the higher Sierras have a sublimity that is all their own. But it is only in the woods that I can stay month after month with no wish to change unless to see wilder and deeper shades. As I look back over the milestones of the past I can see nothing brighter than the first trip I made into the vast belt of timber that thirty-five years ago robed so much of the northern part of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Months sped on the wings of daily delight before I could break the chain and get back to civilization. The winding sloughs full of ducks, the nodding bottom grass beneath the waving cottonwoods where the woodcock dozed in the cool shades; the great Mississippi itself bright and clear in those days and abounding in bass, muscalonge and pickerel; the rolling prairie—where the sharp-tailed grouse was as plenty as the common pinnated grouse—with rarely a fence to cross; the lovely slopes that mounted upward to its breezy heights above the river with their wealth of birch, aspen and oak, where the ruffed grouse ranged into the edge of the prairie and the prairie grouse ranged down into the home of the other on hot noons; the oak openings that rolled like ancient apple orchards over the benches that lay between the bluffs and the bottoms, with all three grouse so mingled with Bobwhite that you could not tell until the bird rose on what the dog was pointing—all these seemed tame beside the charms of the big woods. The first tinge of russet on the oak fired my soul with that flame that knows but one remedy, and year after year I stole away to enjoy it.

In ease of travel, purity of the streams and freedom from malaria, no woods have surpassed those of the upper Missisippi and its tributaries. While the combination of animal and vegetable life may have lacked the riotous profusion of tropical climes these were woods where one could visit at any time of year and stay for months in comfort and safety, while the wild nobility that enlivened their dark arcades and crystal brooks could never be improved by any increase in size or brilliancy of color. For nowhere is nature more fair than she was in these vast groves before their brightness was honeycombed by the moth on the iron rail or invaded by the plumage hunter, the bigbag swine, the "trophy" fiend and the professional guide with his retinue of tenderfeet caring only for blood.

While the forests of the Pacific Coast have been lacking in some of the features that formed the great attraction of the eastern woods they still have the essentials with many novelties that are all their own. Many, like the heavy timber belts of Southwestern Oregon, nature has made proof against the inroads of the ordinary horde that tramples her vineyards and for generations to come broad leagues will show no trace of the axe. For the grand elm or towering sugar maple we may look in vain but in their places are the lovely madrona and the vine maple with its crimson tinge, a vine, shrub or tree to suit your taste. The thorn apple and the viburnum are missing along the creek but the service berry and the salmon berry are ready in their places. Another trout shines in the sparkling brook, but he is a new friend of whose acquaintance you will never tire. A new deer steals away at your approach and he, too, is one you will love though not admire so much as the more slippery spirit of the Eastern wood that keeps you at your wits ends to get even a glimpse of when the woods make as much noise under your feet and from the touch of your



clothes as they do here. The same bear will puzzle you as much to locate his whereabouts while the few elk that survive are the same as those that still roamed some parts of the big Wisconsin woods when I first knew them.

But after all woods are woods just as real poetry is poetry. The great charm is beyond the reach of explanation. Definition is simply resolving something into its simelements and true beauty like true poetry is already in its simplest form. Hence when day after day you contrast the stupendous silence which broods over much of our heavy timber with the cheery call of the towhee, the merry twitter of the kinglet, the drum of the ruffed grouse or the bark of the squirrel so common in other woods you do not feel you have lost anything. You rather feel you have gained in solemnity what has been lost in visible life. You may wonder why we could not just as well have some of those rolling ridges where the acorns and hickory nuts

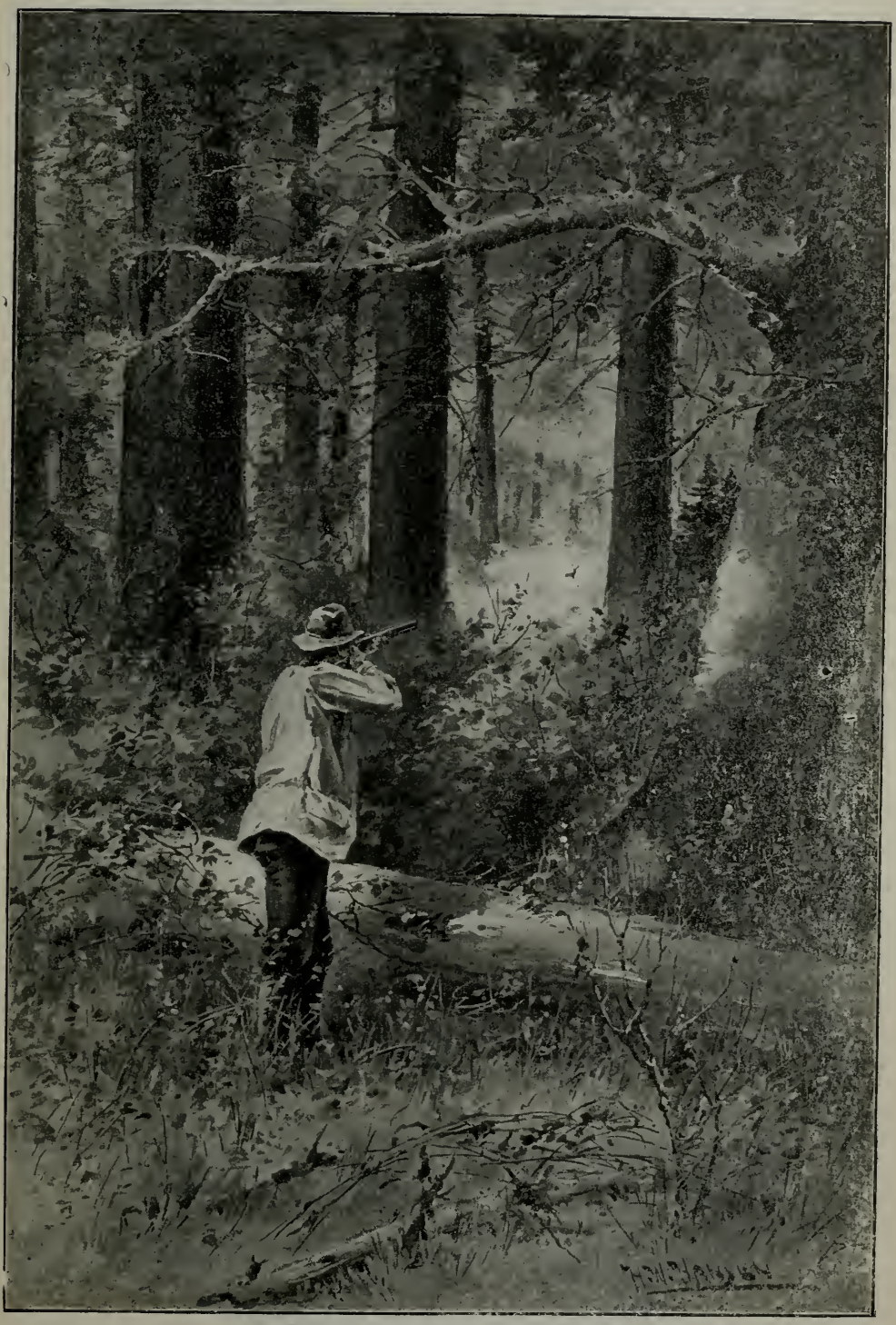
patter together to the ground, with the butternut and walnut yellowing along the creek, where the wild plum and the crab apple load the Indian Summer air with fragrance. But when you see the stately shaft of the Port Orford Cedar or even the Douglas Fir shutting off the sun from the carpet of giant ferns through which the trout brook is singing on its winding way, you will conclude you have merely changed one poem for another. There is contrast but no competition.

One of the great charms of the woods has been to me just the reverse of what I had expected when a boy: the difficulty of getting even a sight of so much of its wild life. Before you enter the great halls where the larger animals roam fancy pictures many a deer standing broadside and statuesque, patiently awaiting your lead in many a beautiful arcade. Such a big clumsy brute as a bear it will be little trouble to see. The elk, of course, you cannot help seeing if he is only there. All you have to do is to get into the ground where these animals are and the rest follows of course. You may have a bit of modesty about being too certain about shooting one but it will rarely occur to you that there is any difficulty about seeing them. You are quite amazed to find that you may see only the swaying horns of the departing elk, see the deer only as he leaps the fallen log, while you may often follow the fresh trail of the bear on snow till night without even finding a place where he has stopped to rest or feed. That a deer, even at rest, looks more like a rabbit through the sights of your rifle instead of like the Jersey heifer almost pasted against the muzzle you sometimes see in pictures, is a stunning surprise. Yet you quickly find that very thing one of the attractions. On my first trip into the big woods of Wisconsin in 1867 fancy pictured not less than a dozen deer a day standing broadside but a few yards away. It did not at first occur to me that if such were the case the first day in the woods would have been my last. For I had been hunting even then with the shot gun long enough to feel contempt for any game that did not know how to get away. As it was I spent eleven days hunting from daylight until dark without even seeing one and enjoyed those same days so much that the trip lasted seven months.

A queer kind of enjoyment you may think. But wait a minute. Had the deer been like the wolverine, too scarce and too wary to be seen by day, the difficulty would have been too great to make one enjoy long days in trying to overcome it. But here were tracks all around in every stage of freshness showing where a score of deer had fed on acorns that very morning on ridges of only a few acres, many of them but a few minutes before I came, while places where their swift feet had plowed the ground with plunging jumps that showed great haste, and all leading away from my direction, told too plainly that there was nothing the matter with anything but the hunter. That discovery is what kindles the flame within. Hunting by Indians and wolves had made the deer extremely wild in spite of their great numbers, while the woods were so "noisy" with falling leaves, and I became so interested, that I made the trip last seven months, continuing the hunt far into the spring on snowshoes after the deer had become too poor to shoot, and only following them around to study their habits.

I find it the same in the great forests of this Coast. The more signs of game there are, and the harder it is to see, the more I am interested in trying to see it. In places the undergrowth may be too dense to permit this often enough but where it is open enough for good hunting, and rolling enough to allow you to keep out of sight of the game, the more tracks and the less game you see the more you feel like staying to be victor in the game. Is it not the same with the streams? Is there not a charm in the mysterious silence of the pool where the wary trout are hidden under the bank or among the rocks, to be lured out only by the greatest care? Suppose you could see them lying on the ripples as plainly as the old time sucker in the brook of your childhood and spear them with the same ease. How far would you go to do it? And how deeply would you yearn to return to that brook again?

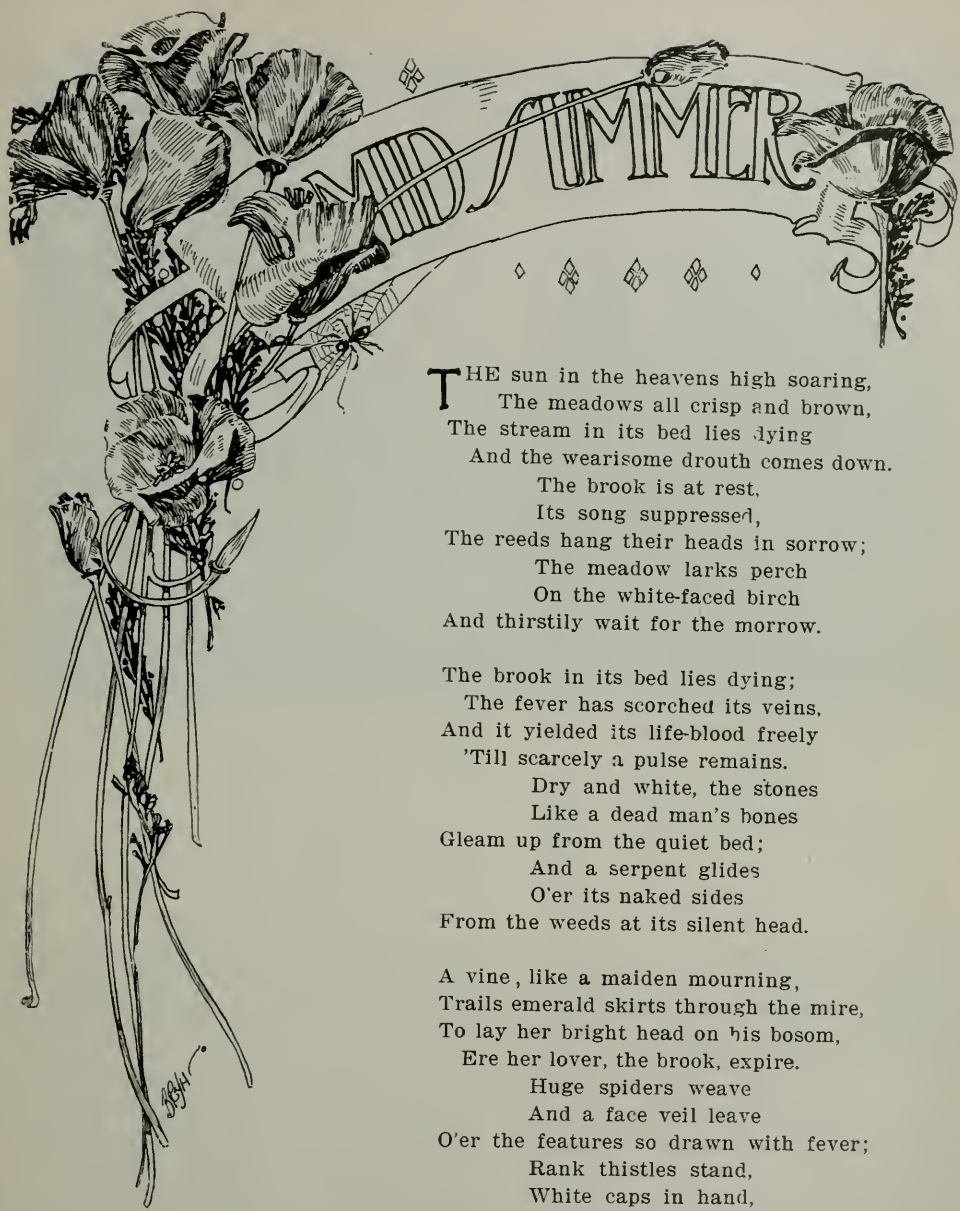
These are feelings you hardly know in the open country, even on the wild prairie where I used to hunt so much before I knew the plow, or the lovely oak openings or hazel belts that join it to the timber, tenanted as they were by the noblest of birds, with many



Painted by H. W. Hanson. "A DEER . . . LOOKS LIKE A RABBIT THROUGH YOUR SIGHTS."

a deer lounging in the long grass of the swales or dozing away the noontide in some little grove. On such ground you feel too much alone at times. But in the great woods you feel you have company ever at hand though you may see it not. In the open there are too many times when expectation has to rest a bit, but in the woods it is ever alert. And few are the bosoms in which disappointment can give it the chill of death, when once they have known that strange feeling the woods alone can give. For there are other charms enough to capture the most fastidious of those not hopelessly wedded to the pavement.

It has been the style to sneer at the backwoods and those that lived there, but in the deep forest I have been in homes that were to be envied and found companions I went far to see again. On the Pacific Coast the scarcity of sufficient plow land for a comfortable living in much of the woods makes the true type of backwoodsman rarer than in the East, but I have found some here who prove that the woods are far from being a bad environment. The backwoodsman from whom the ideas of many are taken dates from the time when neighbors became plenty enough to support a saloon at the cross-roads and a lawyer established his lair at the once nominal county seat. But among the first who laid their hearth stones in the great virgin forest where I spent so many happy days there was kindness of heart not measured by grammar, and gentility independent of starch. There was solid comfort in the old log walls chinked with mud that laughed at the wintry wind, in the wooden latches, rawhide hinges, and stools of split log, all free from mortgage; in the plain windows that needed no guard against curiosity and the buckskin strings on doors that no city locksmith could have made safer against burglars. In the little brook beside the house, where the trout flashed out of sight as he lowered the home-made dipper, the backwoodsman had a water system independent of the plumber while a roaring fire of logs that never went out from fall to spring made him equally independent of the gas man. His coffee might be made of peas but it washed down venison such as Delmonico rarely serves, and his tea was often made of currant leaves, but the "patridge" that accompanied it left little room to be critical. Nearly every jar, jug and can that could be gathered far and near was filled with preserved wild berries and plums that needed no gilded stamp of special appointment to Her Majesty; while on the pancakes we had butter flavored with cow, maple syrup that actually came from a tree, with honey really made by bees. The backwoodsman was far from the doctor but by his door grew "spignet" (spikenard) for his cough, "sassefuriller" (aralia) for his blood, "shang" (ginseng) for his heart, and cohosh for his "roomatis," with a hundred other herbs whose virtues, as expounded by his wife's imagination, were more consoling than the medicine of a dozen doctors and often quite as effective. And when all these failed and a few neighbors came from many miles away to lay him to rest, there was grief more deep than crepe can prove, with respect for the dead more sincere than hothouse flowers attest, and the rude grave on the shady knoll across the creek closed often over a better husband, a kinder father and a truer man than many a costly mausoleum holds within its sculptured walls.



THE sun in the heavens high soaring,
The meadows all crisp and brown,
The stream in its bed lies dying
And the wearisome drouth comes down.
The brook is at rest,
Its song suppressed,
The reeds hang their heads in sorrow;
The meadow larks perch
On the white-faced birch
And thirstily wait for the morrow.

The brook in its bed lies dying;
The fever has scorched its veins,
And it yielded its life-blood freely
'Till scarcely a pulse remains.
Dry and white, the stones
Like a dead man's bones
Gleam up from the quiet bed;
And a serpent glides
O'er its naked sides
From the weeds at its silent head.

A vine, like a maiden mourning,
Trails emerald skirts through the mire,
To lay her bright head on his bosom,
Ere her lover, the brook, expire.
Huge spiders weave
And a face veil leave
O'er the features so drawn with fever;
Rank thistles stand,
White caps in hand,
Dust powdered, to show him favor.

Quivers the heat in quick flashes,
A hush, and clouds in the west!
The earth mother waits and listens
With the dying brook on her breast.
A tree toad cries,
A brown thrush flies,
The rushes look up from the shore;
The cuckoos complain,
There's a dash of rain—
And the brook learns its song once more!

Maude E. Smith Hymers.

By Courtesy S. P. R. R. Co.

THE MONGOLIAN PHEASANT.

By W. H. Taylor

A VERY valuable object lesson is afforded in the successful acclimatization of the Mongolian pheasant, (Phasianus Torquatus), in the State of Oregon. The idea originated with and was carried out by Judge O. N. Denny, who was our United States Consul resident in Japan at the time. This was about eleven or twelve years ago.

Sixty pairs of birds were turned down in the Willamette Valley at a point near Albany, and coincident with the movement a special enactment of the Oregon Legislature was passed protecting them for a considerable time. Considering their condition after the hardships incident to a voyage across the Pacific, they must have been a lot of strong, fine birds. At all events they found their new environment all that could be desired. The torrential rains of the Web-foot State seemed to roll off their backs as though they were so many ducks, and they straightway fell to scratching, eating and fighting their way through the country. Toward the two species of native grouse—(the "Bonasa Umbellus" and "Tetrao Obscurus")—they assumed the attitude of swash-bucklers and bullies, and the cock-pheasants were always looking for a scrap with anything dressed up in feathers, eventually getting so pugnacious that they even approached the farm yards to try conclusions with the domestic residents. It is true that the pheasants took more to the fields and open places, while the grouse held to their old homes in the timber and in the thickets, but they also liked to come out at certain times where they could breathe a little more freely and procure a change of food, especially for their young, which brought about more or less conflict that always resulted in humiliation to the grouse.

Within eight years from the date of lib-

eration the Mongolian pheasant had spread a distance of some hundred and fifty miles fore and aft of the initial point of their liberation and laterally to an irregular width only determined by such natural barriers as the rougher and less cultivated country presented. The worthy Judge builded even better than he knew, and the natural food supply of the commonwealth was probably augmented to the extent of half a million dollars. As an article of food the pheasant seems to be something between a grouse and a domestic fowl and superior to either.

I had the good fortune to be located in the aforesaid portion of Oregon during the fall of the first open shooting season and found their pursuit and the study of their habits a very engaging occupation. The Mongolian is a tireless worker in pursuit of food and especially delights to frequent grain and potato fields after the crop has been removed. Once in a while there is complaint of direct attacks on fields of standing grain, but on the whole this does not appear to cut much figure. They rely chiefly upon getting bugs, insects, wire worms and similar food, but they will eat acorns, seeds of wild plants and other vegetable matter as well.

They are very knowing in their habits and are both shy and impudent, after the manner of a crow. A person driving along the roadway in a vehicle may often see an old pheasant busily feeding within a distance of thirty yards, never raising his head or appearing to notice anything, while if a man with gun in hand starts to climb a fence he will fly out of the opposite side of a forty-acre field and head for the nearest cover. It is often asserted that the pheasants in Oregon bring out two broods in a season and that while the first lot are yet quite small the male bird takes them in charge, leaving the female to proceed with the second outfit. This may need a little further verification at the hands of trained observers but is probably very close to the truth, although this seems a singular habit for a polygamous bird.

As a first-class game bird they certainly combine nearly all the qualifications a sportsman could wish for. Dressed as they are in the most striking and beautiful colors, one can only look at them in wonder and admiration. When they vault into the air with a rudder nearly two feet in length trailing after them, they look large and are apt to give the impression that it would be a hard matter to miss one with a charge of shot. How erroneous this idea is always appears later on, for anything but the youngsters in the early part of the season can take good care of themselves. They have the short rounded wing of the grouse and in their flight strike exactly the same speed. This, to an old shooter, ought to very nearly tell the whole story. Certain vocal powers which these Asiatics possess ought not to go unnoticed. The females have very little to say, but the old cock pheasants have the fiercest and most raucous cries of anything in the country, represented as nearly as comparison will admit by "Ouk, kuk, kuk, kuk," rapidly blown through a steam pipe. This can be heard for a long distance and seems to be used indifferently, as when leaving the ground to fly up into the trees to roost at night, fighting among themselves or disconcerting the shooter as they flush from cover. In this last there is evidently malice prepense and aforethought, for they have the trick of sometimes lying so close, particularly in partly open ground, as to allow one to pass within three yards of them and then —when the shooter is about fifty yards away, with his back to them, of course—jumping out of a thick clump of shrubs and firing off a volley of abuse and derision which must be intended as such or they would otherwise remain hidden in mute safety.

The islands in the Willamette River are favorite resorts for these birds, which usually at about midday fly over to them. Here they can obtain water, shuffle in the sand and loaf luxuriously, waiting for the evening feeding time to arrive. In the center of the islands there is usually the densest kind of jungle composed of tall saplings, canes and climbing vines, and it is a task to get a shot at the birds in these places. A water haul is about as likely a result as anything else. They will fly straight up out of these places as though shot out of a mortar. A good plan to hunt such a cover would be to have a companion posted in the open, first drilling him about a week in shooting at skyrockets, then when he hears a rushing sound and sees projectiles going aloft he will feel perfectly at home and can blaze away with confidence.

Photo by Cummin. A FINE BRACE.

One thing to be said in favor of the Mongolian pheasant is that he is a hardy, perfectly wild game bird and does not need any artificial hatching, feeding or codling. This is of much importance to the average sportsman, for in England pheasant shooting is out of reach of any other than very wealthy people. Stock birds are kept in enclosures at enormous expense and fed such dainties as gentles, ants' eggs and other peculiar things besides their regular rations. In the early part of the season pheasants' eggs for hatching bring as much as twenty dollars per hundred. They are mostly hatched out under domestic hens, are fed by hand and cooped up at night. About the first of August the earlier broods are put down in the different coverts and given a few weeks in which to become "wild" (?) preparatory to the annual batteau slaughter. Other broods follow in due course and at last the nursery is vacant.

The Continental method of preparing for and conducting a shoot would scarcely appeal to American sportsmen. The parties to the affair are stationed along a certain line at measured intervals and unless this line is to the leeward of a cover of some kind there are blinds or stations rigged up to have an unsuspicious look. When they are severally entrenched mercenaries are thrown out to create a din throughout the grounds, not, however, at random by any means, but under direction of a skilled leader who wields a baton like other band masters, holding back the line at a certain point, crowding forward at another. Those engaged are variously denominated beaters, flushers, stoppers, head and under keepers. As a result of this beating and yelling the whole season's rearing of birds are due to take flight over the batteries. The participants in this sort of "sport" stand in their leafy bungalows as it were, for the whole day's shoot, without companionship or anything to vary the monotony of the proceeding. Of course a flunky is always in attendance, but he is busied in reloading and passing up guns and takes only a pecuniary interest in what is going on. All the excitement and anticipation incident to real field shooting—when a bird will rise, how it will fly, etc.—is eliminated here. It simply must fly within the reach of a given party or that of the titled pot hunter doing sentry duty in the next adjacent ambush. When birds are flushed in this way, however, and given an impetus on a down wind for all you may know, they are far and away more difficult to hit than is the case when the shooter himself walks them up and takes them as they leave the ground.

Once established at his post, the shooter at driven game can only stand in given determination of seeing who can kill the biggest wagon load of birds. It is only by an effort that prevarication can be made much more extravagant than the plain truth. A most excellent authority, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, after mentioning the names of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, eight different lords, Mr. Fellows and Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, says: "On the estates of some of the above-named the shooting of a thousand pheasants in one day is no unusual occurrence and occasionally two thousand are accounted for." The record was for some time held at an estate called Croxteth, belonging to one Lord Sefton, where on November 21, 1883, no less than 2,373 pheasants were killed in one day by six guns, this not being inclusive of 319 hares, half as many rabbits, a few brace of grouse, etc. If this, when divested of all verbiage, is not the grossest kind of pot hunting with no redeeming features in the background, it is because of a difference in

terms used to describe one and the same thing.

Inasmuch as the Englishman is a fine fellow, a good shot and about the best all-around out-door man of his time, his ways are not to be condemned offhand, as all depends on the point of view. A sport, however, where admittedly six beaters are employed to one gun must be based on enormous outlay which implies exclusiveness; and while their methods may not be unsportsmanlike, they are certainly unpalatable to Americans, and it is hoped that many moons shall wax and wane before it ever becomes the vogue in this country.

Very limited success appears to have attended all efforts toward the introduction of pheasants into California, and the exact reason of this does not seem to be generally known. It is probable that in certain localities here there may be a lack of some one of their special requirements, viz.—large, dense cover for hiding, tall trees in which to perch at night and more or less open fields as foraging grounds. The climate in this State ought not be against them. In fact we have considerable diversity of climate, as is the case, of course, in Asia, of which country all the different species of pheasants are native, notwithstanding the "Phasianus Calchicus" having been away from his original home for so many centuries as to become known as the "English" pheasant. By some he is claimed to have been brought over at a time as remote as the Roman invasion, while others place the date about the middle of the eleventh century. Our Mongolian pheasant was introduced there in quite modern times and seems to be a very closely allied species. The two have interbred more or less readily and they differ chiefly in coloration; but for some reason the "ring-necks" as they are called are not held so much in favor over there as the first-mentioned kind.

Photo by Cummin. ALMOST THE LIMIT.

Taken in general there is no more interesting group of birds in all the feathered kingdom. While the so-called true pheasants number fully sixteen species, they constitute but one genus of the five comprising the sub-family Phasianinœ, which includes over forty species. Among those bearing the name yet not in the true fold are the Golden, Amherst and Silver pheasant, all beautiful and desirable birds. Strangely enough many of the most attractive kinds are considered not to be adapted to transplantation or an exotic life in a wild state, but to thrive in a limited way in aviaries or enclosures, yet among them is the Lady Amherst (Thaumalia Amherstia), that has its home in elevated mountain regions that are snow-covered for a part of the year, and much the same could be said of the Golden pheasant, (T. Pieta.) Some of the allied species ascend the Himalaya mountains to an elevation of eight and ten thousand feet, and at night bury themselves in the snow as a protection against cold, which is a habit identical with that of the ruffed grouse of North America. Judging from these facts it ought not to be a difficult matter to people almost any given district in the State with members of some one of the several varieties herein referred to, due attention being given to their original habitat and the necessity of placing them where their surroundings would be in rather close conformity to the same.

Encouragement could always be drawn from the peculiar law in nature that exotic forms of life, where conditions are fully suited to their needs, thrive even better than in their native countries Among numerous examples there is conspicuously the

Scotch thistle, English sparrows and that deadly scourge that has threatened to chisel off the entire verdant surface of Australia, the English rabbit. All the foregoing have deservedly been the recipients of more kicks than commendation, but valuable lessons may be taken from the fact of their thriving to such an extraordinary extent.

Any thorough-going naturalist with a dash of sportsman in his make-up could be sent over to some of the good game countries across the Pacific and kept employed to advantage in studying the natural conditions there and forwarding, from time to time, such species as promised to be suited to different localities here. The thing only needs to be studied intelligently and taken up in a plain business way. The expense would cut but a small figure in comparison with the probable result, and while all the efforts might not prove a success enough of them would to justify the undertaking.

In addition to pheasants there are of course very many kinds of desirable foreign birds, for instance, the beautiful sand grouse of the order "Pheroclates," that number about eighteen species, a full dozen of which live and thrive on the deserts of Northern Africa in regions as arid, parched and inhospitable as anything we can boast of in California, Nevada or Arizona. There are also the Francolins, a fine group of game birds, all excellent food, that number over thirty species, none of which are very particular as to their habitat, for they have selected such countries as Persia, Armenia and Palestine, and could easily be given as good conditions almost anywhere else. In fact this is a subject that has no definite limitations.

Photo by Cummin. A FAIR BAG.

Evidently at no distant day something of this character must be taken up and persisted in, for with the exception of waterfowl most of the larger native game birds are becoming so scarce as to be regarded almost as curios, and they afford no chance of keeping the rust out of the perfectly enormous stock of costly guns that is carried by the community, a stock that is increasing with about the same rapidity that the supply of game is decreasing.

All our prayers and united efforts, especially the latter, are needed to bring about better conditions and happier days.

TROUT LORE.

By Bryan Haywood.

(Third Paper.)

THE tyro should begin casting with his arms strapped to his sides just above the elbow so that he may get thoroughly into the habit of using his wrist and forearm only. Once acquired, this style will last through life, and aside from the enormous saving in labor, will assist as nothing else can in an early acquirement of delicacy and accuracy. The full arm method is exceedingly ungraceful, to say nothing of the disadvantage of additional and unnecessary movement before the fish. No habit is harder to break than this, and it has always been a matter of regret to me that I had no one to impress this on me. It is a fault that one will not notice in one's self.

The rod should be firmly grasped, with either the thumb or forefinger extending directly up the handle, the line running freely outside the fingers.

Casting may be divided into four general styles:

(A) The ordinary over-hand cast;
(B) The under-hand cast;
(C) The lower cast;
(D) The snap cast;

each and all of which should be practiced with both right and left hands for two reasons equally important: The fisherman will, in almost every hour of sport, find himself in positions when certain water or a particular fish can be killingly reached only by the ambidextrous; and secondly, the wrist often becomes too tired for accurate work in a hard day's fishing if but one hand is used.

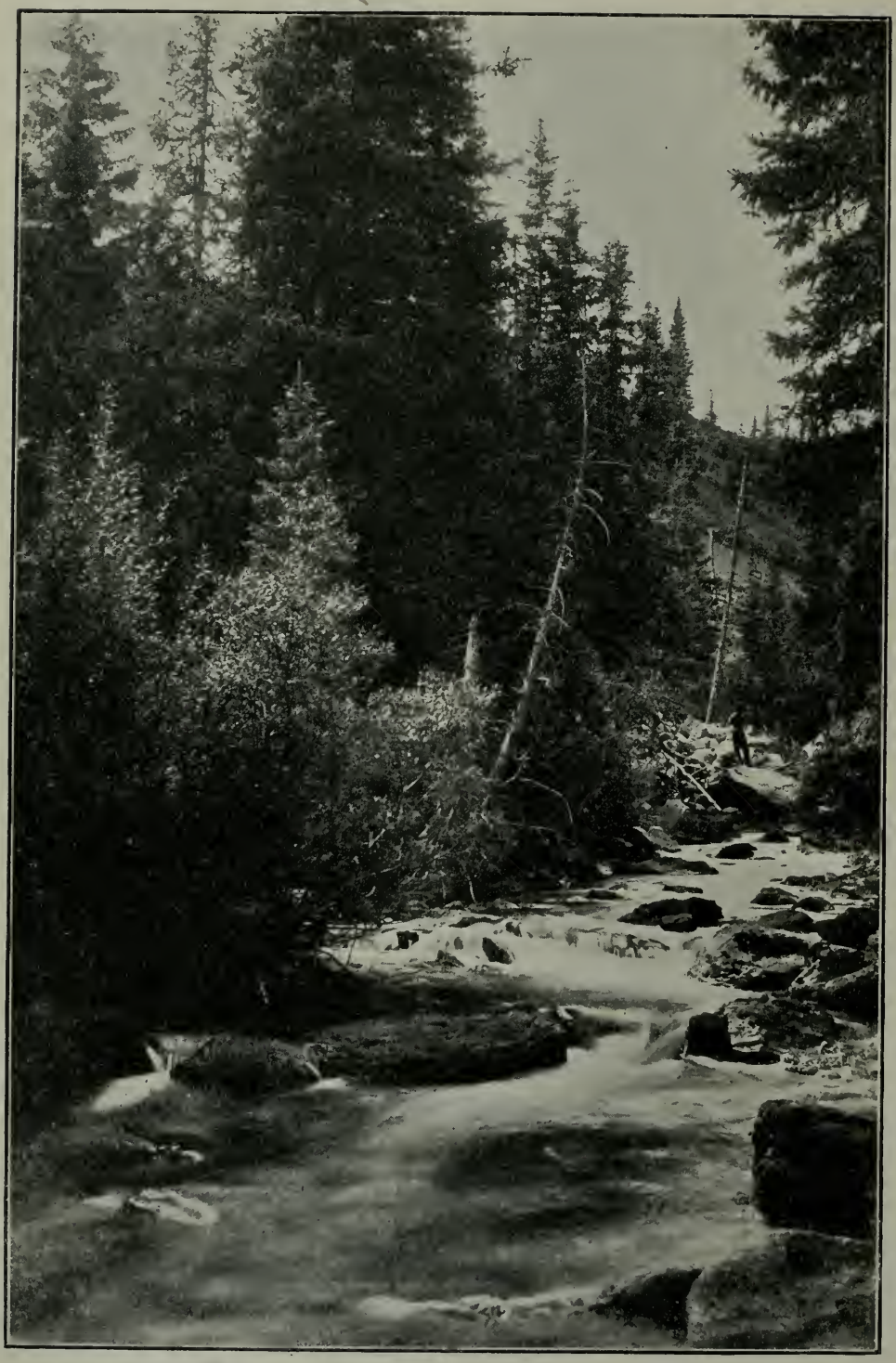
The over-hand cast is made by letting out twelve or fifteen yards of line, measuring from the reel, waving the rod back over the shoulder very little beyond the perpendicular, but with enough force to nearly straighten out the line from rod tip to fly. The rod will now be bent backward by the weight of line. At the time of greatest pull on the tip bring the hand forward and downward with slightly increased velocity until the rod is nearly horizontal. The line will be thrown forward in a constantly lessening loop, and eventually will straighten with the fly a foot over the water. Just before the fly alights raise the tip a trifle to make use of the spring of the rod in hooking a rise. If the motions are correctly timed the fly will drop without a ripple. If the backward motion is too rapid or too slow, the line will catch in the grass behind or come forward in a snarl. If the forward motion begins too soon, a loud snap will proclaim the fact and probably also the loss of the fly; if too rapid, the straightened line will recoil on itself and reach the water with much slack and commotion. The force required will, of course, vary with the weight and length of line and the direction and strength of wind; and in actual fishing must be estimated with exactness to obtain results.

It is well to bear in mind that the shorter the line the better, always conceding the angler out of sight of the fish; and that nine casts out of ten have more strength put into them than necessary.

The under-hand cast is made by keeping the rod in a horizontal position, and is exceedingly useful in casting into a high wind or under overhanging willows.

The lower cast is made by throwing the line perpendicular over the head, the forward and downward movement being very slight, just enough to extend the line over the water. This cast is invaluable when backed against trees, and is much easier than it reads. It is the only cast in which the elbow should leave the side.

The snap cast is, strictly speaking, not a cast, and is made by holding the fly in one hand while the rod is bent in the desired direction, the snap or cast being made by releasing the fly, the spring of the rod carrying it to its destination. This cast is useful only



"GOOD FISH ARE IN THIS KIND OF WATER."

on densely bushed water where there is not room for any of the other forms.

A good point to remember when the flies are "hung up" in a tree is not to jerk, but to give a steady pull. A jerk almost always means further entanglement.

The easiest, and consequently most successful method of stalking either game or fish is that to which they are the least accustomed. The ordinary fishing party on reaching the stream degenerates into a foot-race almost invariably down stream; the fish (if in much whipped water) therefor are accustomed to see their would-be captors coming from above, most of them following in each other's footsteps. On streams less than thirty feet wide it follows that one will be more apt to reach killing distance unobserved if he pursues the opposite tactics and fishes up stream. There is one kind of water that is to be found on every trout stream—the flat, comparatively still and shallow stretches between riffles—that contain good fish which can be killed *only* from below and from behind a bush or high bank. Good fish are in this kind of water in daylight because they have been driven out of their usual feeding grounds in the riffles through the latter being much whipped, or because some particularly large fish is monopolizing them. Being in shallow, still water they can see much more clearly than usual, and consequently feel safer and will take with eagerness a properly presented fly of the right color and size. Even if one wishes to fish the much whipped riffles, a start in the deep, still water at their foot—and especially under overhanging banks or bushes—will bring a good fish to bag that would never be reached from above, and the riffle itself will develop a rise from below that would pay no attention to the same fly presented with the regulation heavy drag from above.

It may be taken as an axiom that no fly under any circumstances should ever be dragged against the current, the nearest exception being a submerged coachman dragged diagonally across the current down stream, this fly being doubtless mistaken for a small minnow. In a stream where there are deep, still reaches between riffles, the best fish will invariably be found close under an overhanging bank or bush and are simply impossible from above, while really easy from below if the angler is in the deep water close to the bank and is careful to keep out of sight. Good, meaning experienced fish, have learned that their only source of danger is from above the surface, which accounts for the little attention they pay to submerged waders, while a flash of rod or reel will instantly alarm them. If one keeps in mind the fact that a trout's principal protection is its eyesight, the advantage of a down-stream position is apparent. The old axiom of the necessity for silence can be completely exploded (as far as trout fishing is concerned) by shooting a revolver near a good reach before fishing it. The angler will find no difference in the freedom of the rise; but let him flash sunlight from a mirror or a nickle-plated reel through the same water and he will be a long while getting one. Other waters apt to be overlooked by the rank and file are those desirable locations—from the trout's viewpoint—in parts of the stream adjacent to much traffic, the fish being correspondingly accustomed to the sight of human beings. I have often landed an exceptionally large fish near a barn, house or railroad station in water never whipped by the average fisherman, and the extra large and wary trout under the bridge is well known to all of us.

A strong wind changes the feeding ground by drifting surface food under banks, over shallows and into eddies that ordinarily are devoid of fish. On such a day it is well to follow with the fly the line of froth and debris always present, regardless of where it leads. In short, the water to fish is that which others pass over, and the experienced fisherman will never give up a rising fish until he has cast his fly over him, be the position of the rise ever so difficult. That angler who has reached every art of cast, in addition to a capacity for accurately imitating the fly in the water, will have untold sport in shallow, dead, still water which is impossible to the wet fly artist. There is a charm, utterly unknown to the latter gentleman, in cautiously wading upstream in such water a few steps at a time, hidden by bank or bush, locating his quarry unseen and presenting him a hooked dry fly in exact imitation of the last one he took. The delicacy of the cast, the fineness of the gut and

very small size of hook, the slow, steady rise, the sucking in of the fly with hardly a ripple on the still water, the delicate strike, and the pained surprise of the trout, all so clearly visible, make life worth living indeed.

I call to mind a trip taken late in October at an elevation of ten thousand feet. The stream was very low and clear and the temperature at freezing point when a heavy snowstorm developed. The stream was new to me, and being in rifle range of a smelter in a town of five thousand inhabitants, most of the male portion of whom were fishermen, the outlook was not good for sport. My companion, a Scotchman of sixty years, than whom there was never a better fisherman, chose "down stream" and left me to go up. The water was ideal for dry fly, but as the cold weather seemed to preclude any hope of natural fly, I built a fire on the bank and sat down to watch for the seemingly impossible hatch; a half hour and it began to snow, when *mirabile dictu*, a half-frozen ephemeridæ came floating by and was promptly taken by a trout below me. A few minutes and the tackle was assembled, waders on and with a dry imitation I sallied into the snowstorm up the stream. Soon a rise under a bank fifty yards ahead showed that the previous fly was not a solitary specimen, and cautiously advancing I saw the fish watching for more. He took my imitation the first cast and shortly was in the basket. This was repeated for two hours until I had eighteen natives averaging a half pound, and an audience of sixteen fishermen whom the snowstorm had driven homeward, not one of whom had a single trout. While the fish were small they were the largest in the stream, and under the circumstances the catch was certainly exceptional. The hatch was coming from a broad, weedy spring of tepid water which I soon located and stayed below. While it was bitterly cold, waders and fish being frozen stiff, I never had a more satisfactory trip and the catch is still a record for that stream.

I am persuaded that weather conditions do not affect trout fishing, except as they affect the food supply. When there is a good surface hatch and the water is clear, the trout will rise regardless of wind, clouds, bright sunlight, heat or cold, but when the first condition is not present fly fishing is apt to be very slow. The exception to this is when there is a rise of nymphs or general movement of other subaqueous foods. Most old anglers have seen the water fairly boiling with feeding fish when no fly was effective, in which case close observation will show that they are not taking surface food, but are feeding on the subaqueous types. Then a submerged March Brown hackle is about the only hope and it is a poor staff to lean upon.

Night fishing is perforce done with a wet fly and preferably a very large one, using for rainbow a Jock Scott or Dusty Miller and for Eastern brook a Jungle Professor. The angler will do well to familiarize himself in day time with the rough, shallow and swift water at the head of the riffle, and with the shallow, still water at the tail; in the latter case paying particular attention to the little bays and indentations, semi-submerged rocks and logs along each shore where surface food is apt to drift and stay. The fish will leave their accustomed deep water haunts with the darkness and be found feeding in water scarcely deep enough to cover them.

With the above points and their distances firmly fixed in the mind, the angler will first fish the still water below the riffle, standing in the deepest water to be found in midstream, and casting his fly *on the bank* beyond the sound of the feeding fish, being careful to keep line and leader clear of the water, then drag the fly into the water by short jerks until it is taken. The rough, shallow water above is best fished down stream, casting across, and drifting the fly down in a semi-circle. The strike is of course by feel and may be slower and much harder than ordinary, as the fish in few places are accustomed to molestation after dark, and are correspondingly more fearless. The above is certainly not a scientific method, but it has the advantage of bagging many extra large fish that at no other time are surface feeders.

A Quail Hunt

In the Gucaipi Valley

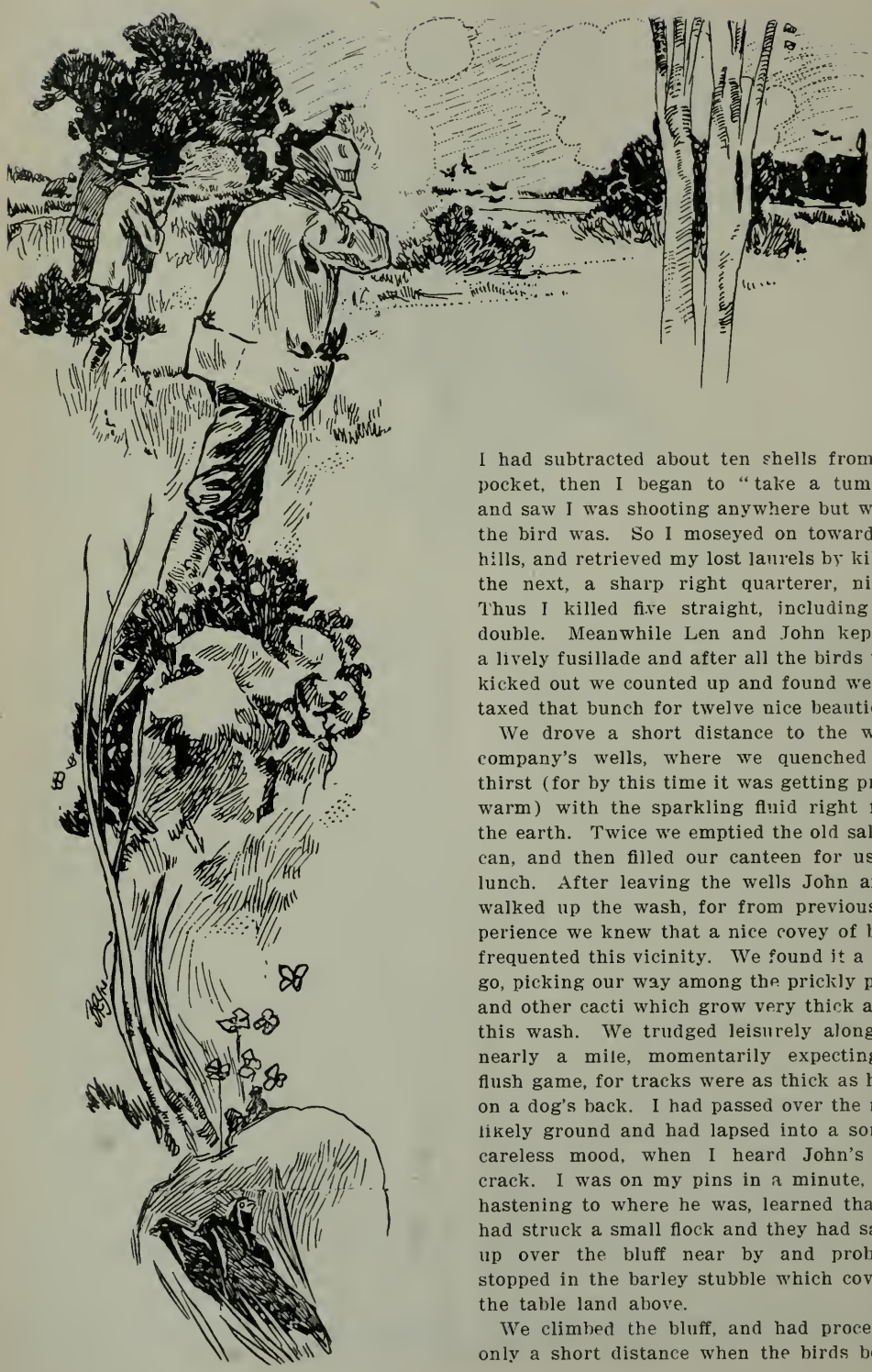
By W. C. Whittemore.

THE Gucaipi Valley proper is about two miles wide by two and a half to three long and is almost completely surrounded by foothills except on the northeast, where it is bordered by the main San Bernardino Mountains. These foothills are covered like most all California foothills with a varied growth of grease-wood and sage-brush, the former predominating. The valley, however, is more or less cultivated, the larger part of it being used by the Chinese for raising vegetables while quite a large area is sown in grain each year. This grain affords abundant feed for the valley quail and the result is they multiply into the thousands and grow and wax fat on the oats and barley which is left by the mower and baler.

Our party was a three-cornered affair. We had two double-barreled hammerless and one repeater, twenty-five rounds of ammunition each, and two or three boxes in reserve. We had lunch also and were dressed to carry "all kinds of game" as well as to combat the treacherous cacti and venomous rattlesnake. We started from home in a livery rig and long ere we had cleared the city limits saw a gaunt old coyote trot saucily across the street ahead of us within easy gunshot, jump a hedge and disappear in an orange grove. We could have easily warmed him up, but every gun was encased. He was just returning to the foothills in the gray of dawn after a night of foraging among the ranchers' chicken corrals.

Soon after seeing the wolf we discovered quite a band of quails in another orange grove and John fired into them, but in the uncertain light only secured one. No more were sighted until we passed up through a sandy cañon and entered the valley. By this time the sun was well up and the birds had began to stir about. We discovered a lot of birds running along a sort of little wash and making for adjacent brush. I at once jumped from the rig and opened upon them. I fired four shots without doing more than bringing down a few feathers, and while Len and John were getting out their guns and hitching the horses I rushed up the hill, expecting the birds to run for the brush, and completely passed them while they squatted in the open ground.

Pretty soon I heard Louis' old "pump" popping, and it continued till six birds were strewn among the weeds and stubble. As soon as I saw the birds had not rushed to the hills I retraced my steps and began to flush them singly. I continued to miss until



I had subtracted about ten shells from my pocket, then I began to "take a tumble," and saw I was shooting anywhere but where the bird was. So I moseyed on toward the hills, and retrieved my lost laurels by killing the next, a sharp right quarterer, nicely. Thus I killed five straight, including one double. Meanwhile Len and John kept up a lively fusillade and after all the birds were kicked out we counted up and found we had taxed that bunch for twelve nice beauties.

We drove a short distance to the water company's wells, where we quenched our thirst (for by this time it was getting pretty warm) with the sparkling fluid right from the earth. Twice we emptied the old salmon can, and then filled our canteen for use at lunch. After leaving the wells John and I walked up the wash, for from previous experience we knew that a nice covey of birds frequented this vicinity. We found it a slow go, picking our way among the prickly pears and other cacti which grow very thick along this wash. We trudged leisurely along for nearly a mile, momentarily expecting to flush game, for tracks were as thick as hairs on a dog's back. I had passed over the most likely ground and had lapsed into a sort of careless mood, when I heard John's gun crack. I was on my pins in a minute, and, hastening to where he was, learned that he had struck a small flock and they had sailed up over the bluff near by and probably stopped in the barley stubble which covered the table land above.

We climbed the bluff, and had proceeded only a short distance when the birds began

to flush in the thin stubble and go whirling over the bluff to the wash below. We were kicking the birds out so near the edge that 'twas necessary to shoot quick or get no shot at all. For this reason we made several misses. When a bird would start the other way, however, he would generally drop before he had proceeded very far. We again separated, John going farther out in the barley field and followed down a small draw. Pretty soon I heard John's welcome voice yell, "Come here!" and knew he had struck the main flock. This meant birds a-plenty for some time, and I lost no time in answering the summons.

When I reached him he was flushing some stragglers, and greeted me with the assurance "By gosh, old man, I'll bet there's a thousand."

I started out by killing one and crippling another, which I did not get. Then the fun began; almost the entire flock of a hundred or more were scattered out in the loveliest ground I ever shot quail over in California. There wasn't a brush or weed higher than a man's knee, and most of the ground was covered with a thin coat of stubble—"regular Eastern shooting," you might say. We tramped here for more than an hour, the three of us, on about one acre of ground, and the kills and misses made were so varied that it is impossible to call them to mind. I killed two sets of doubles, and one quail, I remember, was hidden in a squirrel hole, and flew out not over three feet away. The first shot missed him completely, but the second barrel dropped him nicely at sixty yards.

I find it very important that a man look well to his loads if he wants to be assured of success with the California quail. It is always important that you kill them dead, or the wiry little rascals will hide in some thick bunch of weeds, or perhaps go down a gopher hole, where they soon die, only to make food for some prowling coyote, stealthy skunk or wily weasel. Up to the point just reached in our hunt I had been making some disgusting shots, the kind where you hit your bird hard, see a lot of feathers leave him and he flutters away with a leg down and falls just over a bank beyond a bush or cacti and you can never locate the place. We all know just how annoying this is, and in an endeavor to overcome it I brought along three different kinds of loads. I first tried some 2¾ drachms 1⅛ ounce No. 8's. These were very pleasant loads indeed, not kicking in the least, but somehow when the birds were any distance away the kills were very unsatisfactory. I next tried 24 grains "Infallible," which did considerably better, but still some of the birds killed had to be run some distance. At last I fumbled into an off pocket and found some old shell "Peter's Ideals." I looked at the wad, and they were marked "Dupont 40—1¼—7½ ch.," and they would reach out after those little blue streaks in a manner that would please the most fastidious.

The next quail I shot arose on the opposite side of the wash, and in a frantic endeavor to reach cover passed directly over my head. I fired the first barrel as he was passing over and missed; by the time I could collect myself and turn he was about sixty-five yards away and going strong. I caught him nicely, however, just as he was passing near John, and he fell dead near my friend's feet. Just at this juncture another bird flushed close to John, and he shot once, hitting him hard, but he only staggered and went ahead. This bird was flying on an angle which carried him farther away all the while, but I reached him just as he went over the bluff, and after a dilligent search we found him dead in the wash below. We now felt satisfied that we had taxed this particular flock enough, and as it was near noon and we were getting hungry, we repaired to the rig for a rest and pull at the welcome lunch pails.

This part of the fun isn't the worst, either. We counted up again, and found twenty-five more birds added to our bag. After dinner we all felt pretty lazy. I was content to drive, while Len and John scoured the country for game. It was getting warm and the birds were lying low. We saw a large eagle alight on some small animal out in the stubble, and I fired a shot at long range, but to no effect. We passed an old deserted hay camp, where we found water, but 'twas so stale we couldn't drink it. We soon found a leak in a water pipe, and filled our canteen and watered the horses.

Our road passed along beside a patch of very thick grease wood on one side, which extended back to the foothills, and in the road at the edge of this brush the quail tracks were so thick as to completely oblit-

erate every other kind of imprint, we could also hear the birds calling in all directions. We at once tied the horse and proceeded to investigate.

The brush was so thick that it was impossible to get through it, but on the opposite side of the road the brush ran out in little arms up the draws out into the stubble. We followed up one of these and found that quite a large flock of birds were cut off, and, flushing wild, were flying on up this draw.

We continued to follow them and pretty soon they began to lie in the short grass. As we would reach them they would flush right under our feet and scamper back to the brush. Not all of them reached the brush, as we will see. Here Len, who was shooting the pump, did some fine work. The birds were all very difficult as we had to turn almost every time before shooting. We followed this draw to its head, never flushing more than three birds at a time, but in all flushing about thirty.

We again returned to the rig and proceeded over the divide between Gucaipi and Mill Creek. On the way over we discovered a very large rattler in the road, which was quickly dispatched by Len.

After crossing the stream at power-house No. 1 of the Edison Electric Company, where we had a nice drink from the almost ice-cold flume, we stirred up another small flock and killed five more birds. Counting up, we found that the last flock encountered in the valley was minus fifteen birds.

It was now getting late, so, feeling fully satisfied with fifty-seven birds, we cased our guns and started for town, arriving just at dark. In conclusion I would like to emphasize the assertion that I believe there would be less birds left in the brush and cacti to suffer a slow death or be devoured by wild animals, and far less hunters who return from the field with empty shell pockets and game bags and feeling sore at themselves and everybody else, if there was more attention paid to loads.

The 3¼ or 40-grain and 1¼-ounce shot "Ideal" loads, which I was shooting on this occasion, though they were regular trap loads, were not one bit too large for quail and killed every time I held the gun right

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THE LAND OF REVERIE.

AH, me; what happy hours they be
When, hand in hand with Memory,
I wander thro' the rosy mists
That flood the realms of reverie,

And hear within the merry lists
The quaint and dulcet melody
Of stately heralds who outvie
Each other's challenge symphony;

Whilst knightly wraiths o' vanished pleasures,
In filmy harness cap-a-pie,
Tread in the courtliest of measures
Contending for supremacy.

Each breaks a Terpsichorean lance
With hoary Time in courtesy,
Whilst triad Graces shyly glance
A derring-do so daintily.

Here venomed Enemy sleeps for aye,
And cankering Care all silently
Fades in the distance dim away,
And pains and woes no longer be.

And smiling Joy and tender Love,
With linked hands, tread dreamily
The fragrant flow'ring meads above,
Which gem the land of fantasie.

And radiant Hope with outstretched hands
And soulful eyes becks smilingly,
While Peace glides o'er the golden sands
That shore the seas of fantasie.

Ah, me; what happy hours they be
When, hand in hand with Memory,
I float amidst the golden clouds
That fleck the sky of reverie.

—*Montezuma.*

EAGLE RIVER CAÑON, COLORADO.

SOME WESTERN CATS.

By A. St. J. Oliver.

ACCORDING to an Arabian legend, cats date back to the first advent of man on earth, for Allah is said to have made a man and a woman and given them two companions: A dog, symbolical of bravery, to defend them; and a cat for comfort.

Much has been written about cats in the East and in Europe, where journals devoted exclusively to them are published. Cat shows are annually held under the auspices of clubs of long standing, patronized by dames of the most exclusive society, and in Europe by even royalty itself. At these exhibitions awards of large sums of money and valuable prizes are given, and records of feline pedigree run back for many generations.

Cats seem to be peculiarly adapted to the transmitting of hereditary traits and characteristics, which makes the breeding of them for special standards a scientific art, and the judging involves such delicacy of measurement and shading that it requires years of study and experience to fit one for the position of passing upon the merits of these sensitive and highly organized creatures.

Cats seem to have first been domesticated in Egypt, where they were held to be sacred, and they are so looked upon in some parts of the world at the present day. The sacred cat of Siam is an instance, and the Mohammedans in the villages near Calcutta, in India, would believe they had lost caste should they have the misfortune to accidentally kill one of their long-haired friends.

The Siamese cats and a short-haired variety which in a half-wild state inhabits the cocoanut groves of the Hawaiian Islands, have a peculiar curve or kink in their caudal appendage, sometimes amounting to a double disjoint. This tail peculiarly reminds me of a Hindoo cat story, the feline in question being of the tiger variety. She had made her lair in a large barrel, through the bunghole of which her tail protruded as she lay asleep in the jungle after a meal on a goat. A man who came upon her unawares, fearing to retreat lest he should arouse her, bethought him of a daring trick, and quickly pulling enough of the tail through the bunghole tied a knot in it and ran. The following year a man (probably the same one) passing through that district was astonished to come across a young litter of tiger kittens each with a small keg on its tail. What better illustration could be had of the theory of heredition? Whatever may be the origin of the Siamese, it is probable that some malformation is perpetuated in them.

Another curiosity is the tailless Manx cat.

Bratton, Photo. OMAR (MRS. MARTLING).

PANSY (MRS. A. H. ABBOTT).

History reveals not its origin, though it was doubtless due to a prank similar to the one the Father of our Country was once credited with playing on a cherry tree. Cats without tails are like a ship without a rudder, for in climbing, jumping or balancing itself, an animal's tail acts as a counterpoise, and if suddenly deprived of it the owner is at a disadvantage and very uncertain in its movements.

The scientific raising of long-haired Persian and Angora cats in California dates back some ten to fifteen years, when the late Mrs. Kate Johnson imported several Persian beauties, and after a few years established quite a respectable cattery. Owing to the scarcity of these animals in California at first, they became in time very much inbred, but fortunately before they badly deteriorated several friends of Mrs. Johnson, among them Mrs. A. H. Abbott, obtained some kittens; a few cats soon afterward brought from the East, more than one—notably Mrs. Hoag's "Buster"—being imported direct from Persia, relieved the situation, and when Mrs. Johnson died she bequeathed by will a sum of $20,000 for the maintenance of her cats, with the strict proviso that they were not to be bred or given away, but to be allowed to live their lives out. This they have mostly done.

In this genial climate the cats have multiplied and thriven till now specimens of fancy breeds can be found in many San Francisco households, and California can now boast of cats which vie with the best the East or England can produce. Indeed, at the recent cat show held last December in Chicago, a Los Angeles cat, bred by Miss Louise Payne, took precedence of all the Eastern felines and won a first prize and several specials. This, I believe, is the first California-bred cat sent East to a show. There are many cats here with well-authenticated pedigrees reaching back to Eastern prize-winners and direct importations, many of them registered in the Beresford Cat Club of Chicago, and some of the California stock is valued at many hundreds of dollars. Omar, a cat valued at over $2,000, now in the East, but which spent some time with us, was conceded to be the finest specimen of his class in America. He has left several sons and daughters behind him, littered by prize-winning dams, which are expected to bring laurels to this Coast. And yet there are some unscrupulous livestock dealers here who in order to palm off some half-breed Persian or Angora which has been given them for disposal, will say that there are no pedigreed cats in California.

Owing to the difficulty of procuring the services of a professional judge there have as yet been no regular shows held in this State, though a few private exhibitions have been held and awards given by ballot—a very unsatisfactory method of deciding a contest of this sort.

The Pacific Cat Club was organized about three years ago for the care and protection of homeless cats and the scientific raising

TODDY (MRS. A. H. HOAG).

Bratton, Photo. MIDDY (MRS. BRODE).

and improving the breeds of fancy varieties. Lately the care and protection department has been turned over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the members have devoted their energies to raising fancy stock. So successful have been their efforts that the Easterners will have to look to their laurels if they hope to have a monopoly of the valuable prizes annually offered.

Nature favors us in California, there being very little sickness here among the more delicate, highly bred cats, many in the East being carried off by pneumonia and other ailments. Indeed, in most of the catteries here the cats live an almost entirely outdoor life and seem the better for it, their fur attaining a remarkable length and texture.

The Pacific Cat Club intends to hold a bench show as soon as the services of a competent judge can be secured, which, by the way, will be no easy matter, especially as these professors of catology put a high valuation on their services. However, before the winter is over an exhibition will be held. The club numbers over sixty members at present, Mrs. W. A. Deane being the president, Mrs. A. H. Abbott the corresponding secretary and Mrs. A. H. Brod the recording secretary. These ladies will be pleased to receive the names of applicants for membership, and as there are many outside the club who own fancy stock, if an exhibition is held a showing will be made which will do credit to the Western cats. The accompanying illustrations show a few of the San Francisco beauties, as well as a novel show case built by H. McCracken, whose cattery contains some fine specimens. Mrs. A. H. Abbott, who was one of the first in San Francisco to raise Persians, has several valuable cats which have won honors in the past. "Pansy," whose picture is given herewith, is one of the few good tortoise shells on the coast, and is the mother of a litter sired by Omar, from which much is expected. Mrs. A. H. Hoag is the proud owner of the only thoroughbred Siamese male west of Chicago, and has at the head of her fine cattery of Persian Angoras "Buster," a direct importation from Persia.

Lack of space forbids mention of many who are worthy of notice, but enough has been said to show that fancy cat-raising has taken a firm hold on the Coast, and as the West is beginning to lead the East in horses and dogs, we will not be long behind with cats, and the start has been well made at the recent Chicago exhibition.

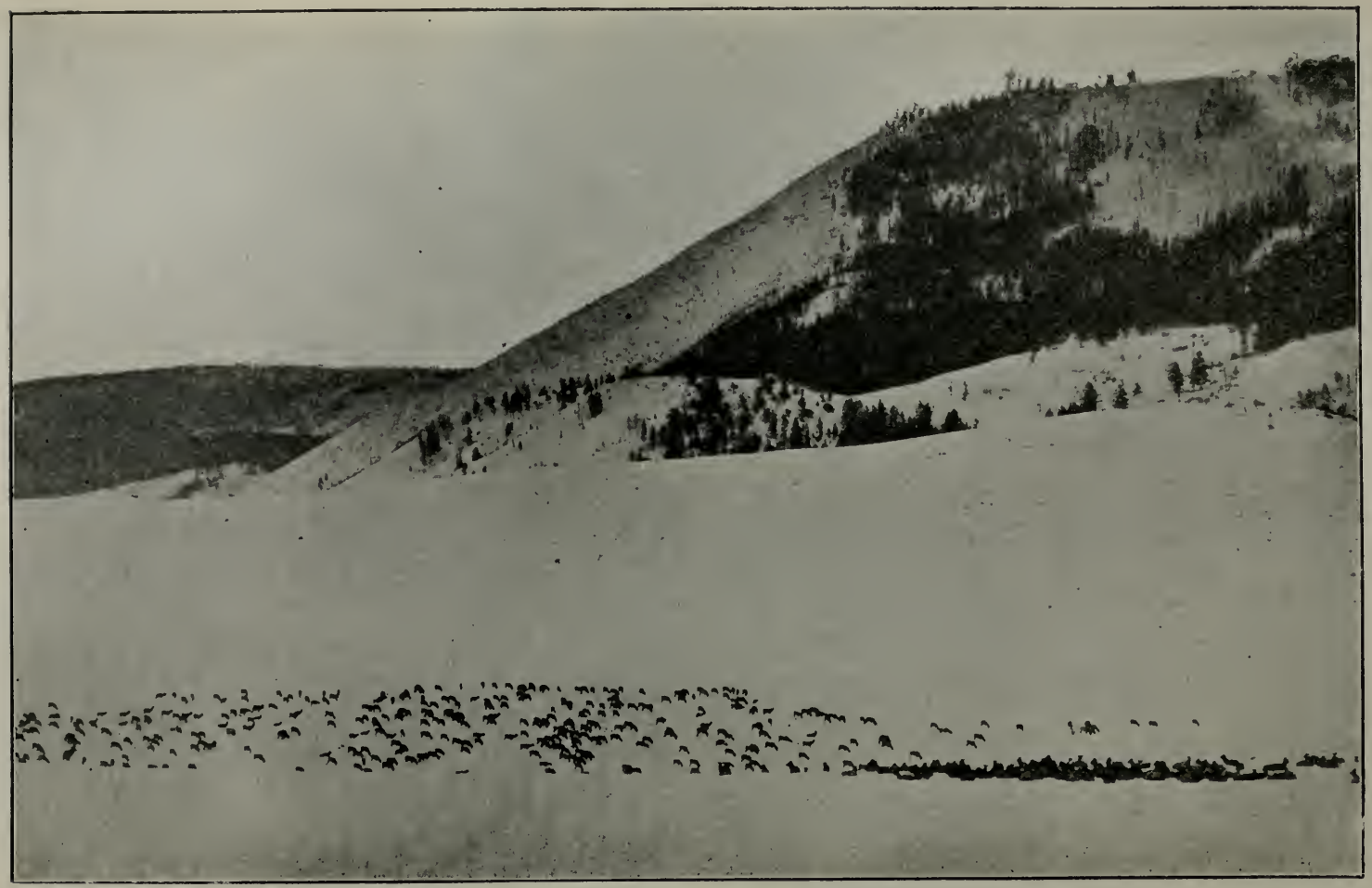

Photo by S. N. Leek.

A BAND OF WILD ELK IN JACKSON'S HOLE, WYOMING.

WESTERN FIELD.

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

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THE SAME OLD STORY.

THE annual scarehead canard about the depredations of elk upon the lives and property of ranchmen, deemed incumbent upon every yellow journal publisher in the land about this time of the year, has materialized a little earlier than usual this season.

According to a pipe dreamer in Salt Lake there are now 40,000 frenzied elk on the rampage in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, eating up all the visible hay supply, wrecking buildings and fences, and treeing the unfortunate ranchers in all manner of uncomfortable situations—from the ridge-poles of their houses to the horns of the senescent moon. The ranchmen are graphically depicted as being in the throes of despair, barricading their houses against the onslaughts of the ferocious brutes just as they did against the Indians in early days, and firearms and ammunition are at a tremendous premium. It is hinted that the military may have to be called out to suppress the awful rapine which is devastating the classic orifice in the face of our sister State.

All of which is the funnier from the fact that the great dailies are actually taking the thing seriously and printing it right and left in good faith.

DESIRABLE LEGISLATION.

A BILL for the protection of valuable non-game birds will be shortly presented to the State Assembly and should be passed without one dissenting vote.

Its provisions cover only birds of economic value to the husbandmen of the State, and all species inimical to the interests of any industry have been carefully excluded from its benefits. There is no possible valid objection to any of its features and it has been adopted by almost every State and Territory that can claim any degree of intelligent advancement. It is extremely simple, not ambiguous in any way, and has successfully stood the test of every court to which it has been referred. It has been redrawn, to conform to the requirements of the California State Constitution, from a model law advocated by the United States Department of Agriculture. There is nothing political about it and it is simply an economic measure for the benefit of California agriculturists. We should deem it but little short of calamity should it not be adopted this session and we earnestly urge its prompt and favorable consideration.

GAME LAW AMENDMENTS.

UNDER the above caption we print elsewhere the full text of the bill amending the game laws, which became a law on signature of the Governor on February 2 last. The bill originated in the House in committee and was introduced as a committee substitute bill in the Senate by Senator Coggins. In substance its effect is to change the time of closed season on valley quail, partridge, duck, rail, curlew, ibis and plover from February 1-October 1 to February 15-October 15, the number of days remaining unchanged for these species. The closed season on mountain quail, grouse and sage hens is both changed in time and shortened, the prescribed period now being February 15-September 1 instead of February 1-October 1 as previously.

The closed season on doves has been shortened to February 15-July 1 instead of February 1-August 1 as before. The closed season on deer is both changed in date and shortened 48 days. It is now lawful to kill male deer between the days of July 15-November 1, inclusive, instead of August 1-Oc-

tober 1 as formerly. This increases the open season from 62 to 110 days. Section 626*h* is amended to include the words "barter or trade" in hides and permits the sale, purchase, trade or barter, possession and transportation of hides and pelts of deer taken or killed in a foreign country. As we have expressed ourselves at length elsewhere in these columns, additional comment is unnecessary.

A WASTED OPPORTUNITY.

IT IS a sad reflection upon the morality of our times that no issue of large public importance can seemingly be adjudged and decided in these days on its own inherent merits. It is an age of weak and unwholesome compromise, characterized by unwise temporizations, questionable expedients and suicidal makeshifts that emasculate all results and virtually defeat the prime object aimed at. The muchly vaunted strenuosity of the twentieth century has resolved itself into a strenuous exhibition of moral cowardice and self distrust that would be laughable were it not so menacing to the ultimate public weal,

It has come to be an accepted, imperative and inseparable condition that no pure reform, however great its crying necessity, can be consummated in its beneficial entirety; there needs must be vitiating concessions made to the vicious, some conciliative sops thrown to the Cerberus who is always baying discordantly from the gates of ignorant selfishness at the rising sun of public progress; and so only the husk of the nut, modified entirely out of its kernel, is eventually foisted upon the disgusted community who go ahungered in their hour of bitterest need.

It is a very poor tub which cannot stand on its own bottom; it is a very poor principle which has not a self-sustaining dignity and integrity of conception and purpose. To come directly to the essence of this argument, a game protective law which is bolstered up and underpinned by the rotten straws of debilitating concessions to game hogs and market hunters is a thing not altogether one of congratulation, either to the enactors thereof or the community whose interests they are popularly supposed to represent.

Some time there will be evolved, God willing, out of the chaos which will inevitably result from the present apathy and short-sighted indifference to actual requirements, a new class of law-makers who, having the courage of their convictions and the backbone to sustain them, will make protective game laws that will protect the game. In those millenial days there will be no man hardy and foolish enough to connive by acquiescence at the summer slaughter of deer, or to countenance a few market hunters to the detriment and loss of the balance of the community.

There will come, in time, to the comprehension of our Solons, the necessity of laws absolutely forbidding the sale of all game under any and all conditions, and the wisdom of shortening, instead of extending, the legalized season of its decimation. God speed the day! The only danger is that the millenium is so far removed that they may awake to the necessity of locking the door only after the horse has been stolen.

Under obtaining conditions we admit a seeming necessity of conciliating the enemy but it really exists only in the timid imagination of men who do not realize their own power and strength, or who for some inscrutable reason do not seem inclined to exert either.

That the advocates and supporters of game protection were in full and effective possession of this year's State Legislature is conceded by all. No measure for the protection of game which they cared to present, however stringent and drastic in its provisions, could have possibly been defeated had aggressive and concerted effort and unanimity of purpose attended its advocacy. That the friends of the great cause did not rise to the occasion and make the most of their favorable opportunity is a matter of sincere regret. What adds very materially to that regret is that not only was the opportunity to enact a perfect law overlooked, but a step decidedly in retrogression was taken, instead, when amendments were adopted which lengthened the already too long open seasons. Possibly by the time that Fortune condescends to knock at our doors a second time, our bitter experience will have eliminated the baseless fear of doing right and our backbones will have been commensurably stiffened. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

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Medical Director—Dr. Morton Gibbons.
Superintendent —Captain C. E. Sage.

Cross Country—The initial cross country run of the year, under the direction of Captain Mackie was a complete success in every way.

Sunday, January 18, was one of those days when, after a period of heavy raining, the air seems as pure as water and as strong as wine. Just such a day that athletes love, crisp enough to stir the blood and quicken the pulse, a day that breathes competition and heightens the ambition to be among the leaders.

The eighty members who took the walk speak volumes for the club spirit that these walks engender. The eighty men represented neither clique nor annex, cult nor class; men with locks of gray vied with the stripling, lawyers of renown paced with their neighbor's clerk, the old successful specialist took dust from the heels of the mere beginner, and the busy man of mart puffed and blowed with his rival's bookkeeper. On the road to health all men are equal.

The lead as usual was taken by President Harrison, who had as his aide-de-camps Messrs. Mackie, Melrose, Sullivan and Dr. Mathews. When some of the younger element became over ambitious and tried to break into the front ranks, President Harrison (who, I don't mind telling you confidentially, is sixty-six) started a sprint which somewhat cooled their ardor, and order of line was soon restored.

The leaders took the pedestrians over the Twin Peaks, down along the Ingleside drive to the sea, thence along the Ocean boulevard and through the park by the south drive, thence to the club house. The distance covered was about fourteen miles, and was done in a trifle over three hours.

Ladies Night—Leader Gleason must have had a good feeling of satisfaction over the success of his first Ladies' Night, and those who were present are to be congratulated on having the opportunity to attend. When the band struck up the overture there was not a vacant seat in the hall, notwithstanding the wretchedness of the weather. The performance went through from beginning to end without a hitch. No encores were permitted, though often vigorously demanded.

The wrestling was particularly good, the boys participating showing great cleverness and quickness, though none of them, to my mind, use their legs enough. The club swinging, always a delight to the eye, was heartily applauded. The hoop drill by the Chinese public school children, though picturesque was somewhat tame, though as an object lesson as to what the public school is doing for the little "Ah Sins" was undoubtedly a success.

The specialties, which consisted of singing and dancing by Miss Mendel Dreyfus, were so well rendered, and were greeted with such hearty approval, that an exception was made and the little miss answered the encore.

The scientific bag punching by Eddie McGlade bewildered the eye. The accuracy and speed which the puncher has attained is wonderful; the most difficult feats were done with such apparent ease that to the audience they looked easy and the act hardly received the applause it merited.

The pyramids, under the direction of Professor Leando, were undoubtedly the best exhibition in that line that the members have given. The professor is to be congratulated on the excellence obtained by his pupils.

The boxing was good, and served to introduce Champion Jimmie Britt to the women public, giving them a chance to see in action the boy who is being freely mentioned in all the papers as the coming champion of his class.

The evening closed with the only professional act on the programme, "Bounding Billiard Table," by Kelly and Ashly. This act is a mixture of clever tumbling and well sustained hippodroming by the professor and the tramp, which sent the audience home in a happy frame of mind.

President.

H. T. PAYNE, San Francisco.

Vice Presidents.

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E. A. MOCKER, assistant secretary, San Francisco.

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S. D. MERK, Paso Robles; W. W. RICHARDS, San Francisco; E. A. MOCKER, San Francisco.

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Name and Location. Secretary. Address.

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Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Secy., Arroyo Grande, Cal.
Chico—* * * * Sec., Chico.
Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal
Fresno—H. Palmer Black, Sec., Fresno, Cal.
Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.
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Humboldt—Julius Jenssen, Sec., Eureka, Cal.
Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.
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Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.
Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.
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Woodland—W. H. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.
Yreka—F. A. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

GAME LAW AMENDED.

(For the benefit of our readers we give here the full text of the bill amending the game law.)

ASSEMBLY BILL NO. 498
INTRODUCED BY COMMITTEE ON FISH AND GAME,

JANUARY 24, 1903.

(Signed by Governor February 2, 1903.)

AN ACT

TO AMEND SECTIONS 626, 626*a*, 626*f*, AND 626*h*, OF THE PENAL CODE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, ALL RELATING TO THE PROTECTION AND PRESERVATION OF GAME.

The people of the State of California, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section 626 of the Penal Code of the State of California is amended to read as follows:

Section 626. Every person who between the fifteenth day of February and the fifteenth day of October of any year, hunts, pursues, takes, kills or destroys, or has in his possession, whether taken or killed in the State of California, or shipped into the State from any other State, territory or foreign country, any valley quail, or partridge, or any kind of wild duck, or any rail, or any curlew, ibis or plover; or who between the fifteenth day of February and the first day of September of any year hunts, pursues, takes, kills or destroys, or has in his possession, whether taken or killed in the State of California, or shipped into the State from any other State, territory or foreign country, any mountain quail, grouse or sagehen is guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 2. Section 626*a* (section six hundred and twenty-six *a*) of the Penal Code of the State of California is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 626*a*. Every person who between the fifteenth day of February and the first day of July of the same year, hunts, pursues, takes, kills or destroys, or has in his possession any dove, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 3. Section six hundred and twenty-six *f*, of the Penal Code of the State of California is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 626*f*. Every person who between the first day of November and the fifteenth day of July of the following year, hunts, pursues, takes, kills or destroys, or has in his possession, whether taken or killed in the State of California, or shipped into the State from any other State, territory or foreign country, any male deer, or any deer meat, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 4. Section six hundred and twenty-six *h* of the Penal Code of the State of California is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 626*h*. Every person who buys, sells, offers or exposes for sale, barter or trade, the hide, pelt or skin of any deer, or who transports, carries or has in his possession, the skin, pelt or hide of any female deer, or spotted fawn, or any deer hide or pelt from which the evidence of sex has been removed, is guilty of a misdemeanor; *provided, however*, that the provisions of this section shall not apply to the skin, pelt or hide of any deer killed or taken in a foreign country.

SECTION 5. All acts and parts of acts in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 6. This act shall take effect immediately.

THE PROTECTION OF GAME.

By FRANK H. MAYER.

(First Paper.)

IN ORDER to arrive at an intelligent comprehension of the merits of any issue affecting the public welfare a thorough consideration of first principles is imperatively necessary. Those underlying the great cause of game protection are easily determined and can be as readily defined.

First and foremost is the conservation of the public pleasure and profit entailed by the perpetuation of the species which insures both. Second, the fulfillment of an obligation owed to posterity. And third, the broad and far-reaching proposition that all earthly creatures whose lives are those of utility and value in the great scheme of creation have an undeniable right to live and propogate as designed by an omniscient Creator whose motives no man dare impeach.

Reasoning along these lines it is very evident, to use a homely adage in illustration, that one cannot both have his cake and eat it. A continuance of his enjoyment is a matter of continued supply and the world has laughed for centuries at the folly of the man who killed the goose which laid the golden eggs. It is obvious that we must provide for a continuance of the game supply if the demand for its enjoyment continues, and as we cannot create this supply or the means which produce it, it follows that we have to foster the sources from which it alone can proceed.

The conditions which govern the reproduction of animals in a wild state are essentially different from those influencing domesticated varieties, and the perpetuation of wild species presents a more and more complex problem as the exactions of civilization encroach upon their environment. The number of procreative individuals is so small in comparison and the conditions are so constantly growing more and more unfavorable to their natural increase each year, that it is but a question of short time under present conditions until these species will become

practically extinct. There is not in any State of this Union to-day a locality in which game beasts, fowls and fishes exist in one-fifth of the numbers which obtained a decade ago. At this rate of depletion it is easy to "see their finish" during the life of the present generation if some well ordered steps are not taken to prevent this conceded catastrophe.

In confirmation of the above statement I beg to quote from a letter recently received by the writer from one of America's most prominent sportsmen and practical naturalists, Mr. A. G. Wallihan, of Routt County, Colorado, whose pictures of and observations on the big game of the Mid West have achieved an international celebrity. Speaking of the big game of his section—concededly one of the most favored in this country—he pathetically says:

"Unless we have a five years closed season on deer we will see the finish of these animals. Five years would give them a good start again. I will cite you some figures: In 1897 I was on the big trail here for nine days and I counted within a few of 1,000 deer. In 1901 I was on the same trail for eighteen days and counted 228 deer. In 1902 I was out fourteen days and counted fifty-two deer. More deer passed in a single twenty-four hours in 1892-3-4-5-6 than passed the whole month of October, 1902. As regards antelope, you will hardly believe that they are practically wiped out here. When you were here, eight years ago, you saw more goats in any one day of your hunting than you can see in a whole season now. I don't think there are fifty in Routt County, where ten years ago there were probably 50,000. They have almost completely disappeared here. A small bunch of a thousand or so went north into Wyoming, but they will fare no better there."

This in a section still remote and comparatively inaccessable to the masses, where the writer has seen hundreds of deer and elk, with thousands of antelope, in a single day a short ten years ago. And remembering the fate of the buffalo and passenger pigeons further comment upon this head is superfluous.

Speaking of the buffaloes, however, moves me to the candid admission that I do not share in the popular condemnation of the practical extinction of this species. The plain facts in their case are that their decimation was a thing to be desired. So long as they were permitted to exist in their immense primal numbers they constituted an actual menace to civilization, a condition which our Federal government was quick to perceive and abolish—for the fact is that the authorities encouraged and were privy to their destruction, the Indian problem being an unsolvable one until this great natural resource of the hostile red-skinned peoples had been made forever unavailable. The buffalo were an opposition and detriment to instead of being an amenity of the great tide of civilization which has so grandly reclaimed that now immenselv valuable territory which once constituted the buffalo range.

I merely wish to accentuate the fact that in these days of improved firearms and explosives so cheaply and easily obtained by all—including irresponsible and unthinking children—the chances of species extinction is doubled an hundred fold. Extermination could now be made really a matter of weeks instead of years did not stringent laws forbid.

But to return to first principles. The value of our game is as yet hardly appreciated by the masses. The gastronomic pleasures afforded by its consumption and its mere commercial food value are as but drops in the bucket of larger intrinsic worth to the human race. Its pursuit offers the incentive for body and soul reviving exercise afield in God's pure air away from the taint of the sordid city associations. Dormant faculties are aroused and brought into play and all the senses are accelerated and refined. The sportsman goes back to his work from the blessed fields, forests and waters physically, mentally and morally exalted if he be of normal composition. He has been close to the great heart of Nature and the contact is always a purifying one. Show me an ardent, consistent and genuine sportsman and I will show you a natural gentleman—a man withal of broad, liberal views, honest, benign and altogether worthy, for the qualifications are inseparable.

Among other desirable effects of active sportsmanship is the invaluable skill in the use of firearms acquired afield. The importance of this is incalculable in these feverish days of national jealousy. The handful of

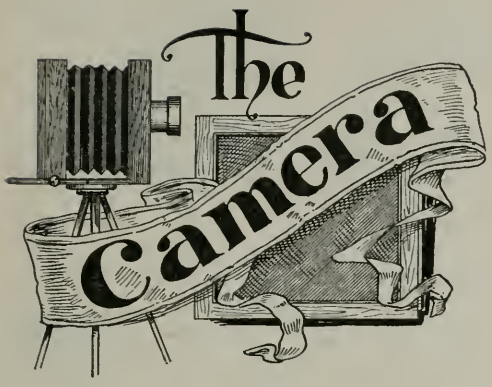
hunter Boers exemplified this axiom very sharply in the recent Transvaal unpleasantness, as did likewise our game-fed forefathers in the days of 1776. The moral is obvious: We could not acquire this proficiency if we had no live game to practice on. Nothing on earth so closely approximates to the requirements of the battlefield as does the clever work exacted in field and forest. If only from the necessitous "keeping of our hands in," the game supply should be perpetuated.

The second underlying principle, that of obligation to posterity, is no less important. We have no right to defraud our children of an amenity which we should extend rather than annul. The hunting taint is strongly hereditary in the human blood and the sons of hunters will insist on hunting in turn. Does the wise man destroy the inherited patrimony which is in turn entailed upon his offspring, or does he not rather enhance it by the accumulations of his labor and thought? The man who inherits a great fortune in these days of advanced civilization and fails to increase it is an object of derisive pity. Why should not the same rule apply to our common heritage of game?

The third principle is, of course, somewhat sentimental and may be derided by the selfish materialism of the age. Yet it is a solemn truth founded in equity and reason, and the extravagance of this time and people will some day be harshly rebuked. That day is not far distant when men will reproach themselves for the man-wrought barrenness of God's temples; when the exquisite bird-songs will be only a harmonic memory; the marrow-thrilling pose of setter or pointer "making game" merely an artistic tradition; when the wild rush of the trout and salmon in the crystal waters, the hurtle of wild fowl through the air, the majestic passage of elk, deer, antelope and mountain-sheep—when, in short, all the present beatitudes of field and fen and forest will be accounted as merely so many twentieth century myths, told in bleak nights of sporting indigence by some old patriarch to the defrauded generations, with interspersed maledictions upon the criminal short-sightedness and prodigality of his species.

It will take a long time to outbreed the hunting instinct in the race; possibly it will never be accomplished, and in the days to come men may still own dogs trained to point anise bags or go out to shoot at mechanical birds with time flight attachments, previously concealed by hired assistants. Quien sabe? But to return from the poetical flight of speculation to the commonplace prose of stern reality, how is this palpably necessary perpetuation of game to be effected? The answer is simple: jealously protect and foster the already too small remnant at our disposal. Shorten the open seasons; reduce the bag limits; stop the sale of game entirely; restrict the use of too effective weapons—but, most of all, educate the masses to a realization of the facts and conditions indispensable to the main end.

In succeeding papers on this topic I shall endeavor to point out a few practical applications of these principles which I trust may arouse at least a passing interest in the minds of brother sportsmen.



FAYETTE J. CLUTE, EDITOR.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

I AM beginning to get samples of flashlight work for criticism and am really getting tired of telling the makers that they are using either too little powder or stopping the lens down too much, or both. In flashlight work there is little call for the biting sharpness that a small stop gives. In fact less sharpness will give a softening effect that will do much to counteract the rather hard effect so characteristic of this class of work. Another thing, did you ever see a flashlight picture that you could confidently say was over-exposed? I have seen a good many samples of flashlight work, and remember only one case of over-exposure. In my own practice I make it a rule to use about double the quantity that the directions call for. A couple of other pointers and I am done. Do not pile the powder up. If you do, the major portion will be lost by the discnarge of that which is really burned. Two discharges of a quarter-ounce each will give more light than one ounce discharged in one heap. Some form of lamp that distributes the powder along a shelf should be used. The flash takes about one-tenth of a second, as against one-eighteenth of a second when in one pile, but there is nearly double the light if any quantity above sixty grains are used in one flash. In taking the interior of a room it is advisable to so locate the flash that a wall close behind it will serve as a reflector. By placing the camera just outside the door of the room desired to be photographed, one can nearly always let off the flash just inside the room in one of the corners to the right or left of the door. In this position the flash is cut off from the lens by the side of the door, the corner wall forms a good reflector, and the flash being so much nearer the subject than if behind the camera there is much better light thrown upon the subject.

* * *

About a year ago I did no small amount of railing against the fancy border masks that have since lost their popularity. Just at present we seem to have a surplus of oval masks. This is due to the fact that these oval-cutting forms are now so much affected by the cheap photographers, who are always on the lookout for something new in the way of mounts. I have seen none of Hollinger's work trimmed oval, and at a recent exhibition at the local art institute I looked in vain for some indication that the artists had discovered the charm of the oval as an enclosure to their picture spaces. About one photograph out of a hundred is better suited to an oval than to some form of the square or parallelogram. If my amateur friends would only exercise their desire to trim by seeing how many of their pictures would stand a good, generous slice being cut from one or both sides, or from the top or bottom, or both, they would find their yearning for odd sizes and less conventional shades gratified in the number of panel effects that they would obtain, while at the same time improving their pictures. It is not at all surprising that the conventional four by five or five by seven is, more often than not, far from being the best form of picture space for the subject included. Even the painter, with his license to add or omit, would hardly undertake to confine himself to one single proportion of an oblong. That would be even worse than having to use ovals. Ovals come in very handy to inclose the pictures used to illuminate labels on our canned fruit, but I think we should not seek to rob the sweet corn and tomato artist of one of his chief articles of faith. He might picture the next boiled lobster with a pocket kodak in his right claw.

* * *

A local paper dealer desired a few prints the other day with which to demonstrate the utility of a new line of cover papers as mounting material for photographs. I supplied him with a collection, and as a cash payment was refused he insisted on my at least accepting something from his stock in return. As I already had a good supply of the cover paper in question, I told him

that he might furnish me with some pure blotters, some yellow or orange envelope paper and some textureless tissue paper in white, blue and red; all cut exactly 5x7, 6½x8½, and 8x10. This he did with apparent great pleasure, and in great profusion. The value of this stock of cut sizes has made itself felt in many ways. Besides using them in drying and mounting prints, one or two of the blotters are kept in each printing frame. If I wish to file away a lot of negatives in old plate boxes, one of the blotters is placed in the bottom of the box to prevent possible scratching of the film as well as contamination from the hypo that all straw board is said to contain. If I wish to cut a mask, the stock of orange envelope paper is always at hand. Should I desire to retard the too rapid printing of a thin negative, one of the sheets of tissue is placed between two dampened blotters while a line of paste is run all around the edge of the glass side of the negative; the top blotter removed and the negative placed, back down, on the dampened sheet of colored tissue. When dry it draws as tight as a drum head. Using a sheet of the white tissue in the same way, one has but to use a little lead scraped from a lead pencil and an improvised paper stump to do most successful retouching and retarding of shadows on the tissue surface. A little oil dabbed on where necessary will render transparent portions already too dense or the tissue may be cut away bodily with a sharp knife over such parts if their form permits of the operation. Had I paid full retail price, I could hardly have made a more satisfactory investment.

* * *

A Washington correspondent sends a few prints and asks why it is that his ray screen always gives him such disappointing results. I gather from the letter that it is the lack of focus in the desired object that most displeases him. He should bear in mind that the interposition of a sheet of colored glass reduces, by refraction, the focal length of his lens about one-fourth the thickness of the glass employed. A layer of liquid in a fluid cell shortens the focal length not only this amount for the two sheets of glass forming the cell but for a distance equal to about one-third of the thickness of the layer of solution. One should always focus again after placing such a screen or filter in place. It has been stated that this is necessary with only certain types of lenses, but I cannot see why it is not applicable to all.

* * *

An Iowa correspondent writes that he remembers seeing, back in his childhood days, the local professional extemporize backgrounds with a pastel form of paint. He asks if these are still on the market. I do not believe they are now offered. Even the ones my correspondent saw used were most likely of home manufacture. They are easily prepared. Get a quantity of modeling clay, dividing it into four parts. Put one into a dish with a little water and add lampblack, constantly working with the hands and adding water to keep moist, until it will hold no more. Divide the lump into small pieces which are to be rolled into the shape of pastels. The three remaining portions are mixed in the same way, using less black each time. A little of the clay can be rolled into form without the addition of black, to be used for the highest lights. When dry they are ready for use. Broad masses are easily put in with the full length of the stick while more definite detail requires an edge of the pastel being used. The fingers are used to blind and graduate the various are used to blend and graduate the various hasten the drying of the pastels.

* * *

I wonder why it is we see so few pictures of burning buildings. Wherever one finds a crowd a few cameras are always in evidence, and yet one rarely finds one at a fire. Such subjects present no great difficulty and the result and pictures are almost sure to excite words of appreciation from the average inspector of our miscellaneous collections. A large stop should be used and only the figures of the firemen and their engine in the foreground made sharp. The effect of smoke haze is best secured by having the remainder a trifle less than critically sharp. Not only this, but a quick exposure is thereby made possible. On the other hand, do not make the exposure so short as to render the figures but mere silhouettes as is too often done. It is surprising the length of exposure that such subjects will stand even in the best sunlight. Do not try to portray the flames, but confine yourself to securing the more effective masses of dark smoke that are so characteristic of a fire just as it is brought under control by the firemen.

A TRIM LITTLE CRAFT.

By "CORINTHIAN."

THE little yawl Kittiwake, baby of the Corinthians and queen of the Mosquito Fleet, has established for herself quite a record not only as a racer but as a cruiser as well. She was designed and built by Orlo Eastwood in the spring of 1896, in the Piedmont Hills, carried down to Oakland Creek on a large hay wagon May 28th, and successfully launched. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 22 feet; length load water line, 15 feet; beam, extreme, 7 feet; at water line, 6 feet; and she draws one foot of water with centerboard up. Her racing career was not started until 1897, when she sailed for the first time in the C. Y. C. regatta of May 30th, her only competitor being Will Brooks' Witch, which beat her by a small margin, Kittiwake getting second prize flag. In the two small C. Y. C. yacht regattas of the same year she procured one first and one second prize flag. On September 9, 1898, in the P. I. C. Y. A. regatta, she won the first of the Law silver cups donated by Herbert E. Law to her class, over Pilot McCulloughs' Petrel. On September 11th of the same year, in the small boat races of the C. Y. C., she won hand-

YAWL KITTIWAKE, PERCY L. BURR, OWNER.

somely over six entries, for which she was awarded a large pewter stein, and in the September, 1899, C. Y. C. small boat race she won the Brook trophy.

She was then sold to her present owner, Percy L. Burr, who sailed his first race with her May 30, 1900, C. Y. C. annual regatta. Although considerably in the lead, she was disqualified for fouling the stake boat at the finish.

In the July 15 C. Y. C. regatta, in cruising rig, she met with a mishap off Black Point, carrying away her jib stay, but at the finish was a close second to the Doris. She was awarded first on account of the disqualifying of the Doris for having used sweeps in going about. In the September 11 P. I. C. Y. A. regatta she won the Law cup, beating her nearest opponent 14 minutes 53 seconds, corrected time, and on September 23, C. Y. C small boat race, she won first prize flag.

September 29, S. F. Y. C. open race, she won the silver trophy given to the class—25 feet and under—handily, winning from larges boats and canoes, and on May 30, 1901, C. Y. C. annual regatta, she won first prize flag.

July 4, C. Y. C. cruising rig race, she won first prize, a pewter mug, over the Spider, and September 9, 1901, P. I. C. Y. A. regatta, she won the Law cup by 9 minutes 38 seconds. In the May 30, 1902, C. Y. C. annual regatta there were no entries in her class, but she sailed with larger boats in the yawl class, but on account of a strong flood tide she was unable to finish.

September 9, 1902, in the P. I. C. Y. A. regatta, she won the Law cup, beating her nearest competitor, the newly built Boston-California boat Loiterer, designed by Bacon of Barnstable, 7 minutes 12 seconds. Her last race to date was with the Nannette in the S. F. Y. C. open race of October 12, 1901. It was a very unsatisfactory trial with such a good boat as the Nannette, on account of the calms and light wind.

Such was her racing career, but her best achievement was her cruise of two weeks up the river. With a party of three, Frank Bartlet, Clarence Dobee and her owner, her first run was to the city of Sacramento, then back to Suisun, thence to Napa and Petaluma, touching at Larkspur on Corte Madera Creek on the way home. This concluded one of the longest cruises in a given time, establishing another record.

At all times during the season and in all kinds of weather you will find the Kittiwake out in the middle of the bunch, proving herself the staunch, able boat she is, even surprising the old experienced, who look at her in wonderment.

YACHTING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WATERS.

By George Rice Jr.

LOVERS of aquatic sports in this portion of the State have from time to time in years past made ineffectual efforts to bring about an organization which would be permanent and vigorous. The Catalina Yacht Club was organized about six years ago, a well-appointed clubhouse built on Terminal Island, but no boats were purchased by the kid-gloved yachtsmen and the club died a natural death. Later a boat club was formed and a less pretentious home built near the relics of the first attempt, and this has managed to hold a few members together, more as a social organization than in a nautical way.

A little over a year ago some enthusiasts secured several hundred dollars for prizes for a series of three races to be run off the coast at San Pedro, and only simon-pure amateurs were allowed to enter; the boats were properly measured and the races were not only a pleasure to several thousand people who witnessed them, but produced so much enthusiasm among boatmen that a meeting was called, a club formed and numbers of new keels laid.

The South Coast Yacht Club is the natural outgrowth, which has a goodly membership composed largely of the substantial business men of Los Angeles, incorporated and having under its flag some $150.000 worth of

pleasure craft, the largest of which, the Lilian, belonging to Mr. Dickerson of Catalina, being the finest and costliest pleasure craft on the Coast.

This club has fair accommodations at present on Terminal Island, but a large clubhouse is to be built within the year. The reason that work has not been begun before is the unsettled condition in the harbor lines, the vast Government works now under way having changed all former conditions. The new house will be either on an immense floating pontoon in the outer harbor or else on a lot high up on the bluff, overlooking old ocean and the outer harbor, which is now nearing completion.

A number of craft have been built during the year. The fastest boat thus far to be launched is the Venus, built and owned by Joe Fellows, which has proved herself to be a little flyer. She is of the deep-keel order, built with the long overhang that makes time on paper when time allowances are figured, and is very seaworthy.

The channel is at nearly all times of the year an ideal yachting "ground," good winds prevail and the sea is seldom boisterous; Catalina is but a few hours sail, and there are numerous harbors to enter along the coast within a day's trip. It will be the aim of the S. C. Y. C. to bring together the yachtsmen from all the southern coast towns and to enjoy during the season that cheer which comes "when good fellows get together and the stein is on the table" (and the wind blows well).

VENUS, SLOOP OWNED BY JOE FELLOWS.

THE YAWL ARCTURUS

OWNED BY J. H. LOWE AND E. H. MOCKER, CAL. YACHT CLUB.

GOLF.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THOUGH winter is the golf season of San Francisco, January was a rather dull month among frequenters of the links. This was partly due to the rain, which on several days fell very heavily. In the case of the San Francisco Golf Club, the dearth of tournaments was due to the fact that the old board of directors had gone out of office and the new one had not yet appointed a Tournament Committee to arrange contests for the members.

The most interesting and important contest that took place during January was the match over seventy-two holes between Robert Johnstone, the winner of the open championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association at Del Monte in 1901, and F. J. Reilly, the winner of the like event in 1902. Robert Johnstone, the resident professional of the San Francisco Golf Club, had the confidence of the Presido players, and F. J. Reilly was highly thought of by the members of the Burlingame Country Club, of which he is professional. Thus it was not hard for the golfers to secure backing, and each club contributed sixty dollars to the purse to be carried off by the winner.

The first thirty-six holes of the match were played over the Presidio course on Tuesday, January 6. At the thirty-second hole Robert Johnstone was dormie 4, but relaxing his efforts a little he lost the next three holes, leaving him 1 up and 1 to play. The last hole was halved, and Johnstone was 1 up on the first half of the match. Both men had played excellent golf, R. Johnstone's score by rounds being 39, 39, 38, 39, total 155; and F. J. Reilly's being 40, 40, 39, 37, total 156.

Since every golfer has an advantage

GREEN OF MACHRIHANISH CLUB, STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

when playing on his own course, Reilly's chance of proving the winner seemed quite good, as the last thirty-six holes were to be played on the Burlingame links, with the sand greens of which the Presidio professional is unfamiliar. But on Sunday, January 11, Robert Johnstone proved to be in splendid form, for, except that he hooked his first drive into an unplayable lie in the stables, he made scarcely an error, and won the last thirty-six holes 7 up and 7 to play, or the whole match 8 up, 7 to play. As Johnstone was compelled to give up the first hole to his opponent, and only two holes of the last round were played, the only complete rounds were the second and third, for which his stroke play scores were 37, 37. The result of the match establishes Johnstone's place as the most skillful resident professional on the Pacific Coast.

On January 13 the qualifying rounds over eighteen holes, medal play, of the first competition held this year for the Council's Cup for women of the San Francisco Golf Club took place on the Presidio links. The players and their scores were as follows:

COUNCIL'S CUP FOR WOMEN—QUALIFYING ROUNDS.

Competitors.	1st Round.	2nd Round.	Total.
Miss Chesebrough	56	55	111
Miss M. Houghton	58	55	113
Miss F. Ives	58	56	114
Mrs. J. R. Clark	61	55	116
Miss A. Hoffman	61	57	118
Miss F. Carroll	63	60	123
Mrs. Le Roy Nickel	72	63	135
Mrs. R. D. Gervin	68	69	137

In the opening match play round on Wednesday morning, January 14, Miss Edith Chesebrough beat Mrs. Gervin 8 up 7 to play; Miss M. B. Houghton defeated Miss Alice Hoffman 3 up 2 to play; Mrs. J. R. Clark won from Miss Florence Ives 6 up 5 to play, and Miss F. Carroll was victorious 6 up 5 to play over Mrs. Le Roy Nickel.

In the semi-final round, on January 15, Miss Houghton beat Miss Chesebrough 2 up 1 to play, and Mrs. J. R. Clark won from Miss Carroll by the default of the latter.

In the final round, on Friday morning, January 16, Mrs. J. R. Clark won 5 up 4 to play. Her name, with the date of the competition will be engraved on the handsome silver cup, which will remain in possession of the club until the same player shall have won three competitions. Mrs. J. R. Clark's name is a new one to appear on

WILLIE ANDERSON, OAKLAND CLUB.

the trophy, on which are recorded two victories apiece for Mrs. R. Gilman Brown and Miss Alice Hoffman. This year Mrs. R. G. Brown did not enter the competition and Miss Alice Hoffman was not playing in as good form as she displayed last winter, for, though she qualified, she was fifth on the list, and was beaten in the opening match-play round.

On Saturday, January 17, the day being clear and warm, I went over to the San Rafael links, where E. J. Hooper, captain of the San Rafael Golf Club, had presented a handsome little silver cup for competition. The trophy was called the captain's cup, and was to be won by the player returning the best net score in a handicap over eighteen holes. For various reasons several of the regular players of the club were absent, and only seven competitors appeared. Of these, only five turned in their scores, the winner proving to be R. B. Rorison, with a score

E. H. Hart, Photo. N. W. HOWARD, DRIVING, SANTA CATALINA LINKS.

of 104, less 8, net 96. The handicapping was done by Captain E. J. Hooper, who used as a basis the lowest score, and also the three best scores made during the past three months over the course by each contestant. The winner generously offered to permit any scores made on the day (Sunday) following the competition to be reckoned for the trophy, but this sportsmanlike offer not being accepted, he carried the graceful little trophy home to add to his other prizes. The scores are shown in the table:

SAN RAFAEL GOLF CLUB'S HANDICAP FOR CAPTAIN'S CUP.

Competitors.	1st Rnd.	2nd Rnd.	Gross.	Handi-cap.	Net.
R. B. Rorison	50	54	104	8	96
Douglas Hardy	54	55	109	10	99
A. A. Curtis	59	63	122	18	104
R. J. Davis	60	52	112	6	106
F. H. Green	76	65	141	20	121
C. Curtis	*	..	...	8	
Vincent Neale	*	..	...	8	

*No returns.

The lowest scores made by the best-known golfers of the San Rafael Club and their handicaps are as follows:

A. G. Harvey, 45, handicap plus 6; R. G. Brown, 48, scratch; W. J. McDonald, 50, handicap 4; R. J. Davis, 51, handicap 6; C. Curtis, 52, handicap 8; R. B. Rorison, 52, handicap 8; D. E. Skinner, 52, handicap 8; Douglas Hardy, 53, handicap 10; W. J. Casey, 53, handicap 10; H. O. Howitt, 56, handicap 16; A. A. Curtis, 57, handicap 18; F. H. Green, 58, handicap 20; T. T. Williams, 61, handicap 26; Vincent Neale, 66, handicap 36.

In order to sustain the interest of the members of the San Rafael Golf Club during the winter, a continuous tournament was arranged by Captain E. J. Hooper. A list of players in the order of their strength

was prepared, and any player has the privilege of challenging the man standing just above him on the list to a match of at least eighteen holes. If the challenger wins, he takes the place of the loser. Any member of the club whose name is not on the list may challenge the last man on the list. Any player who does not meet his challenger within two weeks after the receipt of the challenge forfeits his place to the challenger. The order in which the players now stand is as follows: 1, A. G. Harvey; 2, E. J. Hooper, 3, R. G. Brown; 4, R. J. Davis; 5, R. B. Rorison; 6, W. J. Casey; 7, D. H. Hardy; 8, George Heazelton; 9, D. E. Skinner; 10, F. H. Green; 11, A. A. Curtis; 12, T. T. Williams; 13, Vincent Neale.

The tournament over thirty-six holes against bogey, held on the Presidio links on Satuday, under the management of the Northern California Golf Association, was played on a chilly day, with occasional showers, over a water-soaked and heavy course. The bad weather evidently deterred several of the contestants, for none of the players who had entered from the Oakland Golf Club or the Burlingame Country Club put in an appearance. Of the nine players who made the four rounds of the course, seven are members of the San Francisco Golf Club, and two, E. J. Hooper and Douglas Hardy, of the San Rafael Golf Club. Of the nine, only seven made returns. First prize was won by H. C. Golcher, 15 down, and second by S. L. Abbott, 18 down. S. L. Abbott's worst round was his second, in which he was 8 down, against "the Colonel." His best medal play score for nine holes was 41. J. W. Byrne made one round in 40. Abbott's medal play score for the four rounds was 180, and Golcher's was 187. The scores of the other contestants were as follows: George E. Starr, 20 down; Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, 21 down, J. W. Byrne 23 down, R. Gilman Brown 23 down, E. J. Hooper 26 down. Douglas Hardy of the San Rafael Golf Club and Reginald White of the San Francisco Golf Club made no returns.

On Tuesday morning, February 3d, the contest over eighteen holes, match play, between two teams of ladies, took place on the Presidio links. This game was set down on the schedule for Tuesday, January 27th, but the heavy downpour of rain caused it to be postponed one week.

Early in February the newly elected councillors of the San Francisco Golf Club met and chose a president and secretary-treasurer. A captain, a tournament and a green committee have since been appointed by the president. The tournament committee will prepare a schedule of contests for the remainder of the season, which closes at the end of Apil or thereabouts.

Just before his departure for the Philippine Islands, Captain D. J. Rumbough, U. S. A., who has been an enthusiastic golfer and a hard-working member of the green committee, was presented by the members of the San Francisco Golf Club with a handsome silver loving cup. The gallant captain, while chasing the nimble Filipino through the swamps and over the mountains of Luzon or trying to evade the embraces of the house-snake, will doubtless often wish that he was pursuing the most provoking of "gutties" over the springy turf of the Presidio links.

"Bounding Billy" is not in favor with the English golf professionals. At the first annual meeting of the Profesional Golfers' Association a motion proposed by James Braid and seconded by C. R. Smith, that gutta percha balls only be used in tournaments held by the association was carried by 33 votes to 9. Among those who spoke in favor of the "guttie" was Harry Vardon, who said that it affords a better test of the golfer's skill than the rubber-cored ball. With the latter a player has two chances. If he tops his ball instead of lofting it, the ball may yet reach the green. Though the decision applies only to professional events held by the association, it is believed that the members of the committee on rules of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews hold the same sentiments. Of course it has been asserted that the manufacturers of the gutta percha ball influenced the conclusion reached by the professional golfers, and also, of course, this has been strenuously denied. Such things are always said and always denied.

NOTES FROM SANTA BARBARA GOLF LINKS.

By L. W. Redington.

The golf season at Santa Barbara has commenced unusually late this year, no regular tournaments or sweepstakes having been played at either of the golf links up to the first of February, but the next few months promise to be interesting ones for lovers of the royal and ancient game, several tournaments being scheduled to take place. A number of good players from the East are on the ground, and have been practicing steadily for a sufficient time to be thoroughly familiar with the oiled greens, and as several of the best local players are also at the top of their games, this year's events will no doubt be characterized by high-class golf.

Santa Barbara has been treated to some first-class professional golf of late, for with Willie Smith and Jack Anderton at the hotel links and Willie Welsh stationed at the Country Club, record-breaking is an every-day occurrence. On January 13, a few weeks after his arrival in Santa Barbara, Smith smashed all records for the hotel course in a match with Mr. Douglas Grant of San Francisco. Smith was at the top of his game, and did the two rounds in 34 and 35 strokes, a total of 69 for the eighteen holes. His golf was almost perfect, and it is no discredit to Mr. Grant that he was badly beaten. He played good golf from the beginning, making a 38 for the first round. Smith's complete card was as follows:

WELSH, END OF DRIVE.

WELSH, DRIVING FROM FIRST TEE.

Out	3	3	3	4	3	4	5	5	4	—34
In	4	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	5	—35

Smith has only played once over the Country Club course since coming to Santa Barbara, but on that occasion his performance was all that could be desired. On January 25 he played a match against William Welsh, which he won by the comfortable margin of 3 up and 1 to play. Welsh played a fine game, but Smith's first round in 36 made in the very teeth of a strong wind, secured him a lead which could not be overcome. The seventeenth hole at the Country Club is 384 yards, the green being situated on the top of a small hill, out of sight of the player, so that the approach shot has to be played blind. Both men drove magnificently, and were well up to the green after their second shots. Smith then played the odd and landed about five feet from the hole. Welsh had to hole his approach to save the hole and match, and nerving himself to play boldly, executed a perfect shot, which rolled straight across the green to the hole, jumped the cup, and was carried several yards over by the strong wind. It took him two more to hole out, and Smith, running down his next put, secured the hole and the match.

A seventy-two-hole 4-ball match will probably be played within the next few weeks,

in which Smith and Mr. L. W. Redington will be matched against Welsh and Anderton. The present idea is to play thirty-six holes at the Country Club and thirty-six at the hotel links.

Beginning with February 14, regular handicap sweepstakes will be held at the Country Club every Saturday afternoon. This plan was followed last season, and the weekly events proved so popular that the green committee have decided to continue them throughout the present season.

Several prominent local and visiting golfers and other sportsmen who are anxious to promote interest in the game have announced their intention of putting up cups to be played for, and the several events will no doubt bring out a large entry list.

SEVENTH TEE, SANTA BARBARA CLUB LINKS.

H. L. BETTEN, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

DIFFICULTIES WHICH BESET FIELD TRIAL DOGS.

SPORTSMEN who failed to attend the recent field trials and who based their opinions on the reports published in the daily papers seem to labor under the impression that as far as the quality of bird work was concerned the trials were not a success.

Such, however, was not the case, and considering the disadvantages and nervous tension to which the dogs were subjected it is a marvel that they performed as well as they did.

The average field trial candidate is prepared under conditions which give rise to no unusual degree of excitement and rarely, if ever, is worked in the presence of strangers or run with dogs other than his kennel mates, so that when he is cast off on the trial grounds it is likely to be bewildered by the new conditions which confront it. The spectators press close upon its heels and half of the time it cannot distinguish its handler among the crowd. Should he make a point the spectators, unless restrained, will rush up to get a close view of the work and unless the dog is a seasoned campaigner it is liable to have serious doubts as to their good intentions, and feels inclined to leave its point and seek safety in flight. Should the dogs be worked on the scattered birds of a bevy marked down in good cover the average attendant imagines that he must locate himself in the center of that bit of cover and usually flushes a number of birds in reaching it. Therefor when a number of field-trial followers are imbued with the same idea birds are flushed in all directions, scenting conditions are rendered unfavorable, and the dog, seeing birds flushing in all directions and finding itself unable to locate them, becomes rattled and commits errors which under more favorable conditions it would not be guilty of. At other times the birds may flush wild, or instead of resorting to ground cover will light in willows or brush along the dry slough beds, making it almost impossible for a dog to scent them. Then, again, they will trust to their legs for safety and run from a dog's points as fast as they are established, and unless it has had a great deal of experience on running birds and will road up as soon as the body scent becomes faint, it will be charged with a false point.

There are occasions when the birds seem to give off no scent, and this is often the case when dogs are worked on quail immediately after they have been scattered. At such times (and especially when thoroughly frightened) they are liable to remain in the exact spot where they lit, and the scent is seemingly withheld, or rather prevented from spreading, as it would in the case of a bird which had run eight or ten feet before it "stuck" to cover.

Sportsmen of experience know that dogs cannot perform well on "beeswax" birds, and usually take up their dogs for a short time until the quail begin to move a trifle, when dogs which could not make a point on the birds when first scattered will pick them up right and left.

Now, as a rule when a bevy is scattered

Betten, Photo. MISS RIP, OWNED BY W. B. COUTTS.

the field-trial dogs are rushed to the birds and the handlers urge them on without giving them time to hunt out ground in a thorough manner or to exhibit the degree of caution necessary in order to put up a competition free from errors. The chances are, if they did, the spectators would crowd in upon them to such an extent that the dogs would be greatly hampered, and so it is simply a choice twixt the devil and the deep sea.

And so it is that sportsmen at a distance arrive at unjust conclusions as to the merits of field-trial dogs. Even among the spectators will be found many who deem it necessary to criticise the work of the various performers, and who will tell you that their old meat dog, Jack or Jill, as the case may be, would have walked through that stake in winning time. All right, my friend! Just enter your good old time-tried shooting dog in next season's trials and see how close he comes to being a winner. You will find that it is one thing for your dog to make a creditable showing when he has the whole field to himself and all day in which to make that showing, and another to run against a fast, wide-ranging dog which possesses as keen a nose as his, just as much bird sense and keeps hunting on the outside of your dog, and therefore has an advantage as to the opportunities on game. You will probably find that your dog happens to be a little "off" on the day of the running, and for some reason or other don't seem to pick up the points as he ought to; and then he actually makes a couple of flushes and runs a very ordinary race all through. However, you expect that he will do better in a few minutes, but the judge, who has no more interest in your dog than in any of the others, orders him up at the expiration of the time limit, and you go home to your friends and have to explain how the whole thing happened.

VACCINATION OF DOGS.

The following, which appeared in the *Veterinary Record* August 30, 1902, may interest our readers who are ever on the alert to secure some means by which the ravages of that dread disease, distemper, may be prevented from carrying off the majority of our well-bred dogs. It must be understood that the treatment advocated is of little value when the symptoms of distemper once make their appearance, and to be of any benefit the inoculation must take place while the animal is in a healthy state and free from the germs of distemper. Then it acts as a preventative or safeguard against the disease, just as vaccination prevents the spread of smallpox among the human race. The canine distemper vaccine can be obtained of the Pasteur Vaccine Company, and it may be possible that here is a solution of the problem which has confronted breeders of fine stock, whereby they may save many of the valuable animals lost every year through the ravages of distemper:

Hibbard, Photo. IROQUOIS CHIEF, H. L. BETTEN, OWNER.

VACCINATION OF DOGS AGAINST DISTEMPER.
(*Dr. Phisalix Method.*)

"The vaccine used in this operation is obtained by cultivating the virulent microbe or cocco-bacillus of Lignieres and Phisalix, termed the Pasteurella canis, which is a very small micro-organism found in the blood and viscera of dogs, cats, guinea-pigs, etc., during the early stage of distemper, so as to weaken it, that when injected under the skin it does not cause distemper, but acts as a preventative. It is of two grades of strength, one a weaker or more attenuated culture, to be used as a first vaccine, the other a stronger and less attenuated culture, to be used as a second vaccine. It reduces the liability to the disease from 90 or 100 per cent to 5 per cent, and the mortality from 40 or 50 per cent to 2 or 3 per cent.

It should be adopted as early as possible, preferably at the age of weaning or soon after, before the puppies are exposed to the risk of coming in contact with distempered dogs or are put in infected quarters or surroundings. However, dogs of all ages can be vaccinated to advantage. It seems very harmless to dogs of all weights, of all ages and of all breeds, provided they are strong and free from disease or infection. Healthy puppies or adult dogs only should be vaccinated. It does not prevent distemper if the dog be exposed to contagion before the vaccination "takes" or is already the subject of the disease at the time of inoculation. Two inoculations are necessary, one with the very weak or first vaccine, the other, twelve or fifteen days, or even three weeks, after the first, with the stronger or second vaccine. The dose for a puppy of six to eight weeks is two cubic centimetres; for a puppy of two or three months, two and a half cubic centimetres; for a puppy or adult over three months, three cubic centimetres. It is injected under the skin of the groin after this has been previously washed with warm water and soap, by means of a Roux antitoxin syringe, which should have a capacity of three to five cubic centimetres, and which should be thoroughly sterilized before being used. The second inoculation is made with the same quantity of second or stronger vaccine under the skin of the opposite groin after a period of twelve to twenty-one days following the first, the same precautions being taken. The reaction to be obtained is a swelling in the glands above the seat of injection, or even the seat itself, two or three days after the inoculation, temporary loss of appetite, slight dullness and even stiffness of the limb. Sometimes an abscess forms at the seat of inoculation, and when it does occur it should be opened. If the injections fail to produce a reaction, another inoculation should be made, using this time freshly prepared second vaccine. Unless the vaccination "takes" no immunity is likely

Betten, Photo. C. H. BABCOCK, WITH PEACH BLOSSOM.

Betten, Photo. PETER LINVILLE.

to be conferred. The vaccine should be fresh and the contents of the bottle used up at once, as soon as the bottle is opened. It should be kept in the cool in a dark place. The bottle should be shaken up before the contents are used, when it produces a slight turbidity. It has been used with great success by veterinary surgeons in large kennels, including foxhounds as well as other breeds, such as toy Pomeranians or toy griffons, etc., both in England and on the continent."—*Henry Gray, Kensington.*

ECHOES OF THE TRIALS.

"The most successful meet in years" was the concensus of opinion expressed by those who attended the twentieth annual trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club.

Peter Linville's sweater was a dream.

J. A. Johnson's exhibition of horsemanship was one of the features of the trials.

W. B. Coutts again showed the way in the Derby, making well-merited wins with Kilgarif and Nellie Bang. William Bothwell Coutts is a hard worker, and his dogs were put down in the pink of condition. Ye canna doon th' "auld mon."

J. M. Kilgarif showed remarkable staying powers and made quite a record as a pedestrian.

Charles Babcock showed a splendid string of dogs, all in the best of condition. Charley is another of the hard workers, and can't be kept out of the money.

H. T. Payne had a splendid time, and broke all pie-eating records made during previous meets.

Frank Mayer was there to size up the dogs, and seemed to enjoy the outing very much.

R M. Dodge scored two more wins for the Stockdale Kennels.

Dr. Hibbard made a bag of sixteen kildeer plovers, and then invited some friends to join him in a game supper, where the birds were palmed off as quail. No wonder Richard's "quail" were so tough!

J. E. Lucas' dogs were in nice condition, but he was rather unlucky this season. Better luck next time, John.

Al Betz has proved himself a most capable secretary-treasurer, and the P. C. F. T. Club did well in securing his services for a fourth term.

Judge C. N. Post was there from start to finish. The Judge has a splendid record as an attendant of trials, having missed only one meet in the past twenty years. He has also had more field-trial winners than any fancier in California, and, what is more, the blood of these dogs is breeding on, and is present in the veins of the best we have today.

John W. Considine was a little under the weather, but this did not prevent him from enjoying himself at the trials. Perhaps his illness was due to symptoms of the "straight Llewellin" fad, which attacks some fanciers with unusual severity.

W. W. Van Arsdale seems to have a death grip on the all-age stake. Van's dogs have won this stake four years in succession, and judging from the class exhibited by his string he will have likely candidates ready to compete for it next season.

Betten, Photo. BUSH AND NELLY BANG.

Frank Atkins went home without having enjoyed that shoot on California quail for which he was yearning. Some hard-hearted person steered Frank and his friends out into the "barren lands," and the combined bag of the four sportsmen comprising the party consisted of two jack rabbits, two doves and a nine-killer.

W. W. Richards joined the "Camera Fiend Corps," and had a glorious time chasing spectators into fence corners and taking shots at them with a 3¼x4¼ kodak repeater. As a result of his shooting W. W. has a nice sized bag of snapshots to show his friends, and has good reasons to feel proud of his superior marksmanship.

J. E. Terry took firsts in two stakes with his dogs, and certainly ought to feel proud of the showing they made. Kilgarif ran a

brilliant race in the Derby, and his work on birds was simply perfection, while Lady's race in the Members' Stake was a very clean-cut performance.

Fred Butler's good little dog Judge Hunter failed to land in the money, but showed himself a classy youngster and one of the most stylish dogs put down in the trials. Give him another chance, Fred.

Judge Humphreys found that the California birds have little peculiarities of their own, and the driving of quail out of trees was a new one on him.

Dr. Wilson was on hand with a good puppy, but had him drawn too fine, and as a consequence he went wrong before the trials and failed to show his quality.

Samuel Cutler was there as usual, and was up to his neck in joy when Van's dogs landed first and second in the All Age.

Clinton E. Worden's dogs failed to land, but it did not disturb Mr. Worden's serenity in the least. Win or lose, he is just the same and a credit to the fancy. In Harry H., Jay M. and Pearl's Jingle he has three as high-class dogs as a sportsman would want to own.

Andrew Jackson watched the running and enjoyed it in his own quiet way.

The club has secured the services of a valuable man in Mr. McKinley, and should keep a tight grip on him.

The writer failed to notice any evidence of poaching on the field-trial grounds, and the absence of empty shells or other signs of encroachment on the preserve showed that McKinley must have attended to his duties.

SUSIE RIPRAP, ORO KENNELS.

MARS PRINCESS U. M. DAMON, OWNER.

John Schumacher was one of the first to arrive at Bakersfield, and rendered valuable aid to the judge by timely suggestions. John's quiet, unassuming nature makes him popular with every one, and the Southern California contingent could not have sent a better representative.

The enforced absence from the trials of Mr. W. S. Tevis was very much regretted by all who attended, and a great deal of sympathy was expressed for him in his latest bereavement. It is largely due to Mr. Tevis' aid that the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club stands on such a successful footing to-day, and we cannot have too many sportmen of his caliber.

Messrs. Dixon and Anderson of Santa Clara were interested spectators, and we may look to see their names on the list of those who will make entries for the 1904 trials.

John Coleman essayed to lift the beautiful cup donated by W. W. Van Arsdale to the winner of the Members' Stake, but Kern of Kenwood had decided objections to fast sprints. Mrs. Coleman was present to view the work of the dogs, and evidently enjoyed her outing very much.

Peter Linville sat like a Centaur in the saddle and presented a noble equestrian figure as, mounted on a spirited horse, he galloped across the sagebrush plains.

T. J. A. Tiedemann is one of those enthusiasts whom you could not keep away from trials with a club. Mr. Tiedemann's well-known winner, Northern Huntress, ran in splendid shape in the All Age, and, handled by "Tiedy," won third in the Members' Stake.

Joseph Watkins, the famous scout and frontiersman of the Northwest, was an interested spectator, and was highly pleased with the work of our high-class dogs. Joe's "Kohinors" served to lighten the gloom of the foggy mornings and excited the envy of Wallace Bruce Coutts, who threatens to invest his recent winnings in diamonds which will outshine "Buckskin Joe's" headlights. Speaking of his prospective purchase of "lamps," W. B. says: "It is na me desire to exceet th' envy ae th' beetor class, but a doag hondler should na alweeys stond ie th' rear, dinna ye ken, ond I must odmit the preety stanes are veery fascineeting."

J. W. Flynn's freeze to a point on that ruuaway team was one of the highest-class bits of work seen during the trials.

Michael Geary filled his usual position as reporter for the *Chronicle*.

The attendance of ladies on the last day of the trials served to brighten the scene.

John Hughes was not among the lucky ones, but then one cannot expect too much from an under-aged, one-season puppy, the only one John ran.

C. H. Coggins has two Tony Boy-Sports' Destiny puppies which should develop into good ones and make likely candidates for next season.

The Count Gladstone II-Peach Marks were in stronger evidence than ever this season, three of that famous breeding winning places in the trials.

Henry Keller was not among the crowd this year. Mr. Keller is just recovering from a long and serious illness, and was hardly in condition to attend the trials, much as he would have liked to view the running.

MARS PRINCESS—DANSTONE PRIDE PUPPIES, ORO KENNELS.

S. H. Peach was on hand with a starter, and handled in his usual quiet and methodical manner.

The "Coyote Quartet" did itself proud, and put the Highbinder Quartet completely in the shade. To the writer's certain knowledge "Way Down in Florida" was rendered seventy-one times during the meet, and with startling variations. In responding to an encore Peter Linville's vocal wires became crossed, and the result was a series of false-alarm signals which sent the crowd to cover. Judge Post sang the "Toreador's Song" in

masterly fashion, and was in splendid voice, especially on Wednesday night. The members of the "Coyote Quartet" are P. D. Linville, C. N. Post, J. E. Terry and Andrew Jackson.

Judge H. S. Humphreys dropped into WESTERN FIELD'S office to see the boys and tell them of his experiences down South. Mr. Humphreys remained at Bakersfield after the trials and enjoyed some splendid shoots on Mr. Tevis' preserve, getting the limit on each occasion. He shot over a quartet of field-trial winners belonging to the Stockdale Kennels, and was greatly impressed with the bird-finding qualities of the three Cubas, viz.: Cuba of Kenwood, Cuba's Zep and Cuba Jr. Mr. Humphreys will spend a few days in 'Frisco, taking in the sights, after which he will depart for Los Angeles, and will also make a side trip to Santa Catalina and various points of interest in the southern part of the State before returning to his home in Indianapolis.

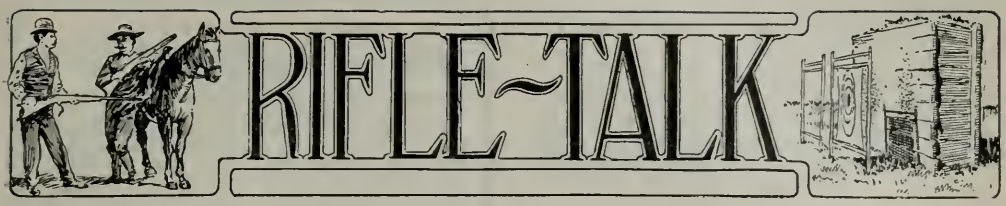
By mistake a cut of Ransom Kennels' famous field-trial winner and sire, Uncle B., was published in connection with Mr. Titus' able article re the breeding of English setters. Uncle B., in addition to his grand qualities as a field-trial performer, is the sire of Annie B. and of Speckle B., the most consistent winner ever started in field trials, she having now eight places out of eight starts. Uncle B. is a grandly bred individual, being by the well-known winner and sire, Harwick (Topsy's Rod-Opal), out of Dan's Lady (Dan Gladstone-Lily Burgess), she famous as a winner and dam of eight winners, including Champ. Lady's Count and Gladstone. In addition to Uncle B. the Ransom Kennels advertises the great winners and producers, Harwick and Col. R., and breeders should not fail to take advantge of the opportunity to breed to these dogs and enrich the blood lines of our English setters.

The attention of breeders is also called to the ad. of the Stockdale Kennels, which has in the stud the well-known winning pointers Cuba of Kenwood and Sam's Bow; to Mr. A. H. Nelson's ad. of Sousa, a high-class son of Tony Boy and Sports' Destiny, and of the California Kennels' ad. of the well-known winners Dr. Daniels, Count's Mark and Bell Boy. Those in search of grandly bred field-trial winners and shooting dogs will do well to correspond with Mr. J. W. Considine, who advertises for sale the field-trial winners Lola Montez, Woodcraft, Count's Peg and Count's Blackie, while cocker fanciers should find what they want by addressing the Nairod or Plumeria Cocker Kennels.

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.

We are advised by Mr. P. L. Bonebrake of Los Angeles that, during his recent absence in Texas, his kennels were robbed of the following young hounds: Two red bitches, one black-and-tan dog, and one red and white dog, 8 months old each; two black and white dogs, one black and white bitch, 3 months old; one red dog, 14 months old. These dogs were all branded with a circle (O) on left hind quarter. Any one coming into contact with any of these dogs will bestow a favor—upon us as well as Mr. Bonebrake—by advising him of the fact promptly.

SHADOW, OWNER W. W. VAN ARSDALE.



By W. J. White.

THE SEASON of 1903 has opened well with the rifle-shooters of this locality. All the clubs have some interesting programmes and some have special features of more than ordinary importance. Much interest is manifested in the annual competitions of the Germania Schuetzen Club, which holds forth every second and fourth Sunday at Shell Mound range, ending on January 25, 1904. The cash premiums alone will amount to about $450. Of this about $300 will be distributed in fifteen prizes for the best three centers, three prizes for the ten best ten-shot scores in the first and second classes, and $25 for the most red flags on the bullseye target in one day. Special prizes are offered by Nick Ahrens, F. P. Schuster, Herman Huber, A. Hagerdorn, William F. Garms and Captain L. Siebe. The contests are open to all. The net proceeds of these competitions will be devoted to the entertainment fund of the club at the National Scheutzen Bund, to be held in New York next year, which will be attended by a large number of the Germania Club's members.

* * *

COLUMBIA PRIZE WINNERS.

On the last of January the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its distribution of prizes won during the competition of the season of 1902. Following were the winners in the several events:

Pistol experts, A. J. Brannagan first, E. Hovey second, F. O. Young third and G. M. Barley fourth. Sharpshooter class, Dr. Hunsaker first, B. Schneider second, L. Hinkel third and F. Knostman fourth. Pistol marksmen, J. R. Trego first, C. Gimmel second, E. A. Allen third and Mrs. C. Waltham fourth. Target rifle, 200 yards, expert, A. H. Pape first. W. G. Hoffman second, F. O. Young third and A. B. Dorrell fourth. Sharpshooter class, A. H. Cady first, G. Mannel second, H. Hinkel third. Marksman, Kroekel first, Al Pape second, 22:25 rifle, 50 yards, expert, H. Kroekel first, W. G. Hoffman second, C. M. Daiss third and Dr. J. F. Twist fourth. Sharpshooter class, A. H. Cady. Marksmen class, Dr. Hunsaker first, G. Gimmel second and E. A. Allen third. Revolver expert class, L. C. Hinkel first. A. J. Brannagan second, F. O. Young third. Sharpshooter class, W. G. Hoffman first, A. H. Pape second and Dr. Hunsaker third. Marksman class, J. R. Trego first and Dr. J. F. Twist second. Three-shot fine rifle match, 200 yards, F. O. Young first, G. Mannel second, Captain Kuhnle third and E. Hovey fourth. Military rifle match, 200 yards, E. Hovey first and F. O. Young take trophies in expert class and W. R. Berry and E. A. Allen in marksman class.

* * *

A CHIP ON ITS SHOULDER.

Company D of the Fifth Infantry, N. G. C., has come to the front with a number of marksmen who have the idea that they can defeat any similar number of shooters in the National Guard of the State. Company D is located at San Rafael, and its crack team consists of nine men, but three of the number are rated as superior shots to any three in California. Their superior, Captain Cheda, has issued a challenge to match the three or nine with those of any military organization, but at this writing there has been no acceptance. His three top-notchers are Sergeant W. T. Butterworth, Sergeant P. B. Moulton and Private T. A. Kerrigan. All were winners at the annual State competition at Sacramento, and the team carried off the honors on the 200, 300 and 500 yard ranges.

* * *

REVOLVER MARKSMEN.

The United States Revolver Association held its annual meeting and election of officers in New York City on January 19th, and among those selected was a San Francisco marksman, Mr. P. A. Becker. The officers selected were: President, E. A. Partridge, Boston, vice-president; P. A. Becker, San Francisco, secretary-treasurer, A. L. Himmelwright, New York. These three officers, with A. G. Feller of St. Louis and B. F. Wilder of New York, form the executive committee.

It was decided to hold the championship matches under the same conditions as last year, in conjunction with the meeting of the National Rifle Association at Seagirt the first week in September. Simultaneously matches will take place at Boston, St. Louis, Chicago and San Francisco.

* * *

A PROSPEROUS CLUB.

The California Scheutzen Club held its annual election of officers for the year about the middle of last month, and the following were chosen for the several offices: President, Philo Jacoby; vice-president, A. Rahwyler; first secretary, T. J. Carroll; second secretary, L. Reubold: treasurer, Otto Bremer; first shooting master, J. C. Waller; second shooting master, W. Blasse; third shooting master, E. Woenne Jr.; trustees—Captain F. A. Kuhls, H. Gumbel, L. C. Babin; finance committee—A. L. Ott, Charles J. Simon; directors—Philo Jacoby, L. C. Babin, M. Reubold, L. Reubold, A. Strecker, F. Levers, O. Bremer. The statement of the treasurer showed the cash on hand to be nearly $1,500 and 962 shares of the California Scheutzen Club Park and Building Association, on which the club will soon realize about $250 in dividends. The report of the secretary showed 220 members in good standing. These reports show the organization to be among the largest and strongest citizen shooting organizations in America.

The California Scheutzen Club has made a radical departure in the matter of affording entertainment for its younger members. In years past to suggest any other arms than the target rifle would have provoked either derision or a riot among the members, so wedded were the older marksmen to the one form of pleasure they enjoyed to amount to shortsightedness. But lately a change has taken place, and the pop of the pistol and bark of the revolver is to be heard on the San Rafael range. A fifty-yard pistol range, with two standard American targets, has been constructed and fully equipped for those who enjoy the use of the small arms. Had this been done years ago it is safe to say that there would have been more young men in the organization, for the pistol and revolver are American arms, and American boys will always be found where these weapons are used. During the last two years many of the younger element have joined this rifle-shooting organization, attracted no doubt by the liberal programme and numerous prizes offered, and it was the wishes of these young marksmen that brought about the change. The older marksmen realized that to gather in and hold the rising generation they would have to enlarge upon the range attractions. At the first pistol competition, held in the latter part of January, J. Kuhlmann made 81 points and carried off the special prize, presented by the president, Philo Jacoby, which was a handsome clock. A programme of regular matches is being prepared.

* * *

THE OLD TARGET.

It is a pleasure to note that the military revolver shots are gradually doing away with the abomination called the "military target," which represents the figure of a man. It might do to throw bricks at, but as an object for the determination of marksmanship it is about as useful as a cord of stove wood. Troop A, Cavalry, N. G. C., was the first to throw out the man target and adopt the Standard American target for all 50-yard revolver shooting, using, however, the old Creedmore count. Battery D, Artillery,

has followed on the same line. With these marksmen back again shooting on the old targets it is more than likely that some expert shots will develop in their ranks.

CITIZENS AND POLICE TO SHOOT.

Arrangements are being made looking to a series of revolver matches between teams from the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club and the San Francisco police. The details of these friendly contests have not, at this writing, been perfected, but enough marksmen in both organizations have signified their willingness to meet on the range to make the matches interesting.

NEW REVOLVERS.

The Smith & Wesson people have recently placed two new revolvers, pocket size, on the market. One is a .32 caliber weapon intended for defensive purposes. It shoots a powerful cartridge, and those who have tried it say that it is an excellent weapon. The other is more of a sporting firearm, being a .22 caliber with cylinder made to take a .22 long rifle cartridge, the shell of which is crimped over the lead. An earnest demand has been made for such a firearm for years, one that could be carried on tramping excursions and fishing trips. In a later issue I hope to discuss the merits of both firearms with a better knowledge of their respective qualities.

GERMANIA OFFICERS.

At the recent election of officers of the Germania Schuetzen Club, N. Ahrens was elected president; A. Hagedorn, vice president; J. W. Goetze, secretary; F. P. Schuster, treasurer.

THE EL PASO CARNIVAL SHOOT.

The great Carnival Gun Club shoot at El Paso, Texas, was one of the most successful tournaments ever held in the West. F. M. Faurote won the highest average among the professionals, his score being 226 out of the total of 240 targets. Heikes of Ohio finished second, with a score of 224. Fanning of New York won third place, with a score of 222. Hughes of Wisconsin won fourth place, with a score of 218. These gentlemen did not shoot for money. Their efforts were simply in the interests of their reputations as professionals and the big arms and powder companies which they represented.

The high and low gun prizes which were offered the non-professional participants in all of the events of the week were won by Adams, O'Brien, Herr and Taylor, who finished in the order named for "high guns."

The low gun prizes were carried off by Dearth, first; Duncan, second; Worden, third; Blanchard, fourth.

The three days' events consisted of a total of 240 targets shot at, and the following is the score of those who participated in all of the events:

Adams	223
O'Brien	222
Herr	220
Anderson	212
Lone Jack	202
Timberlake	213
Jackson	214
McCormack	199
Texas Field	211
Carroll	198
Critzer	181
Aitken	206
Miller	203
Ives	204
Hart	200
Percell	191
T. Neatherhead	210
Atchison	212
Morrell	206
Sievers	205
Dominie	191
Adamson	187
Blanchard	174
Vaughan	212
Taylor	216
Duncan	151
Gilson	200
Townsend	212
Worden	172
McVeigh	197
Rand	176
Dearth	131

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head, at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTS, FOR SALE, EXCHANGES, ETC.

FOR SALE—A fine Eastman folding Kodet 5x7 camera, with roll holders complete, Iris diaphragm shutter, extra good R. R. lens, etc., for sale cheap or exchange for approved 4x5 camera. Want a smaller outfit. "Camera," WESTERN FIELD Office.

FOR SALE—Highest grade Sharps-Borchardt target rifle, extra fine pistol grip stock, full target sights (windgauge, level, vernier, etc.), just recut by Geo. Schoyen and fitted with false muzzle, special bullet mould and starter, lubrication pump, etc., complete. In heavy sole leather case. Never fired except for target proof. Phenomenal shooter. Just right in dimensions. Cost $165. Have no use for it and will sell cheap or exchange for approved value. Can be seen at WESTERN FIELD Office.

WANTED—A well bred pointer or setter, thoroughly broken on quail, price limit, $100. Give full particulars. W. R., 164 Golden Gate Ave.

WANTED—A light field gun, 12 or 16 gauge, of standard make and in good condition. State make, dimensions and lowest cash price in first letter. A. R. Jones, Jr., 1304 Folsom street, San Francisco.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A new graphophone with 30 disc records. Perfect condition. Cheap for cash or exchange for fine tailoring. E. K. D., 424 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

FOR SALE—Two fine high grade rifle telescope sights, made by Sidle, Phila., to order. One is 5-8 and the other 7-8 inch diameter. All latest improvements, largest field, perfectly flat, unexcelled definition and illumination, both with extra adjustable eye pieces and brand new. Mountings complete. Sell cheap or trade for best offer. What have you? F. H. M., 14 Lyon street, San Francisco.

WANTED—A bargain in a .30-30 Winchester for cash. Must be in perfect condition inside. Full particulars in first letter. George D. Hibbard, Witter Springs, Cal.

FOR SALE—Winchester, single-shot, .25-37-77; Ideal adjustable reloading outfit; 50 shells; Lyman sights; O. K. condition; $12. Address Wm. I. Wallace, M. D., Hemet, Cal.

FOR SALE—Best grade Mannlicher repeating rifle, 8 m-m caliber, all improvements. fitted with fine telescope sights, improved hair (double) trigger. Perfect condition; killing range two (2) miles. Cheap for cash. Will accept Luger or German model Colt's automatic pistol in part payment. "Mannlicher," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

FOR SALE—A fine Bullard single-shot target rifle, Swiss butt, Vernier sights, etc., extra fancy stock, embossed action. Recently recut by Geo. Schoyen from .35 to .38 caliber. Tools, etc., complete. Cheap for cash or might trade. Want a good duck boat, decoys, etc. "Gunner," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

Queries and Answers

At what time of the year are muskrats in their best ("prime") condition as regards their fur? And can you give me a recipe for a trapping "dope" with which to scent bait for beaver, otter and mink?

Ladore, Colo. J. Q. ADAMS.

ANSWER: Muskrats are in their best fur in the months of March and April. They are more easily trapped in fall and winter months, however. The so-called "scent baits" for trapping are usually a delusion and snare. The best scent to the knowledge of the writer (who has had some thirty years of experience) is the secretions found in the glands of nearly all animals mixed with fish oil. The contents of bladders when sprinkled about the traps is peculiarly attractive to the cat and wolf species. Beaver castor has also an attraction for nearly all fur-bearing animals, especially when combined with musk.

* * *

A San Francisco friend of mine who was hunting with me last fall left me nearly 300 shells, 10 gauge, loaded with Ballistite powder. As I shoot a 16 and have no use for 10 gauge ammunition, I have broken the shells up and find myself in possession of quite a lot of this excellent powder. Having plenty of empty 16 gauge shells and an Ideal reloader and measure complete, I wish to load them with this Ballistite and would be greatly obliged to you if you will kindly instruct me as to the proper amount to use.

Sisson, Cal. A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER: The loads recommended by the makers and endorsed by all prominent shooters are as follows, for all games, in both Banistite (dense) and the new Empire (bulk) powders respectively: Ballistite—28 gauge, 14 grains, ⅝ oz. shot; 24 gauge, 16 grains, ¾ oz. shot; 20 gauge, 16 grains, ¾ oz. shot; 20 gauge, 18 grains, ⅞ oz. shot; 16 gauge, 20 grains, ⅞ to 1 oz. shot; 16 gauge, 22 grains, 1 oz. shot; 12 gauge, field shooting, 22 to 24 grains, 1 to 1⅛ oz. shot; 12 gauge target and upland shooting, 24 and 25 grains, 1⅛ to 1 3-16 or 1¼ oz. shot; 12 gauge, pigeon and duck shooting, 26 to 28 grains, 1⅛, 1 3-16 or 1¼ oz. shot; 10 gauge, general field shooting, 26 grains, 1⅛ to 1¼ oz. shot; 10 gauge, target and general shooting, 28 grains, 1⅛ to 1¼ oz. shot; 10 gauge, pigeon and duck shooting, 30 grains, 1⅛ to 1¼ oz. shot; 8 gauge duck and goose shooting, 44 or 45 grains, 1¾ oz. shot. Use any of the various makes and grades of shells now manufactured with proper primers and ¾ base (high base), adapted to Ballistite, such as "Leader ¾ Base," "Premier," "Acme," "Repeater ¾ Base," "High Gun," "Monarch," etc. With any combination of Black Edge, Pink Edge, White Felt, Express, or All Black Edge, or all Pink Edge, All Black Edge Alone, one size larger than bore of gun, we highly recommend in relation to a tough and hard unlubricated wad, first on powder such as "Nitro Card," "Smokeless Card," "Grease Proof Card," etc. All wads with the exception of the first wad on powder, to be from one-half to one size larger than gauge of gun. Seat wads squarely and firmly but with light pressure. Crimp not less than 3-16 nor more than 5-16 inch. Round crimp by preference.

Empire—28 gauge, 1¾ drams, ⅝ oz. shot; 24 gauge, 2 drams, ¾ oz. shot; 20 gauge, 2 drams, ¾ oz. shot; 20 gauge, 2¼ drams, ⅞ oz. shot; 16 gauge, 2½ drams, ⅞ to 1 oz. shot; 16 gauge, 2¾ drams, 1 oz. shot; 12 gauge, field shooting, 2½ to 3 drams, 1 to 1⅛ oz. shot; 12 gauge, target and upland shooting, 3 to 3⅛ drams, 1⅛, 1 3-16 or 1¼ oz. shot; 12 gauge, pigeon and duck shooting, 3 to 3½ drams, 1⅛, 1 3-16 or 1¼ oz. shot; 10 gauge, general field shooting, 3¼ to 3½ drams, 1⅛ to 1¼ oz. shot; 10 gauge, target and general upland shooting, 3½ drams, 1⅛ to 1¼ oz. shot; 10 gauge, pigeon and duck shooting, 3¾ drams, 1⅛ to 1¼ oz. shot; 8 gauge, duck and goose shooting, 5½ drams, 1¾ oz. shot. Use any of the various makes and grades of shells now manufactured with proper primers, such as "Leader," "Magic," "Ideal," "Challenge," "Repeater," "New Victor," or similar grades. With any combination of Black Edge, Ping Edge, White Felt, Express, or All Black Edge or All Pink Edge, All Black Edge alone, one size larger than bore of gun, we highly recommend with a tough and hard unlubricated wad, first on powder, such as "Nitro Card," "Smokeless Card," "Grease Proof Card," etc. All wads to be same size as gauge of gun and seated squarely and firmly on powder with good pressure. The standard crimp should be ¼ inch, but never more than 5-16 or less than 3-16 inch, and crimp down firmly (round crimp by preference.)

* * *

Are the new metal boats dependable under all conditions? That is, will they not corrode in the brackish and salt water of our State? I am particularly impressed with the Mullins boats advertised in your magazine but don't want to buy a pig in a poke.

Moss Landing, Cal. J. M. LLOYD.

ANSWER: The Mullins metal boats, particularly those constructed of manganese bronze, are entirely reliable under the conditions you quote and we unhesitatingly recommend them without qualification. The writer has had quite an extended experience with both the "Get There" (duck) and "Bustle" (standard) models and has no hesitation in saying that they are the best small craft he has ever used in a long aquatic experience. We advise you to write the makers, who will be glad to answer all inquiries and give extended and reliable information.

* * *

Although it is a little out of your line, I am emboldened to ask you—and take chances on the result—how can I restore the polish on some opals which have become dim and greasy looking by wear? I have a great many specimens of fine opals, Hungarian, Australian and Mexican, some of which are very roughly and unsatisfactorily polished, and I want to "bring them up." I will greatly appreciate the courtesy of a reply through your "Query" columns.

La Paz, Mex. A. J. BODWIN.

ANSWERS To restore the polish of opals, and give your roughened specimens a fine finish, it is advised by a leading lapidary that you rub the tarnished or roughened surfaces with oxide of tin ("putty powder") on a piece of chamois skin wet. Finish with refined chalk, also on wet chamois skin, then wash with a soft brush and water. With a little care mounted specimens may thus be entirely restored without removal from the settings.

* * *

How can I keep my guns from rusting when not in use? Try as I will with the so-called "rust preventers," the result after a few weeks' standing in this humid air is a very fine coating of brick-red rust. Can you suggest some absolutely reliable method to preserve our guns? "EMPIRE."

Parajo, Cal.

ANSWER: The method in vogue on the Atlantic seaboard is to smear the arms inside and out with a grease composed of ¼ oz. mercurial ointment mixed with 8 oz. of sweet, unsalted hog's lard. A recipe recommended very highly by a friend in the Currituck Club is: ½ oz. camphor dissolved in 1 lb. of hog's lard by gentle heat. Take off the resulting scum and mix in as much powdered graphite as will give the mixture an iron color. Smear thoroughly inside and out with the above and leave stand untouched for twenty-four hours. Then wipe it off clean (but not too hard) with a soft linen cloth. Any kind of polished steel and iron so treated will keep clean and perfectly preserved for at least six months.

* * *

As an ardent fisherman I am very much interested in the most excellent series of articles on "Trout Lore," by Mr. Brvan Haywood, now running in your magazine. I trust that the series will be continued for some time to come, as I have positively enjoyed every line so far printed. It is quite evident that Mr. Haywood is "on to his job" and that he has yet "much up his sleeve" that I sincerely hope you may be able to tempt him to disgorge for the benefit of the gentle brotherhood. I would be glad of the assurance that we will be so favored and will promise Mr. H—— ahead the best mounted specimen of S. Irideus that California waters will afford if he will only "do it some more."

Alameda, Cal. A BROTHER FISHERMAN.

I am making an aquarium out of plate glass and am at a loss how to cement the plates composing it. I want a cement that will not only stay hard—and stick—under water, but one that will also resist salt water as well. Can you recommend some formulæ?

Los Angeles, Cal. "AQUARIUM."

ANSWER: Take 10 parts, by measure, of litharge, 10 parts plaster of Paris, 10 parts dry white sand, 1 part finely powdered resin. Sift them together very intimately and mix them when wanted for use, into a rather stiff putty with sufficient boiled linseed oil. This will firmly adhere to wood, stone, metal or glass, and hardens under water. It effectually resists sea and salt water and even weak acids. Allow it to set undisturbed for at least three days after cementing, so as to insure perfect results.

* * *

I have a number of sporting pictures, both engravings and colored prints, which are fading and otherwise deteriorating. Is there any way to obviate this—by a wash of some kind, a varnish, or etc?

AN ADMIRER OF WESTERN FIELD.

Monterey, Cal.

ANSWER: Dissolve 2½ oz. of shellac in 1 pint of 90 per cent alcohol. Boil for a few minutes with 5 oz. of well burned and recently heated animal charcoal. A small portion should be then trial filtered and if not colorless more charcoal must be added. When all color is removed press the liquor through a piece of silk and afterward filter through fine blotting paper. Coat the paintings, prints, etc., with this, in a room free from dust, having a temperature of at least 60 degrees F. It dries in a few minutes without chill or bloom, is particularly applicable to drawings and prints that have been sized, oil paintings, etc., etc., as it brings out the colors in purest effect. It resists damp and mildew and is applicable wherever any best value hard spirit varnish is desired.

A CHARMING CONTEMPORARY.

THE February number of *Sunset* is a very beautiful example of modern book-making and deserves to be bound in a cover as substantial as its present outer dress is unique and effective. Admitting that there is much in exceptionally favorable opportunity, it must be a matter of congratulation to the S. P. R. R. Co., in particular, as well as to California journalism in general, that Manager Horsburgh and Editor Aiken have so resultfully made the most of theirs. In point of mechanical excellence the present issue leaves nothing to be desired, while the literary quality of the contained matter is above par. *Sunset* has long ago achieved an international reputation for the number and artistic excellence of its illustrations, which are equalled by but few cotemporaries in the world, and it has the enviable knack of always making good the expectations of its friends, each month showing a decided improvement where seemingly the possibility did not exist. It is indubitably the best printed and best illustrated magazine issued in America

TRADE TOPICS

NEW GUN WADDING.

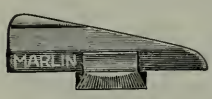
The new self-lubricating wadding made by the Graphine Gun Wad Co., of Muncie, Ind., is exciting very favorable comment among sportsmen who have been giving it quite an extensive trial in the East. The results from its use as deduced by a famous trap and field shot and communicated to us in an interview recently are that a Graphine gun wad loaded between the two black edge wads will mash and melt, applying a non-combustible lubrication in the barrel at every shot.

This special non-combustible lubrication makes a gas-tight, non-friction wadding that will prevent the leading or fouling of the gun barrel The recoil is greatly reduced, the patterns are condensed and more even, the velocity is higher and the pressure in the gun lower and more regular, and the penetration is consequently better because the full force of the powder is kept behind the shot.

Results with black powder showed that this wad will produce wonderful results in a black powder load. It showed an average of 46 more pellets at 40 yards in 25 consecutive shots; even patterns against "patchy" patterns; a clean gun barrel against a barrel fouled twelve inches, and fully fifty per cent less recoil. These wads are made in all gauges and thicknesses and free samples will be cheerfully supplied on application.

NEW MARLIN SIGHT.

The Marlin Firearms Co. has evolved a decided improvement on their well known old "Rocky Mountain" front sight for rifles, whose salient features are well shown in the appended illustrations. The manufacturers claim that it has all the advantages of an ivory bead sight and is without doubt more serviceable as it is made stronger and has no ivory or small parts that are easily broken. The blade is made of a good quality German silver and is one piece only. The base is strong and being made standard size will fit on any rifle with standard sight slot. Can be used with either an open or peep sight. This sight when in use appears bright if the background is dark; if the background is light the sight appears dark. It is made in four hights: low, medium, high and extra high to suit all possible requirements, and will be regularly furnished on all Marlin rifles fitted with Rocky Mountain sights.



DEPENDABLE SPORTING GOODS.

The Draper & Maynard Co., Plymouth, N. H., manufacturers of the well known D & M. brand of sporting goods, are very busy on their line of baseball supplies for 1903. They have added a fine assortment of baseball clothing, which the dealers are taking quite an interest in.

The large three-story addition, built last fall, enables them to double their capacity and orders are turned out with despatch.

It is no wonder the D. & M. line is becoming so popular and the demand therefor growing every day, for one is readily convinced of the superiority when they examine the qualities and notice the fine workmanship. Their catalogue may be had for the asking, and local patrons can inspect a full line of this famous product at the establishment of The Brunette Co., 459-461 Mission street, San Francisco, who are the Coast representatives of this famous factory and who will be glad to extend all courtesies to visiting sportsmen and the trade.

* * *

NEW IDEAL BULLETS.

We illustrate herewith two new bullets of especial interest to riflemen using the .33 and .35 caliber Winchester rifles, which have recently been perfected by the celebrated Ideal Mfg. Co., of New Haven, Conn., who are noted for the assiduity of their labors in behalf of the sporting fraternity as well as for the high accuracy of their product. - The Ideal Co., in describing these bullets, says:

"The illustrations show that the design of these new bullets is on the same lines as the now well known Kephart bullet, which was brought out by us some four or five years ago. Time and use have proved this design to be one of merit. The wide bands present sufficient metal to hold well to the rifling, thus preventing what is known as stripping. They also prevent gas cutting and thus leading the barrel which is one of the greatest causes of inaccuracy and unreliability

336237

358238

"The broad grooves hold sufficient grease to insure proper lubrication of the barrel, and the front groove when filled presents lubrication first to the barrel instead of lead, and the sharp edge of the front band acts as a scraper which removes the residum from the barrel and deposits it in the front groove, carrying it out of the barrel with the bullet, thus lessening the liability of fouling.

"The .33 and .35 caliber cartridge shells are known as the bottle-necked type. The stright muzzle portion or neck is short in these particular shells. The base of a bullet should never be seated in bottle-neck shells beyond the straight portion of the neck.

"The illustrations show two different bullets. No. 336237 is for the .33 caliber. The 195 grain bullet is for medium range, and should be seated in the shell only deep enough to just cover the two base bands, the other two bands and grooves remaining beyond the muzzle of the shell. The three bands present a good long bearing in the rifling for such a length of bullet, assuring steady flight. The 145 grain will be found fine for short range. It is seated in the barrel only deep enough to cover the two base bands.

"Bullet No. 358238 is for the .35 caliber, and the two weights are to be used same as specified above for the .33 caliber.

"No. 3 special tool ONLY will be made for these cartridges. For the .33 caliber there will be three different chambers: ONE for long range, which will be for seating the regular metal patched bullets, full mantle or soft nose; ONE for medium range for bullet No. 336237-195 grains; and ONE for short range for bullet No. 336237--145 grains.

"The same complement will be made for the .35 caliber, and as the .35 caliber is identical with the .38 long and .38 Smith & Wesson, we will make extra chambers when ordered for seating any of these bullets that are illustrated in our catalogue. When ordering No. 3 special tool, specify for what bullet the chamber with the tool is wanted, and when ordering mould designate bullet by number, and be sure and give the weight that is wanted."

* * *

THE BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES.

The first of these institutions was established in May, 1878, and there are now nearly two hundred schools in the principal cities of Europe and America. They are under the personal supervision of Professor M. D. Berlitz, seconded by most capable directors, themselves experienced teachers of languages.

The pupil is surrounded as nearly as possible by all the conditions of residence in a foreign country. He fairly breathes the atmosphere of the nation whose language he is studying. During school hours he hears and speaks nothing but the tongue he is acquiring. His teachers are natives of the country whose language they teach and he is accustomed from the very beginning to make practical use of the words and phrases he learns. This system is especially effective with children.

* * *

TAKING CARE OF FAITHFUL EMPLOYES.

A noteworthy incident of the recent coal famine in the East was the action of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., in giving each of its 3,000 employes the opportunity of purchasing a ton of coal at cost. The company brought to its special yards, direct from the mines, several trains loaded with coal, which was allotted to the workmen at a cost of about $7 a ton. It was gobbled up like free jewelry, and the company proposes to secure a fresh supply when needed.

* * *

A COMMENDABLE CUSTOM.

The Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, annually calls its salesmen together at Cincinnati for general conference. The event this year occurred on January 12th, the men coming from different parts of the country. On the following day the company entertained its employees by a theater party. On January 14th the employees visited the factory of the company at King's Mills, Ohio, making a close inspection of the large plant. The party was taken there and brought back on a special car, dinner being served at King's Mills. In the evening a banquet was given at the Business Men's Club, Cincinnati, at which gathering were the officers of the company, the traveling representatives and a few guests. O. E. Peters, President of the company, was master of ceremonies. At this banquet a novel menu card prepared by Linn R. Myers, cashier of the company, was presented. It is as follows:

MENU.

Blue Points in the Shell
High Gun Style
Loaded Olives, Radishes, all Guages
Celery a la Peters Salesmen
Puree of Tomato, Rim Fire
Red Snapper a la Competitors
Chicken Croquettes, Special Wadding
Peas, No. 8 Buck
Sherbeting
Roast Lubricating Tenderloin,
a la Mushroom
French Fried Potatoes, Waterproofed
Asparagus Salad, Extra Long
Chilled Cream
Cake, Pink Edge, Assorted Sizes
Ideal Cheese, Crackers, Extra Loud
Battery Cup Coffee
League Cigars—Not Smokeless
Light Recoil

The next day, January 15th, a smoker was given by the company at the Business Mens' Club, Cincinnati, on which occasion F. C. Tuttle, treasurer of the company, was master of ceremonies. On this occasion salesmen only were present. On the following day, January 16th, luncheon was given to the representatives of the company by the Cincinnati Gun Club, after which a shooting contest was indulged in.

The custom of the Peters Cartridge Co. in bringing its traveling representatives together each year is productive of considerable good to all concerned. It enables the employees to understand correctly the particulars of the manufacture of the great product of this company, and maintains harmonious relations between employers and employees, which is conducive to success in business.

* * *

The Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., announces that notwithstanding the large supply of calendars for 1903 it ordered and received, the edition has been exhausted and the company will be unable to fill any more mail orders.

"THE BED OF ALL BEDS."

The H. E. Skinner Co., of this city, whose advertisement appears elsewhere, have recently taken the agency of the Pneumatic Mattress & Cushion Company's products. They make from the very best rubber, single, three-quarter and double mattresses, camp mattresses and cushions, also pillows of every form. These goods, in addition to being very durable, are the most practical and comfortable of any of their kind, and are very largely used in hospitals and similar institutions in all of the largest Eastern cities.

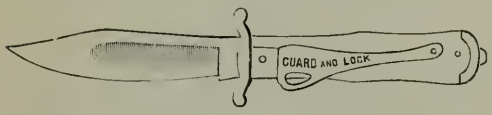
Mr. Kenniff, who has charge of this department, will be pleased to show these samples to yourself or representative and will gladly mail to all interested a booklet illustrating these goods.

They also carry in stock, imported direct from the growers in Europe, the very best quality of Silk Worm Gut in all sizes, for sutures. They have supplied this article to many of the leading surgeons for years, and are bringing it to public attention because it is not generally known that they keep it in stock.

* * *

SOME MARBLE TRICKS.

Among the thousand and one devices invented for the amenity of sportsmen few are as valuable and come so near to filling the bill of actual satisfaction as the "hunters' tricks" devised and supplied by the Marble Safety Axe Co., of Gladstone, Mich. Their well known safety pocket axes have enjoyed such a familiar and universal adoption by sportsmen that anything more than a passing mention of them would be superfluous. Like all other Marble products, they have the faculty of speaking for themselves after a fashion beloved of the guild. Passing likewise their now justly famous line of ordinary hunting knives, including the one devised by that prince of big game hunters, Dal De Weese, and which bears his name, we are compelled to chronicle an entirely new departure that will ingratiate itself in hunters' good graces at first sight. We refer to the new Marble's Safety Pocket Knife.



Many hunters object to the size of the ordinary hunting knife. They want the weight and power—the quality and finish—but they want it in the pocket and not at the belt in a sheath.

To meet the wants of this class a knife of original design and construction has been evolved. It is as beautiful, as staunch and as trustworthy as their celebrated Ideal Hunting Knives and is covered by the same guarantee. It has a long heavy blade which closes into a short handle. At first blush this looks like an impossibility. It has been accomplished by using a guard which is at the same time a lock which holds the blade perfectly rigid and absolutely prevents it from closing while it is in use. When the blade is closed into the handle it serves as a guard which protects the blade and at the same time furnishes a ring by which the knife may be suspended from a hook at the belt if desired. The cuts herewith show the construction better than any description.

Unlike every other folding hunting knife, it cannot work loose and become unsafe through wear. The blade is made from the very best quality of razor steel. The handle is of steel with hard rubber side plates molded into beautiful and appropriate designs. It is presently made with five-inch blade, weight 8 ounces, but we understand it will be offered in all dimensions to suit the demand.

THE GOLFER'S HEADQUARTERS.

Clabrough, Golcher and Co., 538 Market street, this city, are showing what they claim to be the most complete line of golfing goods ever offered to Coast golfers. This concern has long been regarded as headquarters for these goods and they are presently conserving the tradition, if one may judge by the great profusion of appliances heaped up in their elegant store, and by the pleased expressions on the faces of the throng of patrons one always encounters there.

The cleanness of the stock and the desirability of the selection is owing doubtlessly to the fact that all the firm members and their attendants are practical and enthusiastic golfers of long experience, who know exactly what is required for the best work and most suited to the local conditions. Everything of value pertaining to the ancient and royal game may be found here in quantity, affording a range of gratification of individual taste and requirements not obtainable elsewhere.

Their stock of new fishing supplies deserve a more than passing comment, comprising as it does all that is new, modern and approved in the way of anglers' furnishment. It is safe to say that the devotee of the gentle art who cannot find his account in the endless profusion of flies, hooks, reels, lines, rods, etc., shown at Clabrough & Golcher's need seek no further in this territory; and if his needs embrace the information as to where to go to secure sport of any kind—from bait-minnow catching to the landing of a salmon or the harpooning of a whale, Otto Feudner and his able assistants will prove a veritable gold mine for his working.

* * *

THE HAZARD'S CHANGE OF BASE.

When the principal offices of the Hazard Powder Company were recently removed from New York City to Wilmington, Delaware, a branch office was opened at New Yok, in care of Messrs. Lequin & Lentilhon, agents. This branch has temporarily relieved the general offices of the care of sales. As they are now well established at the new location, the New York branch office was discontinued on January 31, 1903. All correspondence and orders for Hazard powder should, after January 17th, be addressed to General Sales Department, the Hazard Powder Company, Wilmington, Delaware.

* * *

A VALUABLE MEDIUM.

We are particularly glad to testify to the value of our sprightly little cotemporary, *American Ornithology,* as an advertising medium. We have received more returns from our advertisement in this journal than from all other combined sources of our trial, hundreds of inquiries coming from foreign lands, showing the wide plain of the Bird Magazine's circulation. In addition to its merits as a business medium it is also a very fine example of good book-making and absolutely lacks nothing either in mechanical or literary execution. We cordially recommend *American Ornithology* to our readers and to the advertising trade. It is a class journal that is virtually in a class by itself. It is published at Worcester, Mass., and sample copies may be had by application to Charles K. Reed at that address.

* * *

A SOUTHERN EMPORIUM.

Whether you are a camper, yachtsman, ranchman, prospector, miner or sportsman—anybody, in short, who is in need of the best paraphernalia required to round out sport on land and sea—you can have your wants supplied by the Wm. H. Hoegee Co., of Los Angeles, Cal., who, by way of illustration, have over 90,000 square feet of floor room devoted entirely to hunting, sporting and marine goods and bicycles, at their elegant and commodious esctablishment at 138-142 South Main street, in the Southern metropolis. They are the largest manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers in their line on the whole Western Seaboard, and have a reputation for prompt, efficient and satisfactory service not exceeded in America. They have our unqualified recommendation, and we earnestly advise our readers to give them the fullest consideration whenever in need of anything which pertains to sports either land or aquatic.

JNO. C. ALBERT, *Editor.*

THE automobile show at Madison Square Garden, New York, which began January 17th and ended January 24th, has been a big surprise in the enthusiasm created and the general interest taken by the public. The actual sales of automobiles for the week are reported as amounting to $2,200,000. The event has far outstripped the horse show in attendance and is claimed to closely rival the latter as a social event.

The next automobile show following the New York is the one to be held at the Coliseum, Chicago, February 14th to 21st. Following this, the next automobile show of importance is planned to be held at the Mechanics Pavilion, San Francisco, the first week in April. It is expected that all of the leading makers will have exhibits at the San Francisco show by that time, and in addition to the automobile show, a general sportsmen's show will be held. It is believed the San Francisco show will prove a great aid in increasing the interest in automobiles on the Coast. The use of the automobile throughout the East and in Europe has increased at a much more rapid rate than in California, though the increase even here has been much greater than is generally supposed among people who are not posted upon the number of the popular makes in use.

* * *

Another event which is being talked of among automobile men, and which ought to prove of immense interest to the public, as it is one of the most reliable methods of judging of the merits of the different makes of automobiles, is a Reliability Contest of 100 miles around San Francisco Bay, starting at Oakland and ending in San Francisco. It is believed that such cars as the Winton, the White, the Packard, the Peerless, the Locomobile, the Mobile, and others which are represented on the Coast would be willing to enter such a contest and if it could be held under the auspices of the Automobile Club of California, with an impartial official observer on each wagon, the results would be of immense value to the buying public in addition to the data of the reliability contests which have been held in the East during the past year.

Rockett, Photo. E. COURTNEY FORD'S WINTON.

* * *

The influence of the French type of automobile on American construction is more in evidence in the 1903 models than ever before. Most of the leading makers of both steam and gasoline cars are following French lines and building carriages with tonneau, to carry four passengers. It may be open to question as to whether many of these machines are the best types for American roads, but since the public want a machine on French lines, the manufacturer seems inclined to accommodate them.

* * *

Winthrop E. Scarritt, who was toastmaster at a banquet of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, on the

night of January 23d, speaking of relief for congested streets, had the following to say:

"Take the present congested condition of our streets in this great city. Think what it would mean if self-propelled cars could be substituted for horse-drawn vehicles. First, it would mean clean and sanitary streets. This reason alone would be sufficient to justify the exchange. Second, consider the additional space that would be saved if all the horses on our streets were instantly removed. That would mean practically doubling the width of the streets. Third, it takes a horse-drawn truck one hour to drive from the Battery up Broadway to Forty-second street. A motor car would do this in exactly one-half the time and carry double the load. That would be equivalent to taking out of the streets one-half of all the vehicles all the time. What a Godsend this would be to our congested city, and what is true here would apply in a lesser degree perhaps to all the cities of our country.

"I do not believe that the wildest dreamer of us has for a single moment gotten the faintest glimpse of the great place the automobile is to fill in our modern life. The coming of the motor car is to mark an epoch in civilization as did the discovery of steam, the sewing machine, the electric telegraph and the telephone. You, gentlemen, are laying the foundation of a structure whose massive walls and towering minarets will some day be seen and known and appreciated by all men.

"What makes the blood of the Anglo-Saxon tingle with such unspeakable delight as to be on a clear highway, with a June sky above him and a magnificent motor car beneath him, which, obedient to his will, with the touch of the lever enables him to spurn the earth and speed away upon the wings of the wind into the alluring delights of country life and country air.

"But it is not in the round of pleasure, beautiful and attractive as this may be, that the greatest usefulness of the self-propelled vehicle is to be found. It is in the line of commercial life, in carrying burdens between two fixed points with economy, with speed, with comfort, that is not now known or dreamed of.

"Life is too serious to play away;

WHITE STEAM CARRIAGES UNDER PALMS, MISSION SAN JOSE.

but you are not engaged in play. You are engaged in a Herculean task and many and bitter are the disappointments which have come to you in the development of your work. But I congratulate you that the dawn of the day is at hand, that above the eastern hilltops even now shines the roseate tints of coming success. The night is gone. The King of Day is at hand. Soon in his meridian splendor he will be shedding his beneficent light on all the earth."

* * *

The Director of the Office of Public Road Inquiries, U. S. Department of Agriculture, has during the past three years co-operated with the local authorities in many different States in building short sections of object-lesson roads. In this work it is intended not only to contribute something by way of co-operation on the part of the general government, but also to secure co-operation on the part of as many different interests connected with the road question as possible. The local community having the road built is most largely interested and is expected to furnish the common labor and domestic material. The railroad companies generally co-operate, because they are interested in having better roads to and from their railroad stations. They, therefore, contribute by transporting, free or at very low rates, the machinery and such foreign material as is needed in the construction of the road. The manufacturers of earth-handling and road-building machinery co-operate by furnishing all needed machinery for the most economical construction of the road, and in many cases prison labor is used in preparing material which finally goes into the completed roadbed. The contribution which the general government makes in this scheme of co-operation is both actually and relatively small, but it is by means of this limited co-operation that it has been possible to produce a large number of object-lesson roads in different States. These have proved very beneficial, not only in showing the scientific side of the question, but the economical side as well.

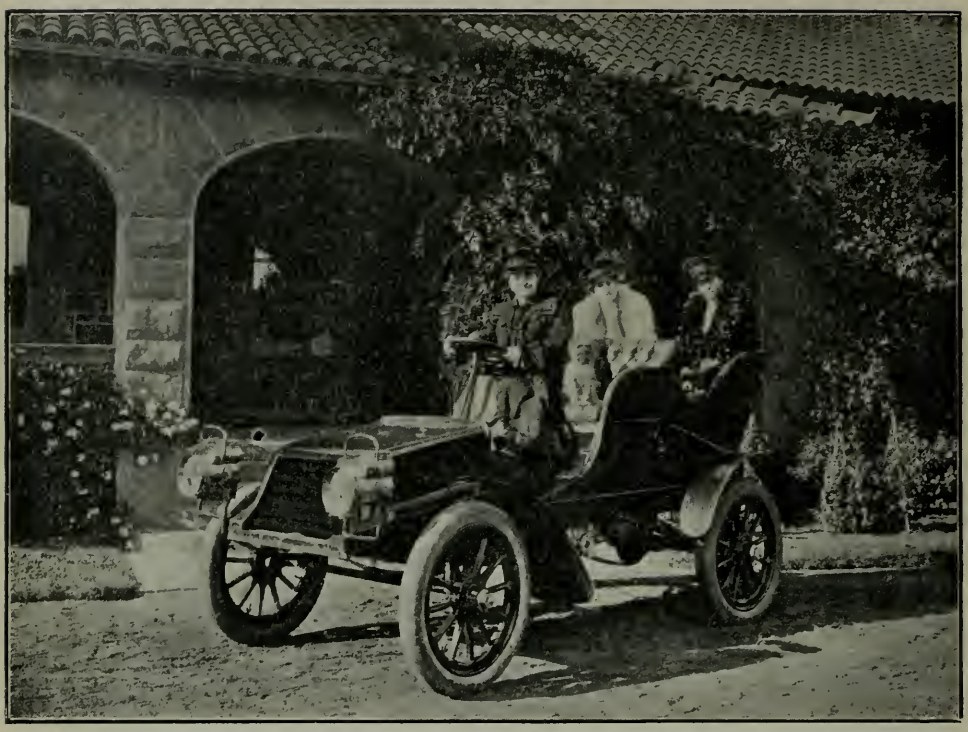
In the year 1900 object-lesson roads were built under the direction of the Office of Public Road Inquiries, near Port Huron, Saginaw and Traverse City, Mich.; Springfield, Ill., and Topeka, Kan. Since that time the object-lesson roads so built have been

NOT AN "OBJECT LESSON" ROAD.

extended and duplicated by the local authorities without further aid from the government. The people are so well pleased with the results of these experiments that they are making preparations for additional extensions, aggregating many miles.

During the year 1901 sample object-lesson roads were built on a larger scale in co-operation with the Illinois Central, Lake Shore and Southern Railroad Companies, and the National Association for Good Roads, in the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennesee, Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia. In all of these cases the co-operation has been very hearty on the part of the State, the county and the municipality in which the work has been done, and the results have been very satisfactory and beneficial.

Rockett, Photo. ROUNDING A CURVE AT SPEED.



Rockett, Photo. MISS MARGARET SYLVA AT WHEEL, TOURING LOCOMOBILE.

We quote below the speech of Mr. Simeon Ford of New York, at the annual banquet of the Automobile Club of America, at the Waldorf-Astoria during the recent Automobile Show. Mr. Ford is an enthusiastic motorist and is also a never-failing source of delight as an after-dinner speaker. This speech was intended to be humorous, but there are many early users of the automobile in California who, when they recall some of their experiences in the past, will fail to see the joke.

Mr. Ford said he had read in one of the dailies that he was expected to "touch lightly upon the automobile." "I don't know why it was assumed that we would 'touch lightly' upon the automobile," he said. "The Honorable Speaker, Job Hedges, being a lawyer, would naturally 'touch' anything he came in contact with, but not necessarily lightly. I, being a hotel-keeper, get 'touched' by the public right along, but do very little 'touching' myself. My business is melancholy but not 'touching.' I would much rather 'touch lightly' on the automobile, however, than have the automobile 'touch lightly' on me—and that's no joke! Our streets have always been hard enough to navigate, heaven knows, but nowadays with the electric trolleys and automobiles added pedestrianism has degenerated into a mere succession of frenzied leaps and convulsive stops and our progress to and fro is like that of a startled fawn, which

'Bounds from crag to crag,
Hearing the hunters' horn.'

"Shakespeare, who was up-to-date and a little ahead of it, said:

'No man means evil but the devil,
And we shall know him by his horns.'

"This eternal horn-blowing is a nuisance and a nerve-destroying crime and is unnecessary and silly. I have noticed that the smaller the auto, the bigger the horn. To hear one of these little tin wash-boilers, with a one-horse power engine and a twelve-horse power horn and a twenty-mule power driver coming down the avenue, you'd suppose that Gabriel with his trump had broken loose at last, and when you look up expecting to see a trump you see nothing but a two-spot.

"I don't claim that every man who runs an auto is a jackass, but I do claim that

every jackass runs an auto. I run one myself. The first machine I looked at was small, simple and inexpensive. It had but one cylinder. The salesman said that was an advantage. He said a four-cylinder engine would get out of order four times as often. This machine had a handle on the side like a barrel organ. He showed me how to make it go fast and slow and stop and start, and all the while the machine stood on the floor. A child of ten years could run it, he said. 'Now if you want to get out of a tight place,' he said, 'get a sudden move on, you touch this lever called the accelerator.' With that he touched it and with that something went wrong with the handle I have alluded to and it spun around and smote him violently in the abdomen. When he came to I told him a child of ten might run the machine all right, but the child would need a very strong stomach.

"I made up my mind that a gasoline machine was the thing to buy. There was power, simple and direct. It ran by a series of explosions. That appealed to me at once. That's the way my hotel on Park Avenue has been run during the past year—by a series of explosions of dynamite by the tunnel people and a series of explosions of profanity on the part of myself and my few remaining boarders. Every auto I thought of buying all my friends assured me was no good, and in the light of subsequent experiences I guess they were right. Finally, on my own responsibility I bought that lovely lobster-pink creation in which I may be seen most any pleasant day now running merrily through the park or streets and anon sitting reposefully while my chauffeur, assisted by the populace, explores the vitals of the machine, looking for trouble. I remember when I was a boy I saw and admired at Barnum's Museum a working model of an engine all made of glass, but I never dreamed I should own one. I am getting proud of my machine. I think it holds the record for having traveled fewer miles in a given time than any other yet devised. My engine will break when standing motionless on the barn floor, simply through the power of gravitation. It is operated by a skilled mechanic and costs me as much per month as it would to run the steam yacht Corsair, but it has one merit—I never wander so far from my own fireside but I can easily walk back. I have worn out six sets of hinges in the hood, peering at the engine to see what was busted. I used to get out and help the chauffeur look, until one day when we were both hidden behind the hood a sneak thief carried off my fur robes. Now I just sit back and listen to the jeers of the populace and sigh to think of the happy times gone by, when I used to travel on the street cars and get to my destination the same day."

Rockett. Photo. TOURING CAR AT MISSION SAN JOSE.

E. P. Brinegar, the manager of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific, is making a tour of the East, adding new and up-to-date lines to their already extensive line of agencies.

* * *

Mr. F. A. Hyde, president of the Automobile Club of California, has placed an order for a 1903 touring car that will run fifty miles an hour. We can't help wondering what Mr. Hyde, the conservative advocate of moderate speed limits, means to do with his new "King of the Road."

* * *

Henri Fournier, the French racing champion, and Alexander Winton, who holds the official American track record for one mile (though we believe his best time has been beaten by Barney Oldfield of Detroit, Mich., the latter's time not having been officially allowed), have signed an agreement for a series of three track races of twenty-five miles each, for the American championship and a thousand dollar cup. The first race is to be run Saturday, July 25, 1903, at the Empire City track, Yonkers, New York.

Rockett, Photo.

ALONG THE RUSSIAN RIVER.

AUTO SONG.

THE dewdrops sleep in the wayside grass,
The clover is flinging its rare boquet;
The cowslips nod as we flashing pass,
And the birds are singing our souls away.
The road lies white like a strip of steel—
We spin our course like the line from reel—
A rabbit darts from our glancing wheel,
All on a summer's morning.
Then it's aye, my dear, nor stay, my dear,
We'll mount our seats and away, my dear!

The sun caresses our gallant steeds,
We follow the birds in their dizzy flight;
A partridge pipes from the shady reeds
And the wild rose smiles from its hedgy height;
And what care we for the city's maze?
But give us the quiet country ways,
An auto, a maid and the golden days,
And love all the world adorning.
Then its oh, my dear, sing ho, my dear,
As over the country we go, my dear!

Maude E. Smith Hymers.

Wm. H. Hoegee Co.
SPORTING GOODS

IF YOU'RE A CAMPER

90,000 SQUARE FT. DEVOTED TO HUNTING GOODS, SPORTING GOODS, MARINE GOODS AND BICYCLES.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

YACHTSMAN
RANCHMAN
PROSPECTOR
MINER OR
SPORTSMAN;

We can interest you. We are the largest Manufacturers, Wholesalers and Retailers in our line on the Coast.

Canvas Goods to Order at Factory Prices.

138-140-142 SO. MAIN STREET
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A REMINGTON HAMMERLESS GUN

GRADE K. MADE WITH REMINGTON BLUED STEEL BARRELS

For $25.00

Guaranteed for Nitro Powders

GRADE K E D, Made with Damascus Barrels and Automatic Ejector, $35.00

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ILION, N. Y.

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86-88 FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO
E. E. DRAKE, MANAGER

Ammunition

WINCHESTER

Rifles and Shotguns

Pacific Coast Agency: 127-135 FIRST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

A. MULLER, Agent

10 cts. APRIL, 1903 $1 a Year

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McGregor Socket Drivers and Brassies

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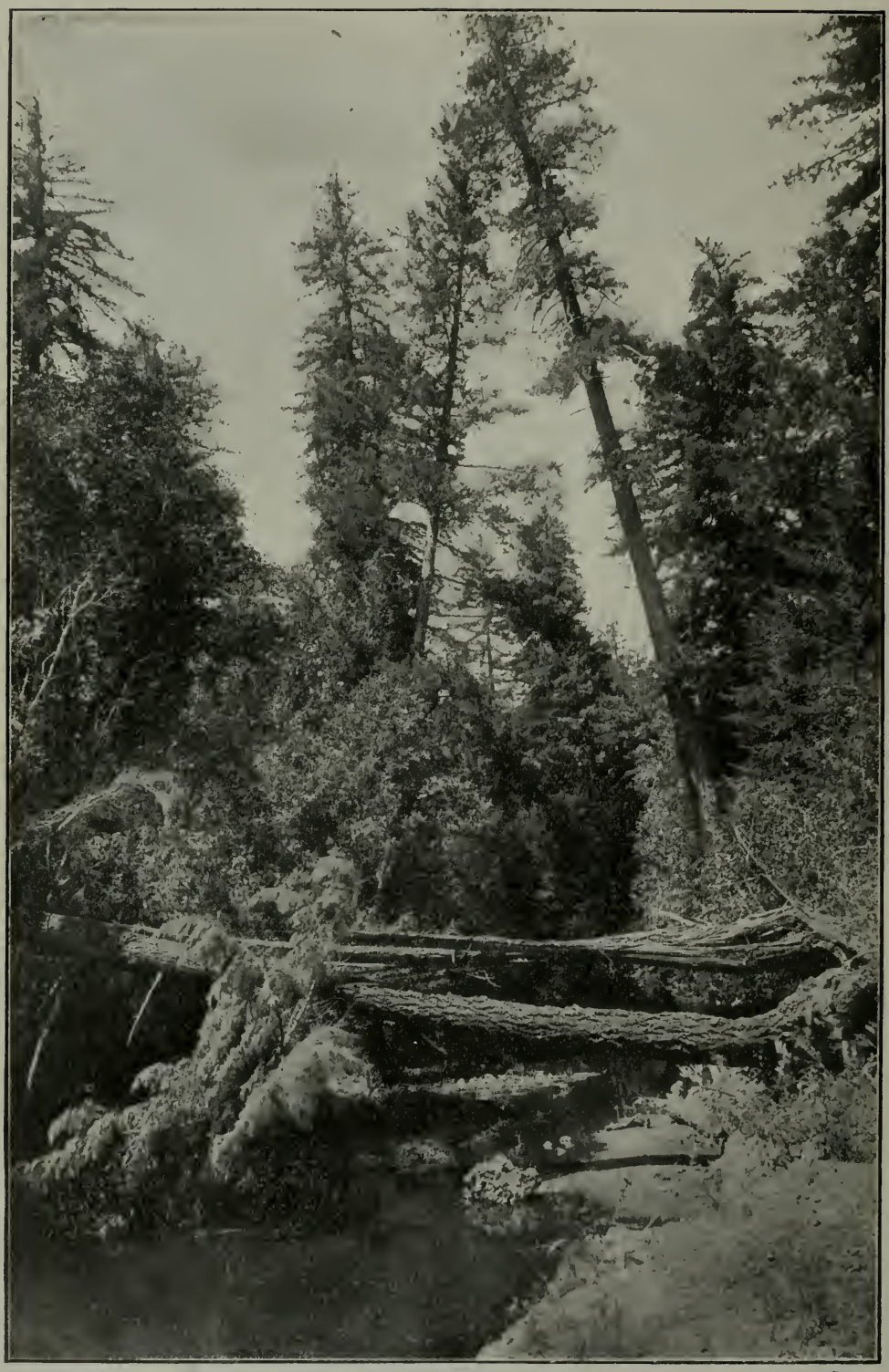


Photo by Weidner

AN INVITING POOL.

WESTERN FIELD.

Vol. 2. APRIL, 1903. No. 3.

RIDING A GRIZZLY.

By J. A. ("Jirky") Johnson.

ON THE Fourth day of July, 1901, I was winding my way along the divide of "Black Ridge," as it is called in Mexico. Tying my horse to a piñon tree I climbed to the top of a high rock and looked through my field glasses at the far-off mountains, which lay some 80 miles northeast. At the extreme north end of the great Plias Valley I could locate the monuments marking the boundary line between Old and New Mexico.

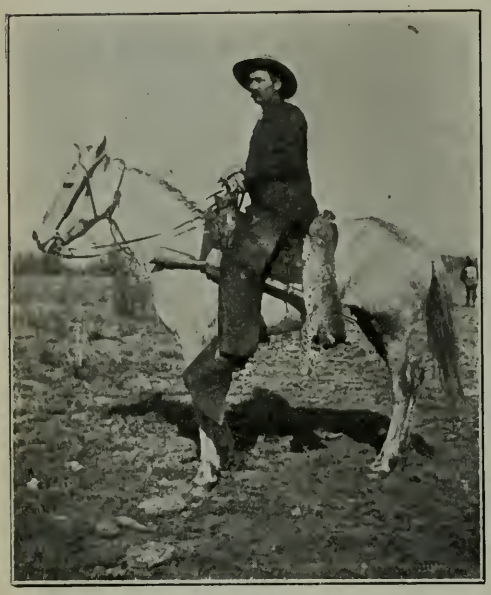
I resolved to follow the divide to the head of Devil's Cañon and then work my way down it, backward toward camp, along the foothills. In taking this circle I would gain a pretty good idea of how many "silver-tips" and grizzlies were in that neighborhood. So far prospects were good; I had already seen two different grizzly trails of a size that would make a tenderfoot think there were elephants loose in that country. My horse, "Screwdriver," was an Arizona outlaw pony a little bigger than a well-bred dog, but as tough as a boiled owl.

The lay of the rough country compelled me to lead him, as riding was out of the question. He followed very nicely until we came to a low sag in the ridge, where the elephant-like tracks were so fresh that the old pony showed signs of alarm. The track passed over to the west, about on a straight line with my camp.

"Now, this looks good to me!" I thought; "he is somewhere between here and camp and if he hasn't borne south I can follow him homewards and that will be killing two birds at one throw." On following the trail a short way the brush and rocks got impassible for the horse, so fastening the reins to the saddle horn I turned him loose. "Now take your choice, old boy," I said—and he did, losing no time in the making up of his mind, for he was out of sight on his back track in a few seconds.

A few hundred yards further on the brush got extremely thick and as the sun was not yet high enough the west side was quite dark under the heavy timber. I felt a little like I should have gone with the horse, for if it turned out to be an old sow bear going to her young I was very apt to get "up against the real stuff." But I realized how I had fought "Old Club Foot" in the Sierra Madres and "done her up." This bear was no larger and I had a "30" smokeless now, with expansive bullets, instead of the old style gun and black powder I used then, so I picked up courage and pushed my way along on hands and knees, always keeping my gun ahead of me. Presently I came to where the timber was taller and not so dense; I could begin to see a little way ahead, and finally I came to a stop at the root of a sapling live oak, where I found a bed just dug out of the loose moist dirt. The bear who dug it evidently had heard me coming and moved away. Carefully I again took the track, which showed he was walking slowly, evidently not being alarmed. I knew from experience I was very close; a bear almost always makes two or three beds and occupies each one a portion of the day in the summer season. As the sun changes he shifts his napping place to suit.

On a spur ridge, where the brush again got thick and was more short and stubby, with here and there high rocks that raised above the brush, the sun had already shone. I thought the bear was there and would remain till it got too warm for him, when he would return to his bed under the dark trees. I was right—but it got warm for him



"JIRKY" JOHNSON.

so quick that he didn't have time to think of his cool bed. As I climbed out on top of a rock to reconnoiter, I saw the old fellow about 40 yards below me, lying stretched out on a sloping rock; another rock between us hid his head and shoulders, but I saw I could shoot him through the ribs and give him a good body wound. It was the only chance, for if I left the rock I couldn't see him at all; so, contenting myself with that, for fear if he left the rock I might not see him at all, I drew as far ahead as I could and cut loose. I guess he thought lightning had struck him, for he was off that rock before I could throw in another cartridge. I could see the tops of the brush shake as he passed through them and he made several coughing bawls as he smashed down toward the cañon.

I went down and took his place on the rock. The bullet had gone through him and glanced off the rock; some meat that looked like bits of sausage and hair showed on the rock, but there was no blood. I knew within one inch of where he was hit, and while speculating as to how far he would go I heard another bawl from the bottom of the cañon about three hundred yards below. On following his trail I found on the brush on both sides of it stains of foamy blood, which indicated a lung shot. "When I overtake him," I thought, "I will have another Clubfoot turn!" I am always fairly good at guessing on bear, but here I guessed wrong!

When I struck the cañon about where I had heard him last I found more foamy blood on the rocks. He had followed down the creek bed and I knew he was only a short way ahead. I reckoned he would soon lie down and would perhaps be dead or nearly so when I found him. Soon I came to some water; he had just drank and gone, the rocks being wet where he left the water, which in the lower part of the pool showed a wine color. I was very thirsty, having left my canteen on the saddle, so, laying down my gun and hat, I got down on my hands and knees to drink from the upper edge of the pool. I had taken about three swallows when I heard a smashing in the brush behind me and, with a gurgling bawl, the bear was upon me.

My blood stopped circulating and curdled in every vein, and my heart went into my mouth as I jumped, frog-fashion, without taking time to get to my feet. Whether he ran over me and knocked me down or how it came about I cannot say, but my mouth was smashed severely and my wrists were badly skinned. Anyhow, when I got up it was behind the bear and before he could gather his clumsy energies I jumped on top of him and grabbed him by each side of the neck at the back part of the jaw. I clenched my fingers in his shaggy mane and yanked his head right or left as he would turn to bite me. He would get up with me and walk about on his hind feet and try to reach back with a fore paw for my legs and I had to keep side stepping mighty lively to keep clear of those ugly claws. I used to be called a good rough-and-tumble wrestler, but I felt I was overmatched here, and wished I was away a few yards with my gun (which we had wrestled over a half dozen times) in my hands, but I dared not let go. As my arms began to grow tired my rage began to rise, and grabbing his left ear in my teeth I chewed and hung to it like a bull pup; this made him "blat" and try me again with his backhand tactics, but I hung on and chewed away and breathed through my nose like a dog killing a racoon The next turn we took he went up the slope a little and then, making a quick back movement, he turned me partly under and we went clear over. I came out on top

again, but my shirt was torn and hanging down the bear's back. I had come out with his ear in my mouth, having chewed it off, and when it tore loose lost my mouth hold and he lost his left ear at the same time. I spit that great wad of chewed skin and hair out on the back of his neck as we again struck in the bottom of the creek; here he sunk down on his haunches and after one long sobbing cry his head went down. I let go and jumped for my rifle, which was in handy reach; as I grabbed the gun I felt my hands were numb and my fingers seemed to be dead. I ran about twenty yards away and turned; he raised his head a little and as it dropped back I busted him one in the side of the head, shooting him five times in rapid succession. Then I refilled the magazine and lay down under a tree.

I was weak and sick; my teeth were full of hair and my clothes soaked with his blood. I again went to the pool and drank my fill. Then I opened the bear and found he was shot through one lung and was full of blood inside. His pelt measured 9 by 9½ feet.

Part way to camp I met my packer coming with my horse, which had gone straight back to camp; he had followed the back track till he heard the shooting, then came in that direction till he met me. I was glad to get to ride awhile on a horse, for riding bear is the most tiresome work I ever did.

[The preceding tale is said to be true in every respect, and is vouched for by several eminent sportsmen of the Southwest. Mr. Johnson, better known as "Jirky," is a famous bear hunter and dead shot with any weapon. He is regularly employed on salary by Mr. W. S. Tevis and the Haggin estate to hunt down the bears, cougars, wolves and other "varmints" that prey upon their vast flocks and herds. While in their employ "Jirky" has killed no less than twenty-five bears of various kinds, together with innumerable wolves, etc., the scalps and hides being in material evidence. He is at present engaged in the unique avocation of shooting off, with rifle bullets, the bothersome clumps of mistletoe which infest and deface the beautiful trees on the estate. His skill with the rifle is best evidenced by the fact that in one day he has cut down no less than a ton of this bothersome parasite with his trusty .30-caliber rifle.—Editor.]

"JIRKY" SHOWS HOW IT WAS DONE.

WILD GOOSE SHOOTING

By H. L. BETTEN

THE wild goose is familiar to almost every resident of the Pacific Slope and there is no portion of the United States where the different species of the *Anser* tribe are so plentiful as within a radius of 125 miles of San Francisco.

And yet in spite of the fact that geese by the million are with us during the winter and early spring months, comparatively few of our sportsmen have taken advantage of the opportunities afforded them to indulge in a royal sport which would tempt their Eastern brethren to travel a thousand miles to experience.

Perhaps this is due to the fact that, notwithstanding their unusual abundance, wild geese are exceedingly wary birds, and unless a person is thoroughly acquainted with their habits and can afford to spend a number of days in hunting them he is more than likely to return empty handed and thoroughly imbued with the belief that of all unsatisfactory sports wild goose hunting stands preeminently in a class by itself.

Sportsmen of California are familiar with at least four species of the *Anser* family and there are also a number of sub-species recognized only by ornithologists. It is hard to say which of these is most plentiful, but it is probable that the Canada goose or "honker" is distributed over the largest area and is the best-known species of the goose family. Next comes the snow goose, or white brant, also known as the Texas goose and "skeleton." Then comes the Hutchins goose, which resembles the Canada goose in plumage, but weighs scarcely half as much as its larger cousin. Another species very abundant in certain sections of the San Joaquin Valley is the white-fronted goose, also known as "speckle belly," "laughing goose" and "China" goose.

Besides these species and a sub-species of both the Canada and snow geese we have the black brant which, however, is found in such limited numbers and is so uncertain in habits that its pursuit is attended with unsatisfactory results except at intervals when they visit the bays and inlets of the ocean in search of a change in food. The black brant rarely if ever leaves the sea coast and I have never met with them away from salt water, although I am told that they are found in limited numbers throughout the Mississippi Valley and other inland sections of the United States.

The methods pursued in hunting geese vary according to the topography of the grounds on which they are found, but it is safe to say that the majority of geese killed by sportsmen meet their death through acci-

dent rather than through any science displayed in their capture. The gentleman who was responsible for the familiar saying "Silly as a goose" certainly did not refer to the undomesticated species, or else his knowledge of the birds was limited to an experience with them when they were suffering from a brief stage of mental aberration such as afflicts man at certain times and renders him fit prey for the bunco steerer and confidence sharp. As a rule a wild goose is the sharpest witted bird that flies, and you will earn every goose you get unless perhaps fortune be kind and you are lucky enough to be placed in the line of a good flight, where by the use of decoys you may enjoy a period of sport, the memory of which will linger with you through all the years of life. Even then, unless you use judgment in picking your shots, you will find your percentage of kills very small, for the size of a goose is liable to deceive you as to distance and you will take many long and wild shots and the majority of birds will either escape uninjured or will fly long distances before they succumb to the effects of your bungling.

A safe rule to follow is to withhold your fire as long as the birds are approaching and this is especially applicable to direct incomers. The goose is protected by a shield of heavy breast feathers and it is a hard matter to place your shot so as to reach a vital spot. It is far better to allow the bird to come straight overhead, when if the height at which it flies is not too great you can hold at its bill and place the charge of shot in its neck—and I give you herewith a written guarantee that if you have held right, Mr. or Mrs. Goose (as the case may be) will suddenly retire from business and take no further interest in doings on this mundane sphere. Take it for granted that the bird will never approach too close; if it does, you can time your shot as it leaves you and still bring it to earth. Avoid making the slightest movement while geese are approaching, for they are very keen of sight and naturally suspicious of anything in motion. Don't forget to single out one particular bird every time you shoot or you will be disagreeably surprised and disappointed.

There is some peculiar natural law which applies to shooting at a bunch and many a tyro has spent much time and ammunition in solving it. The more you see to shoot at the less you are liable to hit, and until you see fit to be satisfied with a moderate portion and single out your victims instead of firing into the brown of the flock your fate will be that of the would-be benedict who makes love in general to a bevy of girls, but fails to press his suit with any particular one, and your share of profits accruing from the whole-hog-or-none syndicate will be represented by a mournful looking cipher instead of the fat dividends the nature of the outlook led you to expect.

The most satisfactory method of shooting geese is over profile decoys which should be made of heavy sheet iron (No. 24 gauge) and in such a manner that the head and neck can be folded alongside of the body. A piece of quarter-inch rod, two feet long and flattened for a distance of two or three inches at each end will serve to hold them upright and can easily be driven into hard ground and placed in sockets attached to the body of the decoy. The shapes and position should be varied, as too great a similarity in the attitudes of the decoys will arouse suspicions in the minds of the intended victims and may cause them to circle around out of range and leave the locality without affording you a shot. A few tame geese identical in color markings with their wild relatives will do much to diminish the fears of the latter should they discover the vanishing qualities of the profiles.

Of course, the tyro will invest a dollar in a so-called "goose call" (!) and after driving his relatives and neighbobrs to the verge of distraction with his discords will begin to think that he has the whole thing down pat, and is a fluent linguist in all that pertains to the *Anser* lingo. He will have succeeded in extracting from his call a conglomeration of noises in close imitation to those made by an Angora goat suffering from tonsolitis, and these he fondly imagines resembles the call of the wild goose. He does not realize that each species answers to different notes, until he has used the call several times and has succeeded in driving a number of flocks away from his decoys. Goose-calling, when properly performed, amounts to a science, and there are very few shooters outside of

market hunters who become proficient callers. The average sportsman will do better by remaining silent after having drawn the attention of the birds to the decoys, as his unnatural notes will only serve to alarm the geese.

The matter of locating a flight is one of the most difficult propositions which faces the amateur, and even after he has done so he is not sure of success, unless he can single out the feeding or loafing grounds. To the average sportsman one field seems as desirable as another, and he can see no reason why the geese should not look at the matter in the same light. They, however, seem to have their own views on the subject and will pass over miles of territory in order to reach grounds of an identical character at a much greater distance. Perhaps their long flights are in the nature of a constitutional, taken with a view to aid digestion or increase the appetite and surely, judging from the manner in which a flock of geese can devastate the farmer's field of young grain, it must have some effect on the digestive organs and increase their capacity to digest and assimilate food. Geese will not always notice decoys, even when placed directly in their line of flight, unless they are satisfied of the absence of danger, and have a natural preference for that locality. Therefore you should endeavor to find the destination of the birds, and if they have

not been disturbed you can very likely make a large bag the next day—if you use the proper precautions and the geese have not changed their flight meanwhile.

If possible, you should be on hand long before the flight commences, and have your pit dug and decoys set up before the birds put in an appearance. In digging your pit you must do away with the loose earth, as the sharp eyes of the leader will discover anything of an unusal character, and he will reverse the flock out of gun range; therefore you should carry it off some distance or distribute it under weeds or in spots where it cannot be seen. The pit should be deep enough, so that when you crouch down your head will be below the level of the ground, and if you note any weeds growing in the field you may secure some to place over the entrance, so that if the birds circle high in air before alighting they cannot spy you out.

In setting out your decoys it is necessary to use considerable judgment, so that they will present a natural appearance and be plainly discernible from all points of the compass. It is preferable to have at least two dozen profiles, and in setting them out allow them to lean inward toward a common center. Do not have them all facing in one direction as if about to take flight, nor too close together. Spread them out about twelve feet apart, and if there is a breeze blowing place them to windward, as the geese will swing over you when preparing to light

among the decoys, and will offer you better shots than if the stools were placed in any other position.

Now, as to guns and proper ammunition: Shooting over decoys it is possible to make a respectable bag with almost any weapon, but you should arm yourself in the best possible manner. In such a case a ten-bore gun would come closest to all requirements. but realizing that the twelve-gauge gun is now recognized as the standard for wild fowl shooting, I will not consider the larger and more cumbersome weapon. We will suppose that you possess a twelve-gauge, hammerless ejector, weighing about 7¾ pounds, both barrels choked to shoot close and hard. You have targeted your gun for pattern and penetration, and you find that it gives excellent results with a maximum load of 3½ drams of bulk Smokeless, and 1 or 1⅛ ounces of No. 2 or 3 chilled shot. With plenty of elastic wadding over the powder you will not feel any undue recoil and can shoot the above load all day without flinching. Perhaps you have been advised to use larger shot—up to "B. B. B."—but experience will teach you that better results can be obtained by the use of smaller shot and fewer birds will escape you. Using the load advocated you can kill your birds cleanly up to 55 and 60 yards, providing you do not shoot at geese coming head on. You might even use shot as small as 2 to 7 with splendid results, as long as you restricted your shooting to opportunities under 45 yards and aimed to place your load in the neck and head. One or two grains in this section of a goose's anatomy will make it a fit subject for the roasting-pan, but there is always a temptation to strike the body, and you will not be inclined to lead your birds enough, so that the novice will make larger bags by using the larger shot.

To those who have never enjoyed a goose shoot on the plains of the Sacramento or San Joaquin Valleys there is yet much pleasure in store, if they will but throw aside the cares of business and hie themselves to the resorts of the *Ansers*. Be the bag what it may, they will never regret the pleasant hours spent on the stubble fields or green prairies, and will return with their lungs expanded to their utmost through inflation with pure air, such as is not experienced in the crowded marts where the average sportsman is compelled to seek his livelihood.

Good shooting may be had from the time the geese arrive from the northern breeding grounds until late in February or the early part of March, when the majority of the birds depart on their annual migrations. Glenn, Colusa and Solano counties offer the best inducements to sportsmen, although geese are found in great numbers in certain sections of Stanislaus, San Joaquin and Merced counties, and to a lesser degree in the various other counties where conditions are suitable to the members of the *Anser* tribes.

HUNTING WILD CATTLE ON THE TAIPING

By Alex Russell.

I AM asking the reader to follow me to one of those remote places of the earth, where the wandering Scot often finds himself when, either from the inborn love of romance, the ardent love of adventure, or mayhap the alluring quest of the Siller Bawbee, he turns his back on his own heath-clad hills to seek the longed for El Dorado of his hopes.

At any rate, on the morning of the 31st of December, 1885, the writer found himself leaning over the rail of the steamer Kah Byoo, which, with six other small steamers, were anchored in the Taiping River, some three miles below the frontier town of Bhamo. A few weeks previous to the date I have mentioned, the armed flotilla (of which the present little fleet formed a part) had conveyed General Pendergast and his little army of 7,000 men from Rangoon to Mandalay, where the d—— picnic, as Surgean-General McPherson termed it, ended with the capture of Mandalay and the expatriation of Thebaw and his ferocious spouse Soopayyalat.

Selecting the Kah Byoo as his headquarters, with six other light-draft steamers as auxillaries, the general with his staff and about 1,000 of all arms inaugurated a smaller expedition to reduce the town of Bhamo and the adjacent country to submission. With but a few trifling incidents the expedition had reached its objective point and ascertained that the Burmese, actuated no doubt by the news of the fall of their capital, were willing—with a politeness rivaling that of Gaston and Alphonse—to say "the town is yours, my dear general."

On this, the last morning of the year, I found myself leaning over the rails and gazing contemplatively into a heavy fog which hung over the river, obscuring everything from view and limiting the range of vision to a radius of some fifty yards.

I was thinking—and thinking mighty hard, as I looked away out into the fog, for I had undertaken a task which in a civilized community would mean little or nothing, but which exactly at this spot and time was one which might be accomplished by a deal of unpleasantness. I had undertaken to provide "fresh meat for the camp," and as the fog lifted and the dim outlines of the steamer ahead came in view, I had mentally exhausted all the pros and cons of the question, and passed the word for the gig to be lowered away.

For arms I had a doubled-barreled gun loaded with ball, and a Martini rifle of native make with one dozen cartridges; no hunter ever felt prouder of his rifle than I did of mine, for had I not found it, when captured, a shapeless object and by dint of unwearied patience and the expert use of the file, transformed it into—as I fondly pictured it—a thing of beauty and a joy forever. I had transformed a similar gun for our Mate "Parnell" and with genuine Irish enthusiasm he had fired off all the cartridges he possessed, finally proclaiming it an "American" gun, so that—as I had implicit faith in his knowledge of what a good gun should be (seeing he was a time-expired gunner on a British man-of-war), is it small wonder that a youth of some twenty-four summers should feel proud in the possession of the first rifle he ever really owned? As it was "Parnell's" duty to see the gig lowered and manned by a competent crew, he naturally asked me where I was going and what for. On being told that it was a hunting expedition his face lit up for a moment and then as dejectedly fell as he thought of the reckless previous expenditure of his small stock of amunition.

Assuring him of hearty support in the matter of ammunition if he promised to be conservative in its future use, he soon gained the consent of Captain Terndrup to accompany me.

After selecting a few tinned meats for the inner man's comfort, and five volunteers from our Kalasie crew to man the oars, with a parting caution from Captain Adamson of the Political Department to "be careful not to provoke a quarral with the natives, but yet not to let a native come within five feet of me," Parnell and I shoved off into the lifting fog and with Abdul (our Serang) at the helm, made for the farther bank of the river.

As this was the first time Parnell had ever been "up the river," in the parlance of the country, he was, after the first flush of eagerness to go had subsided, naturally anxious to learn a little of what he was up against, so I was fain to tell him that more than a year ago I had learned from Father Kado, the Roman Catholic priest at Bhamo, as also from the natives, that a herd of wild cattle ranged on an island in the middle of the river several miles above Bhamo, and that I had promised to bring back one or more of them for the general's New Year dinner.

I casaually mentioned to Parnell that we might have trouble with natives but the remark, although intended to prepare him for eventualities, only fell on deaf ears for he was busy sighting his gun and slapping it with the approving remark, which I had come to know was his brand for anything he approved of , "It's an American gun, by me sowl"; finally, as if to further qualify his approval, he drew a bead at long range on a pair of Brahmly ducks that were sunning themselves on the edge of a sand bank, and came so near to hitting them that I mentally awarded him the silver bugle so gallantly won by Lockesley while aloud I abused him in two native languages for wasting the precious ammunition.

It was somewhere about eight o'clock when we reached the farther bank; fastening a long lead line to the gig, Abdul and his Kalasies took to the end like a pack of schoolboys let loose, scampered along the edge of the sand bank which fringed the river, thoroughly enjoying the novelty of the situation and the delightful sunshiny crispness of the morning, while Parnell took the helm, with a fresh quid of tobacco in his jaw, one of his little pig eyes shut, and the other cocked and on the lookout for snags and any other eventualities, while the gig like the feather weight she was, skimmed the swift current with a ripple at her bows that conveyed to its occupants that delightful feeling of progress without effort.

Seldom does it fall to the lot of the true lover of nature to find himself in such an exquisite spot as that in which we found ourselves. On our right the sun was streaming over the peaks of the Shan Mountains and the banks of fog had melted into nothingness as I related to Parnell the story of the capture of the Bhamo by the Chinese brigands a year previous, and pointed out in the dim distance the various routes by which they had come and gone.

Over that mountain road Kin Kuey had led his mixed band of Chinese, Shans and Kachins in the dark hours of night and fell like an avalanche on the sleeping town. Then after a siege of three months duration they marched out with all the honors of war, with the plundered brass instruments of the Jesuit missionaries' native band blaring out a discordant but albeit a triumphant paen as they filed away up the Taiping Valley on their homeward march to Momeih.

Further back along the line of years I told him how the Kachins had swept down from those dark hills before us, and for a time swept everything before them till the white man's rifle in the hands of the red Karens stopped their further progress and brushed them back to the gorges in the upper reaches of the Irrawaddies.

How tame and prosaic the present occupation of Bhamo seemed in comparison to the stirring scenes I had witnessed in years gone by? Now all the world seemed at peace, and looking at the peaceful mountain slopes, the endless stretches of sand banks the silver threads of the river channels and the waving plains of kine grass, it seemed as if a person must need have a vivid imagination who could for a moment dream that amidst all this seeming peacefulness red carnage was lurking, as ready now as ever, to call the vulture to the feast.

For several hours we piloted our way up the main channel, at times rowing along quiet stretches of the river and again tow-

THE "THOOGYEE".

ing with the lead line when the current proved too strong, till we reached the village of Kyun Gyee on the island where the cattle were supposed to be.

Boldly entering the village I called for the "Thoogyee" (headman) and asked him to furnish me with several of his young men to act as beaters. The Thoogyee was old and almost blind, and apparently very stupid, but after a deal of parleying we left the village accompanied by about a dozen unarmed husky young fellows, who seemed as eager for the sport as we were.

Abdul followed us with the gig along the shore till we came to where a band of cattle could be seen drinking at the river's edge. Leaving one man in charge of the gig, the rest of us cautiously made our way further inland among the kine grass, and then back toward a thick fringe of trees that overlooked the bank of the river and the sand bank where the cattle were drinking.

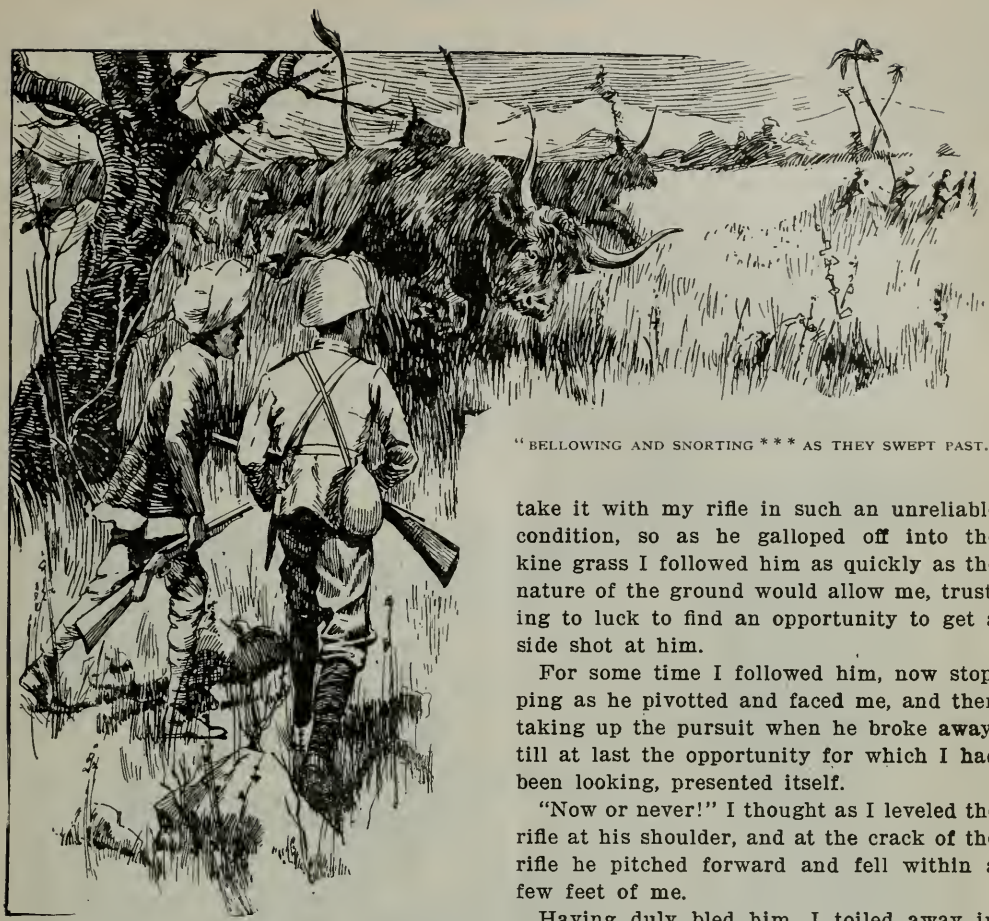
Abdul with several natives was now sent to make a detour and drive them toward us, but long before they got in touch with them the cattle seemed to sniff danger and the impatient Parnell could wait no longer. "Two hundred yards," said Parnell, as he sighted his rifle; "you take the near one and I'll take the one in front," and suiting the action to the word we fired almost together and scored a brace of clean misses. At the report of the rifles the herd broke up into three divisions, one going north along the edge of the sand bank, one quartering inland and the third making directly for the fringe of trees behind which we were posted.

Two hundred yards is beastly short distance when it is being demolished by a stampeded herd of wild cattle, and so must our native allies have thought, for I could see them in full flight for their village, the blue pants of our Kalasies twinkling as energetically as the brown legs of the Burmans in the general stampede for safety.

It was like the flight of a covey of quail; they were off and out of sight in the long kine grass ere the eye could cover them. All but the faithful Asher Ali, who carried my shotgun, and he like the Irishman of powder-mill fame was rooted to the spot with terror. Frantically I tried to reload my rifle, but the empty cartridge refused to yield to the persuasion of the lever and, on trying to use the ramrod to dislodge it, with an energy born of dispair I jammed the ramrod clear through the end of the empty shell and out over the breach of the rifle, spiking it completely and rendering it as useless as a bar of pig iron.

Throwing it on the ground I seized the gun from Asher Ali and from the shelter of a butky tree awaited the onset with a heart pulsating with the energy of a steam hammer, and mouth and throat parched with the intensity of anxiety.

With a whirlwind rush the mob was on us, bellowing and snorting in frenzied terror as they swept past, the leaders tossing the dust, dried grass and dead leaves behind them in a whirling chaos that partly covered the main body, and amid it all the crack of Parnell's rifle and his clarion voice could be heard in a series of wild Irish yells, encouraging me to "Give it to them!" Without aim or selection I fired both barrels into the stampede and a moment later found myself gazing at the point where they had



"BELLOWING AND SNORTING * * * AS THEY SWEPT PAST."

vanished and the cloud of settling dust left behind.

There was no Parnell, no Asher Ali. They had disappeared with the cattle and I was left with an empty shot gun and a spiked rifle, so, sitting down in the grass, I set myself to the task of extracting the ramrod and the empty cartridge from my rifle.

It is now impossible to remember how long it took me, but with the aid of my knife and ramrod I was at last successful; shoving another cartridge into my rifle and slinging the shot gun on my back, I made haste to discover where the impetuous Parnell had gotten to.

Twice since his disappearance with the cattle I had heard his rifle ring out, and fancying that perhaps he had got into trouble with the natives I hurried on, only to be brought up all standing by the sight of a wounded bull with mischief in his eye and blood bubbles issuing from his nostrils.

It was a head shot and I did not dare to take it with my rifle in such an unreliable condition, so as he galloped off into the kine grass I followed him as quickly as the nature of the ground would allow me, trusting to luck to find an opportunity to get a side shot at him.

For some time I followed him, now stopping as he pivotted and faced me, and then taking up the pursuit when he broke away, till at last the opportunity for which I had been looking, presented itself.

"Now or never!" I thought as I leveled the rifle at his shoulder, and at the crack of the rifle he pitched forward and fell within a few feet of me.

Having duly bled him, I toiled away in the hot sun toward the village and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the redoubtable Parnell, surrounded by a group of Burmans and Kalasies, noisily contemplating the death throes of a young heifer.

After coaxing Parnell to put another bullet in the animal and so end her suffering, Abdul and his Kalasies were intrusted with the task of disemboweling the two animals and preparing them for transportation, while Parnell, having despite my remonstrance divested himself of his hat, shoes and all superfluous clothing, started on a further search for animals which he declared were badly wounded.

With the aid of our Kalasies and a number of Burmans, a couple of stout bamboos were procured and the carcasses were transported to the gig, not, however, without some trouble and haggling with the Burmans, who at first flatly refused to aid me. However, by promising to pay them for their labor, I managed to get the carcasses on

board and shortly after Parnell came in sight, hot, sweating, pegged out and disgusted, but still firm in the belief that "there were a good many wounded."

I had purposely delayed paying the Burmans till Parnell and his Kalasies were seated in the gig and the oars in the rowlocks, as the Burmans had been joined by a Chinaman who, from his gesticulations and speech, was inciting them to make trouble with us and so prevent us from leaving.

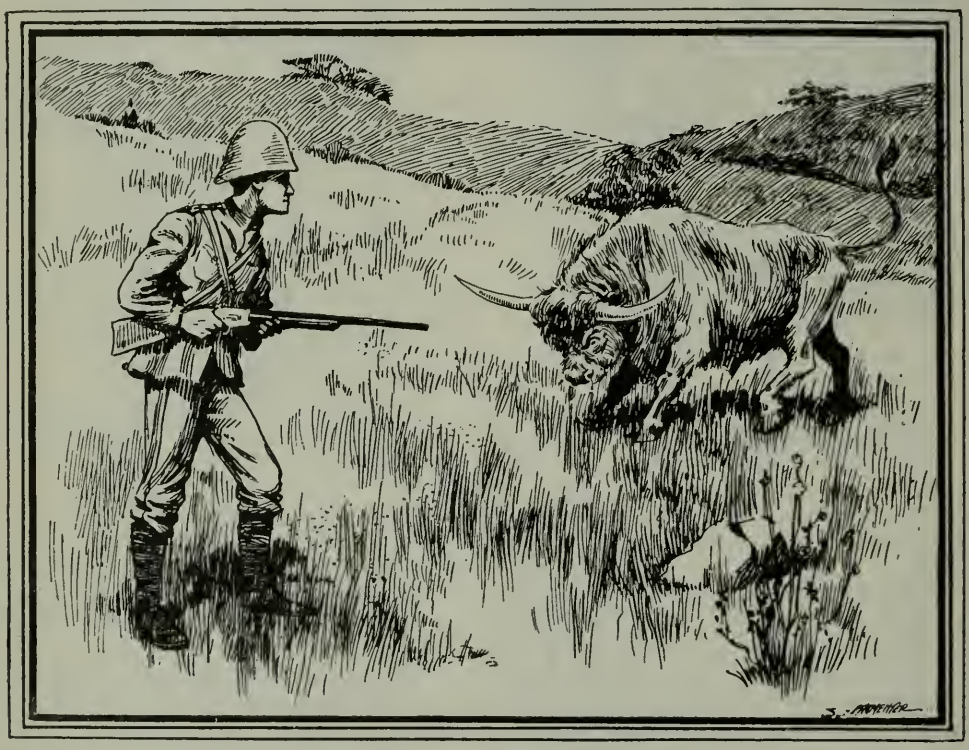
After telling Parnell to reload all the guns, and keep the gig off a little, I announced my intention of settling with the Burmans.

Calling for the two principal men, I gave one four rupees for carrying the smaller animal, and the other six rupees for the larger, and wading out to the boat boarded her and picked up my shot gun.

Several of the natives waded in after me and attempted to stop us, but my leveled shot gun deterred them sufficiently long to enable our men to get to work with the oars; cramped and overloaded as we were our speed was naturally slow, yet a few good strokes put us beyond their reach; as we swept out into the swift current an impotent torrent of swear words and threats followed us until we were out of hearing.

While the wordy war lasted Parnell had enjoyed the fun with the relish natural to all Irishmen, and his chief lament for weeks afterwards was "Sure, why didn't you let me fix the monkey with the wide pants," meaning, of course, the Chinaman.

Daylight had not ended when we swung up alongside the Kah Byoo and hoisted the welcome fresh meat on deck; after reporting to the captain the successful result of our hunt, Parnell and I repaired for a bath and a good square meal, and when, surrounded by a circle of boon companions, the ship's bell struck eight bells of the old year and welcomed in the new one; when the steaming whisky toddy was passed around in liberal libations, the redoubtable Parnell would close one eye and cock the other, as he closed the recital of our day's adventure and murmur partly to himself, and partly to the company, "Sowl, but it was a jewel of a day!"



"A WOUNDED BULL WITH MISCHIEF IN HIS EYE."

A FISH STORY.

By D. J. Matthews.

ARLY last fall," said my friend, the Colonel, "I started with my two boys for an outing in the high Sierras, purchasing tickets to Cisco, in Placer county, and return. On leaving Cisco our duffle was boxed and roped on mule back, and we started for the North Fork of the American river. My elder son is eighteen years of age and my younger nine, and they started up the mountain in the early morning singing. The little fellow rode horseback, while we walked. Well, I'm over fifty years old now, but we hadn't been on the trial thirty minutes until I was singing and shouting like the boys. The fresh morning air on the mountains acted like a tonic, and I soon felt like a boy again.

"It was about 8 o'clock when we left the little railroad town, and at two in the afternoon we were at our camp on the American river. I walked all the distance—about ten or twelve miles—and though I was somewhat tired when I reached the place we had decided to make our camp, I assure you I felt in excellent spirits. It was a Sunday afternoon, and I determined to do nothing more than necessary that day and fix camp on the following morning. So we spread our bedding on the dead leaves on the ground and stretched out our tired limbs. My, but it was a joyous rest after my long walk down to the river, for the trail was pretty steep and rocky in many places. We were but twenty or thirty feet from the river's edge, and the noise of the water dashing over and around huge bowlders made a soothing rhythm which soon lulled me to sleep. But it was only for a moment, for the little fellow had rolled from his side of the temporary sleeping place and had gone down to the water. He returned hastily and exclaimed:

" 'I saw two big trout in the water and lots of little ones! Won't you put a fly-hook on your line and see if you can catch some for supper?'

"My book of fly-hooks was in the bottom of a box which was nailed up. I had a couple of snell hooks and a line in my coat pocket, however; so I informed the young man that if he would catch me half a dozen grasshoppers I'd try for trout.

"Away the two boys went instantly after the hoppers and in a few minutes they returned with quite a number in a baking powder can which they picked up at Gates' cabin, a hundred yards up the hill. By this time I had my line, leader and snell hook secured to my rod, and stepping from bowlder to bowlder, I was soon able to cast into deep water which was running like a mill race. On the second or third cast I struck a three-quarter pound fish and had quite a little time landing him on the bank, where the little boy, following previous instructions, killed it by hitting its head on a bowlder. When I had caught three more slightly smaller than the first, I quit fishing, as we had plenty for our first meal in camp.

"That supper was all right. Bacon, trout, fried spuds, bread given us by the miners in the cabin on the hill, good coffee and cool mountain water—it was nectar and ambrosia; and we slept like tops when we retired early that Sunday night.

"The next morning I was up at daylight and prospected among our camp truck until I found my fly book. Then I noiselessly stole down to the river and commenced trying some of my fly hooks. I was not successful until I put on a little gray hackle, which worked nicely. I thought my sons were asleep in camp but the first trout I landed evoked a shout from the river bank, where they sat eagerly watching the sport. I am not an expert fisherman, and don't know much about scientific fly casting, but I know enough to catch all the trout I need when out camping.

"After breakfast that morning we put in several hours arranging camp. We cut poles and made a bedstead under the branches of a large oak tree. Then we cut pine boughs and spread them on our bed until they formed a mattress a foot thick and we

soon had a sleeping place fit for a king. Our larder was arranged by suspending a miner's plank from a small bent oak and placing our provisions in boxes on the board. A few lessons to the boys and they soon managed to catch plenty of trout, though the

"A THREE-QUARTER-POUND FISH."

fish were not as numerous as in former years.

"Twenty years ago this same fishing ground was one of the best in California. In those days I could catch trout at almost every cast, but more people are getting in there every year, and naturally the trout are becoming less, as great numbers have been taken from the stream.

"A short distance above our camp was a large jutting bedrock, which ran from the river bank out into the stream. The boys and I gathered a lot of firewood in the daytime and intended to have a huge bonfire on the bedrock at night, as there was no danger of setting the woods on fire from that place. When it became dark the fire was started, and it made a brilliant spectacle, indeed. I took my rod and line and tried fishing from the opposite side of the stream. I used a white miller and it worked to perfection. I cast over the water near the fire and caught half a dozen trout in a very brief time. The last one I caught was the largest of the lot, and I was compelled to reel it in half a dozen times before I had it lying exhausted on the edge of the stream at my feet. A bowlder directly in front of me prevented the light from the flames showing the fish distinctly, but knowing just about where it was, I reached down to pick up the trout. As I did so something wiggled past my foot. A moment later it emerged into an opening where I could see it plainly —a rattlesnake over two feet long! I dispatched it with a stick in a few minutes, but I didn't feel like fishing any more that night. Rattlesnakes are the only drawback to a careless good time on that river. there are plenty of the reptiles there and one has to keep a lookout for them all the time.

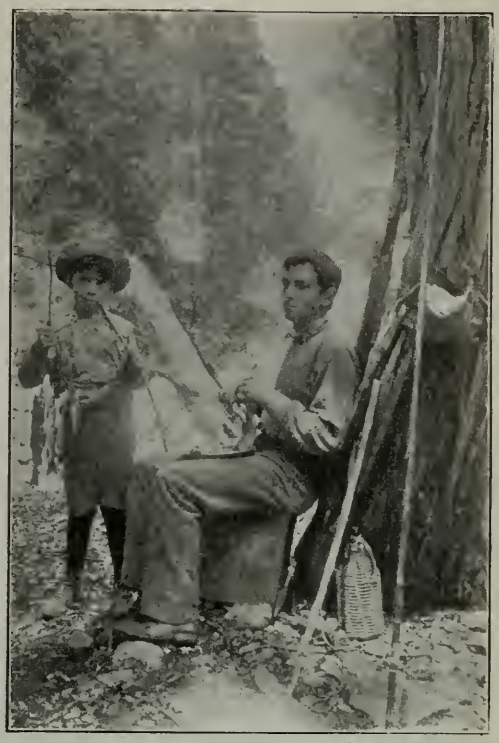
"One day I came upon a big brown bear when I was fishing. I was two or three hundred yards down stream from the boys at the time. I had struck a pretty set of riffles shaded by spicewood brush on one side of the stream. The water wasn't over a foot deep at the place, and by casting my fly at the head of the riffles and allowing it to work along under the shade I had succeeded in taking four or five trout. Suddenly, while I was deeply absorbed in the sport, the brush parted and the head and shoulders of a huge brown bear appeared. He gave a snort which sounded like 'Hoof!' when he first poked his head out. Then he discovered me standing on the dry bed of the river, about twenty feet from him. Slowly he withdrew his shoulders and head

and scampered off in the brush up the side of the mountain. I did as Bruin suggested—I 'hoofed' it back to the boys in short order.

"Two miners occupied Gates' cabin on the hill above our camp. In the evenings they invariably came to visit us, and we exchanged stories and smoked the pipe of peace. They were big-hearted, whole-souled, liberal men, and they made the evenings pass very pleasantly. One of the miners was an old forty-niner and he told many stories of the early days. He is now 76 years old and is still prospecting! And there are others up there just like him. They still think they will strike it rich, and it is my hope that they may, and soon, too.

"One day the boys and I, armed with rod and camera, went a couple of hundred yards down the stream from camp, where the waters of Sailor Cañon empty into the American River. At the mouth of the cañon we met one of our mining friends. He had his rifle with him and had been tramping along the river on the lookout for deer. It was a cloudy day—a good day for fishing. The old gentleman rested on a large bowlder and talked while the elder boy cast his line in a pool just below a little waterfall. The lad struck a trout, and a good one; the old miner drew a bead on a deer across the river; the sun shone through the broken clouds for a moment, and I—took a shot at them with the camera. The deer got into the brush in time to save itself, but the old gentleman killed a young buck the next morning in just about the same place on the river.

"We had but one dampening experience while on our trip. It was after we had been in camp about ten days. In the early morning of the day of which I speak the sun did not cast his rays on the top of the mountain opposite us as usual. It was cloudy, and between 7 and 8 o'clock it began to thunder, the lightning flashes causing us to close our eyes at times. About 10 o'clock the thunder battle in the skies was on in earnest. Then we packed our things to be in readiness for a hasty removal to the cabin if necessary—and it was well we did so. The thunder rolled lightly at first, like infantry skirmishing; gradually the reports grew louder until they sounded as if the



"AFTER A FEW LESSONS"

heavy artillery of the heavens had come together for a mighty tussle for supremacy, when crash! The noise which followed for a few seconds was as if some huge mountain had been torn asunder. Gradually the thunder ceased and the rain began to fall—slowly at first, and then as if poured out in bucketfuls. We hastily retreated with our camera and other camp articles toward the cabin, where we secured oil-cloth coats, and after a few trips we had all our outfit under cover.

"The river rose more than a foot in less than an hour, and the water, which before the storm was clear as crystal, was now very muddy. Later we learned that there had been a cloudburst at the head of Snow mountain, probably at the time we heard the heavy crash of thunder. In the afternoon the sun shone brightly again and the fishing was better than ever. We occupied a portion of the cabin the rest of the time we were on the river. It was the best trip of my life!" he concluded, and I envied him the recollections that brought that look of dreaminess into his clear grey eyes.

Photo by Johnson.

A WYOMING WOLF HUNT.

PREVIOUS to the summer of 1902 wolves were unknown in the Jackson's Hole country, Wyoming. Always noted as the best big-game region of the Union, no member of the *Lupus* family larger than the ubiquitous coyote had ever before been known to frequent that section. But some time in the spring or early summer of the year mentioned a colony of gray wolves—presumably from the head waters of Wind River—descended upon the Jackson's Hole settlement and wrought havoc amongst the colts and calves of the settlers.

Ordinarily the gray wolf is about as elusive as the shadow of a flying bird; he refuses to take poison and avoids a trap or snare with almost human intelligence. His deviltry is generally done at night, and the most skillful and persistent hunters rarely have the satisfaction of adding a wolf-skin to their other trophies.

Roy McBride owns a cattle ranch in Jackson's Hole, situated upon the Little Gros Ventre Creek, near the foothills. McBride is well known as a successful stockman, hunter and guide; and besides being an "all-around good fellow," is known as one of the best shots—with pistol or rifle—in Wyoming. On the night of October 26 last a band of gray wolves visited McBride's corral and killed one of his best calves. Unfortunately for the wolves, a light snow had fallen in the early part of the night, and their tracks were easily followed. Armed with his .30-40 Winchester, McBride took the trail early, and followed it into the foot-hills.

Reaching rough ground, he dismounted and made his way cautiously amongst the rocks and scrub pines, finally locating a solitary wolf in a small "basin" or depression in the hills. Changing his course, he crept slowly to the last "rise" between him-

self and the wolf, and, looking over, almost "went to pieces" when he beheld—not one, but six full-grown gray wolves lolling in the snow! Noting on the instant that the brutes had not discovered him, McBride quickly made his calculations with a view to bagging the whole band. He fired, and the wolf farthest from him fell dead, and the echo of the shot drove the remaining five towards him. Another and another fell, and so badly "rattled" were the living that McBride found time to replenish the magazine of his rifle and knock over the last wolf as he went by on the run.

The accompanying photograph was taken by a neighbbor—Mr. Johnson—shortly after the skins were brought to the ranch, and the writer saw these skins while they were still bloody. Can any reader of WESTERN FIELD furnish a truthful account of a more successful wolf-hunt?

D. C. NOWLIN,
(State Game Warden, Wyoming.)

"THE SNOW SHALL BE HIS WINDING SHEET."

This excellent photo of a calf elk is one of many secured recently by S. N. Leek of Jackson's Hole, Wyo., in January, 1903. The animal is so young and immature that the poetic title given to the negative by Mr. Leek is pathetically prophetic. Admitting that the conditions are all against him, every sportsman will join in the sympathetic hope that he may "pull through" the troubles confronting him and live long to grace the woods of our sister state.

A FEW OF OUR BIRDS.

By Alfred V. La Motte.

THE average run of people drift along in the pursuit of their daily avocations with little, if any, thought of the varied forms of life with which they are surrounded, either for good or ill. They see the birds about their houses and in their fields, but rarely give them the attention or thought to find out why they are there, and whether they constitute a factor in their prosperity or otherwise. If they chance to see the linnets eating their peaches they see their destructiveness and at once wage war on all birds that come along. Or if the lark is seen in the newly sprouting wheat field, without further investigation they kill him. Whereas if they but knew what he was about, they would (figuratively speaking) pat him on the back and say: "Good boy!" Everything in nature has its uses—if we only knew what they were, and nothing short of investigation will teach us. As we sit upon the vine-clad porch and see the little house wren flit back and forth with its cheery chirp, carrying a long dry twig in its beak, entering an old tin watering pot that has been shoved out of the way among the shrubbry since last year, we wonder what this little bird finds so attractive in such a large vessel that he selects it for his nesting place—why, his little nest would be lost in such quarters! Investigation surprises us in finding that the little bird has applied himself so diligently to his work that the old tin is full of sticks, the smallest hole only being left for his entrance and exit, while away back is the cozily lined warm little nest, made of threads, small bits of moss and sticks interwoven with soft feathers.

They generally lay from five to six or more eggs at a hatching, and rear two broods a season. The bright and chirpy way in which they go and come is very pleasing, they apparently having full confidence that you are their friend and appreciate what they are doing for you. And so you should. We have no bird more beneficial to the farmer and plant grower. By following up your acquaintance with the wrens you will find that they are almost wholly insectivorous. As the examination of the contents of a great number of stomachs developed 98 per cent of insect matter in them. Their favorite food consists of caterpillars, grasshoppers, beetles, spiders and bugs of all kinds. The quantity of insects injurious to vegetation which a pair of wrens will consume in a day is surprising, and our little friends consume none of our fruits. The benefits accruing from their presence is apparent to all, and should be appreciated by our affording them facilities for nesting around our premises by hanging up boxes and empty gourds for them to build in, and by never permitting them to be disturbed.

Some time since, while a party of ladies were sitting on their vine-clad veranda sewing and reading, they were attracted by the noise and distress of a pair of wrens which had their nest in a suspended gourd among the vines. They would fly about chirping and fluttering, then back up to their nest and down again, evidently trying to attract attention. Upon inspection, a small grass snake was found coiled up in their nest, which, on being killed by the writer, was found to have eaten all of their eggs. The gourd was then removed and suspended by a wire, where the snakes could not reach it, whereupon the wrens reconstructed their nest and raised another brood. To most people spiders are very repulsive and generally supposed to be poisonous. Although but few are really noxious, yet no matter how large or ugly they are they furnish a choice morsel for the wren, and so with the bad smelling bugs and beetles. None seem too pungent for him. He takes his food with ap-

parent gusto, be it high-flavored or otherwise. And as he does not eat any of our fruits, but destroys the hurtful insects that do, we ask for him your kindly consideration and protection.

Another of our best friends is the robin red breast, which comes to us in the spring with his cheerful, bright notes and builds his nest in the trees near the house, as if for protection, enlivening us throughout the day with his bright and happy carol. He, too, has a stomach and energy sufficient to fill it. The hateful hairy caterpiller, which denude our trees and destroys our fruits, is a dainty morsel for the robin. Nor does he stop here; all kinds of bugs, spiders and other harmful or annoying insects are comprised in his menu. He also pays his attention to the harmless earth worm in the early morning, but this is more the fault of the worm than the robin. If his conscience were clear he would probably not rise so early, and the robin would confine his matutinal repast to the caterpillar.

It is amusing to watch the robin on a forage for earth worms. When he espies his worm he will hop rapidly to the spot, seize hold and pull; as the worm elongates the robin will stand on tip toe and stretch his neck in his efforts to get the entire worm. But should it break, backward goes the bird on his tail with his wings thrown backward, as a boy in falling would put his hands behind him. This undignified position seems to mortify him, and he will hop up on the nearest bush or stick and look about him to

see if any one witnessed his "contretemps" before trying it again.

It is true the robin likes a few small fruits, but generally of the wild berries not serviceable for man's use, and in the fall will glean in the vineyards for the few decaying berries left. But he is really entitled to the few he gets, as by his vigorous onslaught upon the caterpillars and bugs he has enabled us to grow the fruit. An investigating friend once informed the writer that he lay in his hammock under a tree in which a pair of robins had a nest of young, and counted the flights to and from the nest, noting as nearly as possible what kind of food was brought each time. After some hours he became tired and retired to the house, having summed up 253 trips—mostly with caterpillars. Those birds either trifled with the health of their offspring, or the young birds had prodigious appetites. However this may be, the robin is assuredly a valuable bird on account of his insectivorous proclivities and should be carefully protected.

On the other hand, the English sparrow is a pest and nuisance. By his pugnacity driving away birds of real value—destroying fruit, seed newly sown, and any other mischief he can find to do. As the old sailor says when he wishes to express his contempt for any one, "he is in everybody's mess, and nobody's watch." So with the sparrow, and if his government wishes to get extradition papers to take him back where he belongs, no difficulties will be thrown in the way I

feel quite confident, and we would wish him a speedy passage with no regrets.

Another of our good friends is that cheery songster of the meadows—the lark. Almost entirely insectivorous in his habits, feeding largely on the devastating grasshopper, weevil, cutworm, cricket, beetle, etc., 75 per cent of his food is made up of insects and the balance of grass seeds of the meadow grasses and weeds. Some of the farmers accuse him of pulling up newly sown grain. But I imagine if they were to investigate closely the little puncture he makes in the ground by the side of the sprouting grain, he would discover that the bird was in search of cutworms, weevils, etc., such insects that were there preying upon the grain. A few years since some farmers residing near the writer discovered that their crops were being injured by something, and as large flocks of larks frequented their fields, laid the blame to them and instiuted a crusade of extermination against them, which drove them to seek new pastures. The destruction to their grain increased rapidly, and the following season was worse still, when they made the discovery that it was caused by cutworms and weevils, and by driving the larks away they had aggravated the injury, as the birds had congregated there to feed on the pests. They may eat some new sown clover seed or occasionally pluck some sprouting grain. But as three-quarters of their food consists of insects and but a small fractional part of it of grain, would not the farmer be far more damaged were the insects allowed free swing? The noxious insects, if undisturbed, would soon consume all he had. We are consequently much in his debt and must consider him a benefactor, and afford him the protection he well deserves.

Having paid our compliments to the English sparrow, it may not come amiss to vent a little of our condemnation upon the free-booter blue jay, whose predatory instincts are continually getting him into disgrace. He is a natural robber and never loses an opportunity to burglarize the nest of his neighbors, carrying his nefarious instincts to the extent of entering our chicken houses and stealing the eggs from the nests. A naturalist who had made his habits a study once told me of the method adopted by the jay to carry off eggs by puncturing the shell in a slope so that his beak would act as a lever and enable him to fly off without dropping it. He surely must be a student of natural philosophy and a much wiser bird than he is usually given credit for. The jay does not confine his diet to eggs; he eats cherries, fruits, berries, olives, soft-shelled almonds, and in fact anything that he can get hold of that he thinks of value to anyone else. Whenever you hear his discordant shriek louder than usual you may rest assured that he has just found some new mischief that he can do. The poor red-headed woodpecker applies himself assiduously throughout the fall to collecting acorns and storing them away for winter consumption. His work finished, along comes the free-booter jay, disputes possession and helps himself. If he gained his livelihood by honest industry we could respect him. But even his personal beauty cannot exempt him from our censure on account of his utter want of principle.

Photo by Chas. Reid, Wishaw, Eng. LIVE WILD DUCK ON NEST.

HUNTING IN MINNESOTA.

By Carl S. Brown.

IN THE northern portion of the North Star State (Minnesota) there lie vast stretches of forest lands covered with pine, spruce, hemlock, balsam and hardwood trees, and unnumbered acres of this territory have never been invaded by the lumberman with his destructive axe. Parts of this great country are traversed by the ever progressive railroad, and it is only a question of a few years, with the enormous amount of immigration coming to the Northwest, ere this will be reduced to the tameness of an agricultural district. But at present, aside from the scattering lumber camps, one only finds an occasional place where the red man has pitched his tepee, a melancholy reminder of the past, or a settler's log cabin, a bright prophesy of the future. This country is dotted with myriad lakes which form a veritable paradise for the fisherman and duck hunter, while their shores are constantly trampled by the feet of the various animals which dwell within its borders.

In many places the timber has been cut away, leaving thousands of acres denuded of trees, there remaining only the slashings or small thickets with frequent patches of hardwood timber. These lands after being abandoned by the lumber camps have, in many instances been visited by forest fires, after which have sprung up a second growth of underbrush and nutritious grasses which provide hiding places and rich feeding grounds for the red deer, while deep in the swamps the hunter is provided splendid sport in the pursuit of the monarch of the Northern woodland, the lordly moose.

Across these opens during the winter months the cold winds sweep in chilling blasts, singing a dirge to departed summer and sunshine and whirling the snow in blinding sheets as though eager to throw

Photo by Carpenter, Ukiah.

the white mask of winter over the landscape, thereby intensifying the almost tangible solitude. But in all this lonely, dreary waste the deer hunter finds his El Dorado. Regardless of the hardships and privations which would be severe punishment if he were compelled to undergo them, he finds ample pleasure and compensation in such surroundings if rewarded for his efforts with a degree of success. Many a beautiful mounted head, as it adorns the walls of the comfortable home, tells the tale of voluntary hardships and the heart of its possessor swells with pride as he recites the story of its capture.

On the sixth of November, 1900, a party of five left Minneapolis for Grand Rapids, Minnesota, destined for this region. One of the party had preceded us to Aitkin, intending to walk the intervening distance to our proposed camping grounds, about fifty miles beyond. Leaving the town about noon in a blinding blizzard, we soon left the county road and turned into the woods. Only those who are familiar with timber roads at this season of the year can form any conception of what we had to encounter—half frozen

CAUGHT IN THE SNOWSTORM.

mud and water, corduroy roads, stumps, fallen trees, boulders, etc. During the afternoon one of our horses showed some signs of illness and just at dark dropped dead in his tracks, leaving us to draw what consolation we could from the cold and darkness with no protection at hand, so we packed our blankets on the other horse, shouldered our guns, carrying some bread, tea and a lantern, and walked three or four miles to an abandoned lumber camp, where we found an old stove around which we could warm our fronts while our backs froze, and vice versa.

The doors and windows were gone from this shanty and through the numerous holes and crevices the wind whistled in seeming mockery of our plight. We gathered some hay from a near-by stack and made a bed on the floor, but the cold was so intense that sleep was impossible for any length of time. However, the night finally dragged out its weary hours and with the dawn came promise of ideal hunting weather, so, borrowing a horse from some other hunters, we went back for the wagon and finally reached camp about noon. One of the party, who went ahead to select a location, when within a short distance of same heard some shooting close to the road and upon investigation found it to be the other man who had walked in to meet us, he having killed two deer with three shots.

After locating, we started out to size up our surroundings and killed a doe that afternoon. We were fortunate in being able to locate in a lumber camp which had not its full crew of lumber jacks, where we were allowed to stay for two weeks, and which seemed a palace compared to the tent of our original intentions. The lumber men, by the way, in this country as well as in others, are an hospitable lot and made us very welcome at a nominal cost. During our stay the weather was cold but mostly clear, the snow falls being very accommodating by coming during the night time and aggregating about six inches in all, which was ideal for deer hunting. We found numerous tracks of wolves and moose but were not fortunate enough to secure any of the animals which made them. On our way out we experienced practically the same troubles that we did going in, if anything the freezing process being worse.

However, in spite of the risks to health one usually returns from such an outing well repaid for his experiences; decidedly better physically, prepared to enter upon his duties once more with renewed vigor, and to await the opening of the following season with the keenest anticipation of pleasure.

For a man worn and weary of the stress of business life there is no more generally satisfactory manner to recuperate than to spend two or three weeks in the woods of the great State of Minnesota.

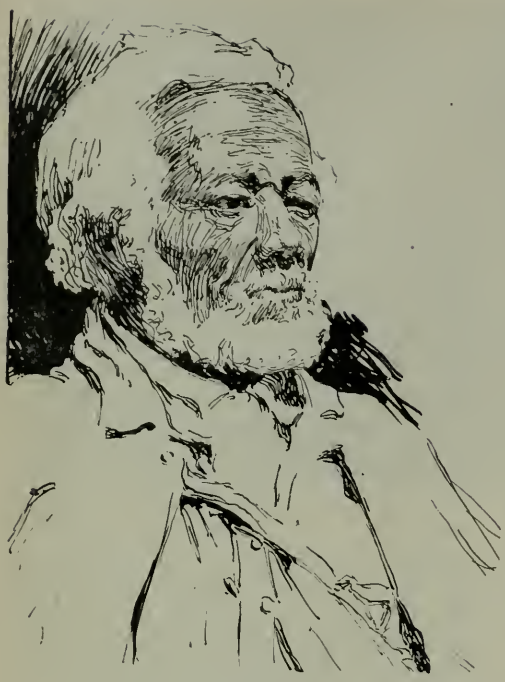
A MASTER STROKE OF FINANCE.

By S. D. Barnes.

THE McCoy plantation, like the majority of those surrounding it, was cultivated by "share-croppers," tenants — invariably negroes—who were furnished the land, seed, team and tools, and in return for their outlay of labor received a third of the corn and a fourth of the cotton raised and gathered. Old Arch Peters was the sole exception to this general rule. A life-time resident upon the plantation, his long years of willing and efficient service had won him the regard of the McCoys, old and young, and, in consequence, many indulgences not granted to the other "hands." The old man's chief peculiarity was his independence of character. It was directly against his principle to be "beholden" to anyone. Aunt Min, his wife, would occasionally accept a gift of cast-off clothing, but Uncle Arch, never. He preferred rags to finery that had formerly adorned persons other than his own. When money was scarce and times were hard—an all too common state of affairs—he plaited his own straw hats and made his own shoes, and he would actually go without tobacco a week rather than beg a chew or a pipeful from white or black.

The old darkey had long been a burden upon his employers. His years of usefulness were about over, though in his own estimation he was as young and brisk as ever. Hard work had no terrors for him. He would essay the most difficult task at a moment's notice and drop it again as quickly. "Dat's de way, chillun," he would say, wiping his damp brow and leaning against the nearest support to rest. "Jes' go ahead likes I shows you, now—I'd dew dis wuk foh yo', but I'se got a heap o' things to look atter." And that would be the last you would see of the old man until the dreaded task was safely completed. So long as he had farmed on the shares—though his fields were invariably wrapped in grass and weeds and his crops hardly worth gathering—caring for him had been an easy matter, since he drew his supplies from the plantation commissary and the books could easily be made to balance at the end of the year; but one unlucky day Uncle Arch had an opportunity to exchange his sweet potato crop for a broken down levee mule, and after this share-croppin' was quite beneath his dignity. He could now furnish his own team and if Massa McCoy would not let him have land for money rent he would go elsewhere. In view of this dire threat he was allowed to have his own way. He chose five acres of the best land on the place and it was straightway measured off and given over to him. He broke it up in the spring, planted it, worked out his cotton the first time, and then let it go to make what it would without further cultivation. But, first of all, he had mortgaged his crop with a town merchant and obstinately refused to have dealings of any description at the McCoy commissary. And when August came, and it could be seen that his entire crop could by no possibility pay one tenth part of his indebtedness, starvation itself was powerless to force him from the policy of straightout independence that he had adopted.

So we find him, hungry and tobaccoless, but still defiant, sitting on the shady side of his cabin and gazing stolidly out across the level stretch of cultivated lands that gleamed green, white and pink with the diversified hues of blooming cotton. Here and there dusky laborers, scattered and in groups, were gathering the first fruits of the season, singing at their work as darkeys will the world over. Off to the right a fringe of cottonwoods marked the margin of the river's channel, through which a meager stream now feebly murmured on its way to the gulf. A flock of summer ducks following the waterway rose for a moment in sight and then sank again behind the line of trees. A great blue heron flapped lazily along in their wake. Then a horde of blackbirds skurried by; and finally, from the ford above the cabin sounded the faint rattle and rumble of an approach-



UNCLE ARCH.

ing vehicle. The trio of big-legged, beefy hound pups, that had been gamboling and fighting among themselves in a good-natured way around the old darkey's chair, sallied forth with noisy challenge to meet the new comers, but presently returned in lazy complacency, conveying to their master the intelligence that no danger threatened from that quarter. Uncle Arch had not changed his position in the slightest degree, although quite aware that a buggy had stopped at his gate and that his visitors, whoever they might be, would shortly make their appearance.

"Hey, there, Arch."

It was the well-known voice of the plantation owner, but the old darkey vouchsafed no response save a dilatory, "Yas, sah."

"Oh, you're there, are you?" replied McCoy. "We'll go around and see him," he continued, addressing his companion. "I doubt his ability to give us any information—he is so very old and forgetful; but then, you can never tell a thing about a nigger or what he can do till you give him a chance."

"Dat's right," chuckled Arch to himself. "Huh! Who dat says I'se gittin' so ole I'se no use foh nuffin'? Wonder what dem white folks comin' atter now."

"Arch," said Colonel McCoy, as he came around the corner of the cabin, followed by a younger man dressed in a garb which the observant old negro at once set down as cityfied, "this is Mr. Youngblood, of Charleston, South Carolina. He has come from a long distance to see you and endeavor to get some information."

"Yas, sah."

"His father was in this neighborhood many years ago. He was a soldier at the time, and——"

"Yas, sah. Cap'n Youngblood—I 'members him; he was wiv Gin'ral Dick Taylor."

The two white men exchanged glances.

"Thirty years ago—What do you think of that?" ejaculated McCoy. "It's simply wonderful."

"Nearly all colored people possess remarkably retentive memories," responded Youngblood. "It is one of their racial traits. Now, uncle, I wish you would tell us all you remember about my father. Where did you see him?"

"You wants me to gib yo' all de inf'mashun I has?"

"To the best of your recollection."

"Yas, sah. I done tole yo' all I knows—done tole yo', jest now."

McCoy smiled. The stranger nodded to indicate that he appreciated the situation; then his hand sought his pocket and was extended with a silver dollar on the open palm. Uncle Arch gazed at it hungrily for a moment and then turned contemptously away.

"Reckon dat would look plum big tew a Chahleston niggah," said he. "Cap'n Youngblood—yo' paw—he useter gib me dat much foh holdin' ob his hoss."

"You remember that, do you?"

No answer.

"And how the Captain was cut off from his command and lay in hiding on or near this plantation with only a dozen or so men? I think he was here fully a week——"

"'Leben days. I toted grub froo de bresh on massa's ole mooley wuk steer."

More glances, but Uncle Arch pretended not to catch them. He was glaring grimly at the biggest and beefiest of the pups which

was baying a frightened chicken in the fence corner.

"And one of his men died and was buried in the woods. Can you lead us to the grave?"

Uncle Arch suddenly sat erect and looked his interlocutor squarely in the eye.

"Yo' come from Chahleston?"

"Yes."

"On de kyahs?"

"Certainly."

"Mus' hab cost a sight ob money."

"Not so very much. Forty or fifty dollars for the round trip, all told."

"Yas, sah."

A long silence, during which the old darkey was measuring his man and estimating the depth of his pocket.

"White man," said he at length, "lemme tole yo' sumfin'. Yo's lab'rin' under an' apprehenshun of fac's. Dar haint no sojer buried 'round' hyah. Dat was jes' some ob yo' paw's foolishin'. He fotched fo'teen men wid him an' he done tuk jes' fo'teen when he lef'—dough Corp'ral Dicki'son he hid in de bresh an' jines de cap'n after he crosses de ribber. Dar's no bones in dat grabe—I tells yo' dar aint."

"A few minutes' work with a spade will settle the question," said McCoy. "Come ahead, Arch, and show us the spot."

The old darkey responded with a glance eloquent with reproach. "Yas, sah. But I don't 'sider yo' in dis, Massa Mac. De trade is twixt me an' de Chahleston gemman. Dar's my ole hat. Jes, 'nominate it de treasury, sah, an' pay in yo' cash. I'se speakin' now ter de gemman fum Chahleston."

"It's robbery," fumed McCoy.

"Yes, sah. But I'se gotter look out foh old Arch. I figgers hit in dis way. De pahty ob de fust paht spen's fifty dollars on a chaince ob fin'in sumfin'. Dat's his business, an hit's all right. Now, I tells him ter spen' twice dat much agin an' make eberyting shore. Dat's my bizness, an' ef hit haint all right de gemman fum Chahleston kin so observacate. Yes, sah."

"Is it worth it?" queried McCoy as his companied commenced fingering a roll of bills.

"Worth it!" whispered Youngblood. "Why, man, this old darkey would be cheap at twice the money. There is ten thousand dollars in gold buried in that grave. My father was cut off from his command, wounded and expecting capture at any moment. In fact, he was captured three hours after he left his hiding place, and lay in a Northern prison for months. Here, Uncle," raising his voice, "Mr. McCoy is to hold the money until you make your words good."

"Dat's right, sah. I makes de Cun'l my banker, an' I axes him ter squah off dat mowgidge on dis hyah crap an' take hit foh what hit's wuff. I'se tired ob de toilafyin' wuk ob a fahmer. I wans ter lib de res' ob my days like a puffec' gemmen, an' now, bress de Lowd, I kin pay Massa Mac in devance foh all de grub dat me an' de 'oman will ebber need."

And as a matter of fact that hundred dollars is all that McCoy has received for the subsistence of Uncle Arch and Aunt Min since that fateful day, now six years gone, when Youngblood exhumed and carried away his father's long buried wealth. It is quite certainly all that he ever will receive as an offset to this considerable item of expense, even though the aged couple should chance to live another decade. Uncle Arch bears himself with the conscious dignity of a ten-time-millionaire, works not at all, and frequently reproaches his better half for humiliating herself by working in their garden.

"You don' has tew, Minnie, 'oman," he will say. "Dar's taters an' yinguns at de sto', an' I has done made 'vision foh dey'r puchis. Bettah come out'n dat sunshine, gal"—his "gal" has long passed her seventieth year—"whah foh yo' 'sist on wukin' dar, like some no 'count nigger dat's got no 'pendence 'bout demselves? Drap dat hoe, dis minute; I wants yo' tew run ober an' see ef dar's any tolable fair watermilyuns in Massa Mac's patch. I feels powerful like eatin' a milyun dis mawnin."

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OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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THE EVILS OF GAME SELLING.

OUTSIDE of the encouragement of and connivance at the illegal slaughter and prodigal decimation of game and fish which inevitably attends upon the right to sell the same in open market, there is another serious and abhorrent feature which is too commonly overlooked.

We refer to the unavoidable wastage which is certain to and already has assumed enormous proportions. In this city alone there are more spoiled game birds and fish dumped into the bay annually than is consumed by the populace.

The present law, which permits the possession, by a market man, of only a limited number at any one time, operates merely to the illegal and indifferent storage of great quantities, which deteriorate in consequence and are subsequently wasted.

This is true of other cities as well. In 1891 State Game Protector Overman of New York found and seized no less than 42,000 game birds which were illegally held in storage by one concern in that city. We are glad to say that, after two years of legal proceedings, this energetic official has secured in the upper courts a sustained judgment for over $1,000,000 in fines as imposed by lower tribunals, and that he will enforce its collection.

Game so stored, whether legally or otherwise, is very unwholesome and many deaths are directly traced annually to this source. The time will come when all men will realize the superior value of a live, healthy bird in the bush to a dead and putrescent one in the "blind pig" of a law-violating marketman.

FEDERAL GAME LAW PROTECTION.

WHILE subscribing instantly, as a matter of principle, to any measure and action which consistently tends towards the better protection and preservation of our game, WESTERN FIELD does not share in the spontaneous and unqualified enthusiasm which seems to possess certain of our estimable contemporaries in regard to Federal intervention in game protection.

The supreme courts have firmly established the axiom that to the people of each respective state belongs the game at the time it is within the boundary lines of said state, and that the state authorities alone have jurisdiction thereover. The arbitrary usurpation by the Federal authorities of any extraordinary rights in the premises would be a very dangerous innovation and one which might lead to serious consequences. There are certain "state rights" of which the individual commonwealths are very jealous, and among these the right to sole jurisdiction over the game and fish is not the least. It is our firm conviction that the states would individually repudiate and resent any Federal interference in this connection, other than a merely supplemental legislation which would insure a reciprocity of extradition facilities between them, or which would provide for the restocking of the state domain with desirable species. The supremity of state authority in this matter has been always conceded by the general government, as has been forcibly attested in Wyoming and Colorado very recently, United States treaties with Indians having been deliberately violated by the Federal authorities in favor and support of state jurisdiction over the game.

Then, again, the history of Federal protection is not a source of encouragement to those vitally interested in the principle. In its own especial bailiwick of the Yellowstone National Park it has failed dismally as every

one knows. Despite all its red tape and expenditure, the general government has not succeeded in protecting the game even in that very conspicuous and extremely small reservation. If this is to be taken as a fair sample of Federal protection we want none of it in ours. There is not a single state in the Union to-day in which the game protective conditions do not put to shame the Federal fiasco in the National Park.

What we need is really a uniform codification of state laws. Make the laws exactly similar in every state and make the violation of the game law in every one state actionable in all the others. A Federal law prohibiting the traffic in game between states, providing for the restocking of the public domain, and establishing reciprocal actionability as before suggested would comprise all the Federal intervention that would be either logical or acceptable.

We heartily concur in the idea of establishing the office of a national game warden whose duties would be to extend Federal assistance to the state authorities, first in the replenishment of the game and fish supply and second in the enforcement of laws and the punishment of their violation. That is the extent to which we need or desire the assistance of "Uncle Sam."

A POPULAR FALLACY.

THE sole argument advanced by the opponents of a non-sale clause in our game law is that of "discrimination." They talk very pathetically about the injustice done to the non-sporting element by such a clause, forgetting or purposely ignoring the fact that there can be no possible discrimination in a law which imposes precisely the same restrictions and grants exactly the same privileges to all individuals alike.

Outside of this, did it ever occur to these good people that the "discrimination" in such a clause is wholly, solely and altogether against the very "favored" class they are reviling? The sportsman in taking advantage of the privilege which the law extends to all alike pays very dearly for his enjoyment of it. Taking into consideration the cost of his gun, ammunition and other appurtenances, his expenditure of valuable time and money for transportation, etc., it is safe to say that he is compelled to pay in casn or its equivalent four to ten times as much for the game he gets as he would have to pay were he to buy it outright in the open market. It takes, besides, many days and many dollars devoted to practice and costly equipment before he attains the proficiency and skill which enables him to bag any game at all, and if his total expenditures were opposed to his total "bag" it would be found that he had paid a price for each bird and fish secured that would stagger the would-be market buyer if he had to pay at the same rate. By the non-sale clause the sportsman is denied the privilege of even only partially reimbursing himself for his vast outlay and the exercise of his superior skill. With the further restriction of a small bag limit he is lucky if his birds or trout cost him only ten times as much each as if he had bought the netted or trapped market offerings. After he has paid dearly for the game he has secured he finds himself not in absolute but only conditional possession of his hard earned quarry—he cannot do what the cheap market buyer can do under a sale clause; he can only consume it himself or give it away; he cannot resell it again.

Did it ever occur to this "discriminated-against" element that the sportsman is perforce a heavy contributor to the country's industries, peculiarly because of his devotion to his sport? His requirements afield and en route thereto embrace the products of all kinds of people and he generally pays fancy prices. All luxuries come high, and the sportman's avocation is a luxury pure and simple, for it brings no commercial return to him. The benefits directly derived by the various trades from the indulgence of field sports is a thousandfold greater than those accruing to commission houses by the sale of game, or to the populace by the eating of it as a food. Game has always, in all countries and ages, been regarded as a luxury and not a necessity, from reasons of scarcity. This condition is intensified in these days to an abnormal degree. To those non-sportsmen who insist upon having this luxury we suggest a possible way out of their difficulty under a non-sale clause in the law: Equip some friend with gun and duffel and let him share his bag with you. It will give him invigorating sport, help out trade, conserve the law and put the game on your table in its highest perfection.

THE CHAPARRAL COCK.

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.

SCIENTIFICALLY, the bird here to be described is known as *Geococcyx Californianus*, the literal translation of which means "the ground cuckoo of California." There is but one other species of this interesting genus known to me, and that is the ground cuckoo of Mexico, called *Geococcyx affinis*, a form closely related to our United States species, found in some parts of Mexico and Guatemala. Our bird was described by the naturalist Lesson in 1829 and received its present technical name from Baird in 1858. In suitable localities it is found over Northern and Central Mexico, northward to the head of the valley of the Sacramento in California, eastward to Southern Utah, and in Southeastern Colorado, in Southwestern Kansas, Western Oklahoma, and in Western Texas. These ground cuckoos have received a number of common or vernacular names, the best known of which are the "Chaparral-cock," so called because they are so frequently found in the chaparral growth of the Southwest —a growth more or less extensive and close, composed of low evergreen oaks in some localities, but as referred to in the present instance, any very dense thicket of low thorny shrubs, or a thick growth of cacti. It is also called the "Road-runner" in allusion to the marvelous rapidity with which the bird can run over the ground, a characteristic which will be more fully described further on. "Lizard Bird" is another name they have received, and that they kill and eat certain lizards is now a pretty well known fact, but that they are entitled to be called "Snake Birds" for the same reason, a term commonly applied to them in the Southwest, is a matter surrounded with a very broad margin of doubt. The Spanish-speaking people in the region where the Chaparral-cock occurs have named the bird "*Paisano* and "*Correcamino*," for reasons of their own. For some unaccountable reason our British naturalist friends on the other side have allowed "Road-runner" to pass into "Roodrunner," and in the second volume of *The Living Animals of the World* Dr. R. Bowdler Sharpe is made to say that "It has obtained the name of Road-runner from the speed with which it flies over the ground, some idea of which may be gained from a statement of Colonel Stevenson, that, when in Southern California, he saw, on two occasions, the ranchmen of that part of the country chase one of these birds on horseback for a distance of a mile or more at full speed, when the cuckoo, though still in advance, would suddenly stop and fly up among the upper limbs of some stunted tree or bush near the roadside, and the rider, having kept the bird in view all the way, would dismount and easily take the exhausted bird from its perch alive." (p. 497.)

Dr. Sharpe, agreeing with not a few other ornithologists, places these ground cuckoos in the family *Cuculidae*, confining them to a sub-family of their own (sub-fam. 4. Neomorphinæ) with several other genera. They all belong to one of the higher divisions of birds known as the *Coccyges*. Cuckoos, of which there are a large number of species in the world, possess, among other characteristics, zygodactyle feet, that is, feet with two toes in front and two toes behind. This character is well shown in Figure 1 of the present article.

Further, Chaparral-cocks have crested

heads, with a variegated plumage composed of coarse feathers, which is more or less lustrous on the upper parts. Their tails are long, but the wings are short and vaulted. In the case of the former, it is found to be made up of ten long and graduated feathers, while the zygodactylous feet of *Geococcyx* are markedly strong and stout, being in keeping with the habits of the bird and the terrestrial life it leads. The general plumage is conspicuously striped with brown and buff—the former being bronzed and glossed with a shade of green. On the throat and chest the brown is considerably lighter and streaked with dusky, while above, anteriorly, the plumage comes to be a glossy blue-black, which as we pass backwards, changes to a metallic greenish brown. Below, the parts are whitish, the chest and front of the neck being light brown or a dull ochre, streaked with a brownish black. Apart from the two middle pairs, the feathers of the glossy blue-black tail are tipped with white. The deep, blue-black feathers of the crest are, in front, over the eyes and the nape, tipped with a light greyish chestnut, and most all the feathers of the head and neck are tipped off with a single hair-like filament that is very peculiar (see Fig. 2). The beak of the Chaparral-cock is rather long, stout and very black; the extremity of the upper bill being slightly decurved. In the eye we note that the iris exhibits two concentric orange-red rings; the eye itself being surrounded by a highly-colored naked skin tract which is carried round to the back of the head.

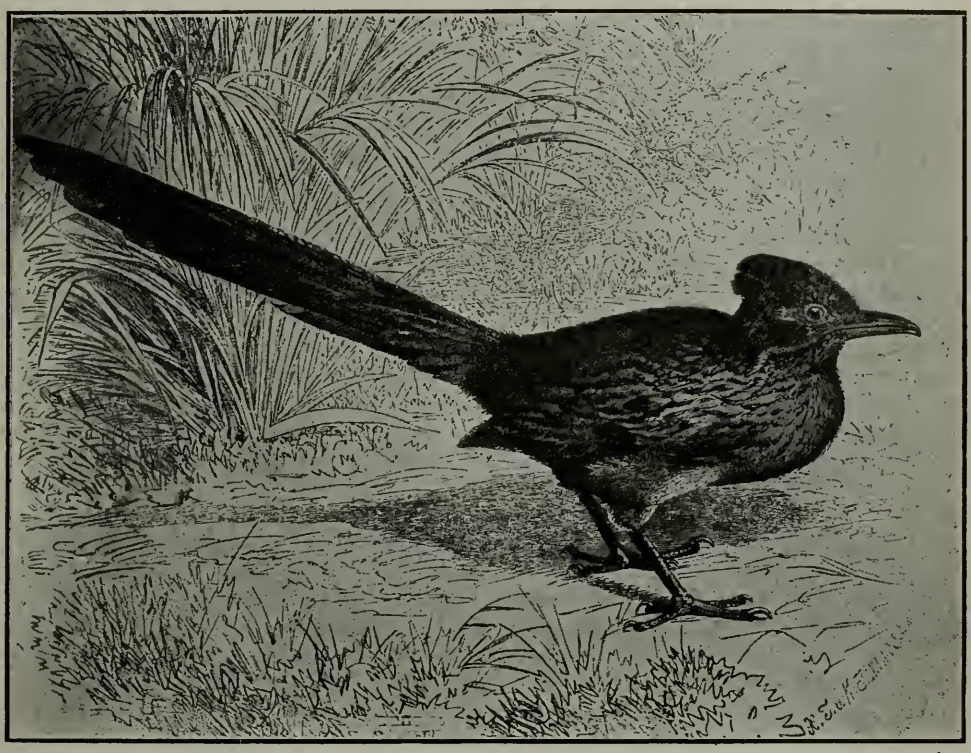

Photo by Dr. Shufeldt. THE CHAPARRAL COCK.

In 1885 I published in *The Ibis* of London, which is the official organ of the British Ornithologists' Union, a life-size colored head of a male specimen of the Chaparral-cock (*G. Californianus*), that was lithographed by the celebrated engraver T. Smit, and printed by Hanhart. I was the first naturalist to describe in detail these naked-skin tracts, and my description appeared in the just-cited paper in *The Ibis* (April 13, 1885). After pointing out how inadequate former

descriptions had been, I substantially said that the true condition of the tracts in question is so far different from the meagre and inaccurate one given by Coues and others that I feel justified in making an accurate drawing of the head of a fine specimen of the ground cuckoo, presumably a male, which was presented to me in the flesh a few days ago. (I was at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, at the time.) The drawing has already been referred to above, and for the present illustration, here shown in Figure 2, I made from it a photographic copy of exactly the same size, and it is now published for the first time. Continuing in *The Ibis* article, I said that the hindmost feathers which go towards the formation of the crest of this cuckoo are of a deep Prussian blue color, quite black in some lights, being untipped by bright ochre, as the anterior ones are. Just behind the crest proper occur the ochre-and-white-tipped feathers that are the continuation of the feather-tracts that pass over the eye. Below there, again, we find a *median* tract of feathers, a little more than a centimeter long and only five millimeters wide, extending down towards the nuchal region. On either side of this latter tract, overlying the *parietal* region of the skull, we discover a naked-skin area, about three-fourths the size of a shilling, and of a deep, though very bright, orange-color. These orange-colored spaces are really on the back of the head, being simply separated from each other by the aforesaid narrow median line of feathers. When the bird becomes excited and elevates its crest and the feathers behind the head, then upon lateral views this orange space will show as I have depicted it in my drawing. Its rounded posterior outline is the same as the outline of the smooth posterior surface of the skull, as already stated, it being its sole covering in this region. In life the eye of *Geococcyx* is entirely surrounded by a naked area of skin, which both above and anteriorly is colored a deep Prussian blue tint. Beneath the eye this gradually passes into a pale bluish white, almost quite white in some lights. The naked space behind the eye is the most extensive of all. Posteriorly this merges into the orange of the parietal skin-tract described above, while anteriorly it blends with the other color just mentioned. It is divided into three fairly distinct horizontal bands of color, the upper and lower being dark Prussian blue, the middle one a bluish white of a similar shade to that described as tinting the skin beneath the eye. These colors, especially the brilliant orange, must be quite striking in the living bird; and it is easy for us to imagine that they may "change color" with the mood of their possessor, blushing much in the same manner as the head of the turkey cock is wont to do under certain circumstances.

Since the above note was published I have seen a number of living specimens of the Chaparral-cock of both sexes and various ages, and have observed nothing in particular to add to the description just given. It will be as well to note, however, that these tints appear to be much duller in the female, while in very young birds they are even far more so, not becoming developed until the maturity of the individual has been attained. I have published a number of articles about these ground cuckoos in years gone by, the two most formal being one on the osteology of the species now being considered, which was printed (with plates) in *The Journal of Anatomy* of Edinburgh, Scotland, and the other, considerably more extensive in character, giving the entire anatomy of the species, was published with numerous plates and figures, in the proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, about 1886.

According to Mr. A. W. Anthony of California, the Chaparral-cock has been found as far north as Oregon, a female and three young having been seen by a friend of his, a perfectly reliable observer, about fifty miles south of Albany, in that State. It happened some time in August, 1887, though it is highly probable that the bird is by no means abundant in that latitude. Mr. Anthony has also met with Road-runners in the San Pedro Martir range of Lower California, at an altitude of 7,000 feet above sea level, though the bird is not commonly found above an elevation of 2,000 to 4,000 feet. It rarely breeds or is seen in the mountain ranges, however, its favorite places of resort being the desert regions of the valleys of the large rivers, especially in those sections of the country where chaparral growth is abundant. Sometimes it breeds in the oak scrub skirting the borders of the

pine belt. According to Bendine, "The Chaparral-cock is rather unsocial in its habits, and it is rare to see more than a couple together excepting after the breeding season, when the young still follow one of the parents. Its food consists almost entirely of animal matter, such as grasshoppers, beetles, lizards, small snakes, land snails, the smaller rodents, and not infrequently of small birds. On the whole, these birds do far more good than harm. When the fig-like fruit of the giant cactus is ripe they also feed on this; in fact, many mammals and birds seem to be very partial to it. It is astonishing how large an animal can be swallowed by one of these birds. I have found a species of garter snake fully twenty inches long in the crop of one shot in Arizona."

Another observer remarks that he once shot in Lower California, a half-grown Chaparral-cock on which, when he came to pick it up, he noticed a very unusual enlargement extending from the throat of the bird down the side of the neck. Subsequent dissection demonstrated the fact that this tumor was caused by the presence of a big lizard, which the bird had swallowed probably only a moment or so before it fell to the gun of the collector.

For many years past there has been a story sent broadcast about the Chaparral-cock, that has now been so often repeated that many accept it without a question. It has been said that when a bird of this species meets with a big sleeping rattlesnake anywhere in the chaparral it will proceed quietly to work to hedge the reptile all about with a fence composed of the pads of the *Cholla cactus*. Having accomplished this to its satisfaction in the most thorough manner, it will pick up in its claws an especially spiny

Photo from life by Dr. Shufeldt.

HEAD OF CHAPARRAL-COCK (FULL SIZE).

joint of the cactus, and flying up in the air, some little distance above the sleeping rattler, will, coming directly over him, drop the aforesaid piece of cactus bristling with its strong, sharp, needle-like spines, down upon his snakeship. The latter instantly awakes in great anger and no little pain. He thrashes about in his fury and wrath, only to fill himself with the cactus spines of the hedge placed about him by his wily and wicked tormentor. His efforts soon cause his utter exhaustion, and the road-runner, observing its victim's helpless condition, soon flies at him, picks out his eyes, and then destroys their mortally wounded and bleeding owner. For one, I do not believe a single word of this zoological fairy story, and in my time have seen rattlers both young and old pass in and about and over bunches of spiny cactus pads on the prairies without apparently suffering any inconvenience or with any dread of being injured by the sharp points of the spines. Several times I have seen in Western papers and magazines accounts of the Chaparral-cock and on one or two occasions at least cuts illustrating such articles giving the bird in the act of fencing the rattlesnake about with the cactus joints. They always reminded me of some of the fables of Aesop.

Notwithstanding its short wings, the Chaparral-cock is endowed with comparatively excellent powers of flight, which is at times rather swift, but never long sustained. When alarmed they draw their feathers down close to the body, extend the head and neck forward, straighten the tail out in a line with the body-axis, and start off on a run, the velocity of which I have already invited attention to above. When pursued by a horseman, the latter by no means always succeeds in taking the bird as stated or implied by Stevenson, for frequently after leading the horse for some little distance the shrewd fowl will dodge in among the chaparral growth and be lost to sight in a moment, and the horseman never so much as catch a glimpse of the bird again.

When kept as pets they become very tame and apparently more or less attached to their keepers, while in nature they are suspicious and shy, especially where they have been frequently pursued. Bendire, who has examined about twenty of their nests, says: "Notwithstanding their natural shyness, they are inquisitive birds, and where they are not constantly chased and molested will soon become used to man. One of these birds paid frequent visits to my camp, often perching on a mesquite stump for half an hour at a time, within twenty yards of my tent. While so perched it would usually keep up a continuous cooing, not unlike that of the mourning dove, varied now and then by a cackle resembling that of a domestic hen when calling her brood's attention to some choice morsel of food. This call sounded like 'dack, dack, dack,' a number of times repeated. Another peculiar sound was sometimes produced by snapping its mandibles rapidly together. While uttering these notes its long tail was almost constantly in motion and partly expanded, and its short wings slightly drooped. In walking about at ease, the tail is somewhat raised and the neck partly contracted."

In Southwestern United States the Chaparral-cock commences to breed some time from the 15th of March to the 1st of April, and they may rear as many as three broods in a single season. The number of eggs to the set ranges from three to six, depending upon circumstances. These eggs are pure white, without any spots or other marks upon them. In shape they assume some form of the ovate, either strictly so, or short, or very rarely elliptical. As in many other cuckoos, two layers are seen to make up the shell of the egg, the inner one being fine grained and close, the outer being of extreme thinness, though firm and not easily removed. The first is invariably pure white and not glossy. The outer overlying shell or layer, however, is responsible for the egg having a moderately glossy look and somewhat yellow-tinted. Both the male and female bird take part in the duties of incubation, the period for which latter extends over about eighteen or nineteen days. Toward the last the parents sit very close, and it is said may be taken on the nest with the hand rather than desert their eggs. A similar devotion is exhibited after the young are hatched out, and they are looked after by the pair with marked concern and tenderness. When disturbed in the nest, the younglings have a way of clicking their bills, giving rise to a noise that has been observed by a number of naturalists.

The Road-runner builds a somewhat flatish nest, composed of small sticks and lined with finer material. They average about a foot in diameter, and about half as much in vertical thickness. The birds build them in a variety of places, as in bunches of cacti, in any convenient low bush or small mesquite, and similar places. Instances are upon record of their laying their eggs in the nests of other birds. Those of the California Jay and the Crissal Thrasher have thus been appropriated, and sometimes when the nest has been as much as sixteen feet above the ground—an unusual height for the Chaparral-cock to make his home. In rare instances as many as a dozen eggs have been found in one clutch, but this is very rare. Bendire states they vary from two to nine, depending upon season and locality. Usually the nests are pretty well concealed, and may contain in their structure feathers, scraps of snake-skin, dry dung of certain animals, and certain vegetable fibres and seed-pods. There are over one hundred specimens of the eggs of this bird in the collection of the U. S. National Museum at Washington, and they are not uncommon in the cabinets of private collectors.

ON SOUTHERN MARSHES.

Editor WESTERN FIELD: The past duck season has been thoroughly enjoyed by most sportsmen in Southern California. The early rains in October and November brought the ducks down in fairly good numbers, and the shooting was much better than the same months last season.

There were more gadwall bagged the past season than for a number of years past. Mallards and "cans" seems to be getting scarcer every year, and the red-head is a very rare visitor in this vicinity. Widgeon, spoonbill and teal have afforded most of the sport, and the last six weeks of the season the pin-tails were quite plentiful. Owing to the heavy rains the past months, the shooting between February 1 and 15 was not up to the average. Most of the ducks went inland, where water and green feed was abundant, consequently they were much scattered, and the shooting on the preserves near the coast was poor.

Geese have almost given us the go-by entirely this year, and those that are here at present came in very late. There are at the present time not more than one thousand geese feeding on the grain fields in this neighborhood, most of them being snow geese, and "checker-breasts." The honker or Canada goose is getting scarcer every year in this county, and a good-sized flock of them is a rare sight.

Jack snipe have been quite plentiful in this vicinity for the past two months, and if the sportsman knows where to look for them he can have fairly good sport. There are quite a number of the toothsome birds on the Bolsa Chica Gun Club's preserves, near Westminster, and the low damp grounds between the coast and Los Alamitos, where there is an overflow from artesian wells. The birds seem to prefer old corn fields, where the ground is soft, and in such places they are pretty certain to be found. I know of one such place where from twenty-five to fifty birds can be found most any day in the week.

I am lamenting my inability to enjoy some of the sport, as I have been laid up with a broken arm for the past two months, and am unable to raise a gun to my shoulder. However, I enjoy going out and watching the sport from a buggy. I hope to be able to cast a fly rod by the 1st of May.

B. C. HINMAN.

Long Beach, Cal.

CALIFORNIA GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
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THE PROTECTION OF GAME.

By Frank H. Mayer.

(Second Paper.)

THERE is no longer any question as to the ownership of American wild game. Our highest tribunals have conclusively decided that the people of each state absolutely own and have sole jurisdiction over the game within the borders of their state so long as the game remains therein; such being the case each state has the right to make such laws as it chooses in regard to the disposition of its own game.

Stated simply, the people of each state own the game within the state boundary lines, and the natural deduction is that absolute possession is extended to each individual. Such, however, is not the case; while the people of the state cojointly enjoy absolute ownership of all the game, individual possession of even a part of it is made conditional by law. Even were it otherwise, and absolute possession was theoretically accorded to individuals, there would still be social restrictions that would modify such possession, nevertheless. A man, for instance, may be absolute owner of a house, yet were he to attempt to dispose of it by burning it down he might find that the law very materially abridges his "absolute" rights in that connection. That man who in California would in open season and legal quantity shoot quail for the purpose of either selling them or wantonly

PRACTICAL GAME PROTECTION.

Ranch of S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo., showing a band of wild Elk which are being fed by Mr. Leek on hay, in order to preserve them. The animals have become quite tame in consequence of their good treatment by this true sportsman.

burning them up, would find himself in quick and serious trouble.

The game, therefore, being a common communal possession, should be made to yield the most and best returns to the common and universal good. How can this best be accomplished? The answer is simple: An asset is of value only so long as it is in existence. To get the most out of our game we have to perpetuate it by judicious fostering and consistent protection. And this protection of the people's game is a moral obligation obviously devolving upon every individual in the community without exception. This individual obligation and responsibility is too generally ignored by sportsmen who to no small extent are directly responsible for the very conditions of short game supply which they are constantly bewailing. That man who, for example, illogically pursues a bevy of quails until he has bagged the last one, is in every way as reprehensible as the most vicious market hunter of his detestation—in fact, is even more so because he does for mere sport that which the other does for a living. Of the two, I deem the former the real game hog, while bitterly opposed to market hunting on principle. Personally I hold the chronic limit-killing "sportsman (?)" in far greater detestation than I do the most sanguinary market hunter; for the one prostitutes an assumed virtue of which the other makes no profession at all. The alpha and omega of true sportsmanship is not contained in either the lust for, nor proficiency in slaughter, and the limit killer is a disgrace to the guild. If we had a little more consistency and a little less arrogance and bigotry among our so called "sportsmen," the problem of game protection would in a measure solve itself.

As each state is absolutely the dictator of its own destiny in regard to its game amenities it follows that, in order to work out its own salvation, no feature or condition should be ignored. In the best interests of all, a sensible economy should be exercised in the necessary expenditures so as to get the most for the people's money; and a wise foresight should likewise be exercised in seeing that they, alone, get what is equably coming to them. In this connection I wish to remark that there is no real selfishness in the old axiom that "Charity begins at home," and I am a firm believer in the advisability of imposing a sporting license upon non-residents.

The theory works well in practice; this is well exemplified by the excellent game conditions in Maine, Wyoming and other states where a non-resident tax is imposed. It is as sharply emphasized conversely in Colorado which, owing to its lack of such provision, has been so overrun and shot out by sportsmen who desired to evade such payment, that its State Assembly has been compelled to seriously consider the entire closure of season on all big game for a long term of years. If the people of this state actually own the game therein, and pay large sums for its protection and perpetuation, why should they foolishly donate their costly and valuable heritage to uninterested rank outsiders, who afford naught in return?

At the risk of being deemed heretical to good old American traditions I venture the advocacy of a resident license as well. At first blush this has a very repugnant look, but a little explanation may modify its repellant features. What I suggest is, briefly this: Every able-bodied man of legal age is required by law to pay a uniform poll tax. It is safe to say that not more than forty per cent of the men so obligated pay this small tax in any one year. It is just as certain that many—indeed, most of the delinquent 60 per cent, hunt or fish. Make no extra charge for the resident sporting tax before referred to, but simply let the poll tax *receipt* for any one year constitute the required sporting license for that year. In this way the revenues of the state would be increased materially and at no injustice or inequity to any one. I confess it would work a certain hardship upon a large class of sportive tax dodgers, but no honest citizen will take exception to that. Allow no man of legal age to hunt or fish, under a commensurate penalty, unless provided with such license-receipt, and the effect will soon be apparent. Of course, under such a provision there would be the customary exemption of minors and over-aged men, and it would be a wise supplemental provision to forbid by law the use of firearms by minors under the age of sixteen. Above the age of sixteen and under 21, a special certificate of permission to hunt and fish should be exacted and a nominal fee charged to cover its actual cost of issuance.

Every elective and appointive office in

state, county, city and town should also be invested with the legal authority and obligation to enforce the game laws under penalty for official malfesance in this respect—there is room for much improvement, not to say reform, along these lines.

And, what is most important of all, there should be a yearly, as well as a daily bag limit prescribed by law. This could be regulated by having the tax certificate licensee swear before the issuance of the receipt that he had not exceeded the limit in the year previous. Even a game hog would be chary of committing perjury in these premises.

The traffic in and sale of game should be positively prohibited under heavy penalties. This conclusion permits of no argument, as it is established beyond all question by ages of bitter experience, and by the unanimous endorsement of all close observers.

The state game and fish commissioners should pay as much attention to the replenishment of our fields and forests as they presently do to the restocking of our waters alone. Instead of confining their attention to the piscatorial feature only, they should devote equal time and expenditure to the dry land species. We are just as much in need of state quail, grouse and pheasant hatcheries as we are of fish hatcheries, and the institution of a few state sanctuary preserves for big game wouldn't be a half bad thing. In all these things we need propagation fully as much as we need protection and the man child is already born who will live to see the confirmatory evolution, if not indeed the full consummation of this prophesy. It may be more difficult to propogate young birds than it is to raise young trout and the numbers will, of course, be infinitely less, but the fishes ordinarily outnumber the birds in the proportion of a thousand to one under natural conditions and if only the same ratio can be maintained in the artificial propogation of the latter the bird supply will be abundantly conserved.

Spring shooting of migratory and resident fowls alike should be abolished. There is nothing that can be logically urged in extenuation of this suicidal practice. The arguments advanced by the advocates of spring shooting in an attempt at its justification are hollow and specious to an extreme and will not bear a dispassionate analysis. In my next paper I shall dwell in detail upon this very pernicious draft on our most valuable feathered game.

A LIVE SILVER FOX.

The firm of Funsten Bros. & Co., fur commission merchants of St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., who are said to be the largest receivers of raw furs in the United States, were recently the recipients of a very novel shipment in the form of a live silver fox, whose picture is shown above.

This animal is not yet two years old, and was caught when very young and raised a pet. It was taken in the British Northwest, where most of these rare animals are found. Funsten Bros. & Co. receive many silver foxskins every winter, the value of which range from $100 to $600 per skin, in some cases very fine specimens perfect in size and beauty bringing as high as $1,000. This fox is a female, and stands over two feet high, and is not yet fully grown. It has a dark, rich black under fur, which is very thick, and, being interspersed and mixed with the beautiful silver tips, as only nature can blend, makes both animal and skin a beautiful sight to see. On the ears, legs and part of the back, extending from the head to the middle of the back is a rich, glossy black fur, very thick and fine. The brush of the fox is one of its most attractive features, especially in moments of excitement, when it is enlarged and appears to best advantage. The brush, or tail, is of a bluish black, with the exception of the tip end, which is snow white.

The silver fox is a very rare and scarce animal, which fact, combined with the extreme beauty of its fur, makes it one of the most valuable fur skins in the market. The highest price that has ever been known to have been paid for a silver foxskin was $2,800, this being paid for a skin at the

London auction sales in March, 1900, by Greenwald & Co., furriers of Paris. At the same time another skin was bought by the same company for $1,800.

Funsten Bros. & Co. of St. Louis probably handle more of these silver foxskins than any house in this country, as they make a specialty of receiving and selling raw furs of all kinds from all over the United States, Canada and Alaska. St. Louis is conceded to be the largest primary fur market in the world, and does a vast business in this line. This live silver fox is one of the few that has ever been in capitivity, and is a very valuable pet. They are usually promptly killed for the value of their beautiful fur. This little fox is valued at $350, which price it would take to buy it, and it will be worth more when it is fully grown.

THE NEW FISH LAW.

The Senate bill No. 150, introduced by Senator Coggins, has been signed by the governor and is now a law. The full text of the bill follows:

An Act to amend Sections 628, 629, 632, 635 and 637 of the Penal Code of the State of California, all relating to the preservation and protection of fish, and to repeal all acts and parts of acts in conflict with this act.

The people of the State of California, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section six hundred and twenty-eight of the Penal Code of the State of California, is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 628. Every person who, between the first day of January and the first day of July of each year, buys, sells, takes, catches, or has in his possession any black bass; or who, between the first day of April and the fifteenth day of August of each year, buys, sells, takes, catches, or has in his possession any lobster or crawfish; or who, between the first day of May and the first day of September of each year, buys, sells, takes, catches, kills, or has in his possession any shrimp; or who, between the first day of September and the first day of November of each year, buys, sells, takes, catches, kills, or has in his possession any crab; or who, at any time buys, sells, takes, catches, kills, or has in his possession any striped bass of less than three pounds in weight, or any lobster or crawfish of less than nine and one-half inches in length, measured from one extremity to the other, exclusive of legs, claws or feelers; or any sturgeon, or any egg-bearing female lobster, or any female crab or any crab which shall measure less than six inches across the back, or any abalone shells, or abalones, the shell of which shall measure less than fifteen inches around the outer edge of the shell; or who by siene or other means, catches the young fish of any species and does not immediately return the same to the water alive; or who buys, sells, or offers for sale, or has in his possession, any such fish, whether fresh or dried; or who catches, takes, kills, or carries away any fish from any pond or reservoir belonging to, or controlled by, the board of fish commissioners, or any person or corporation, without the consent of the owners thereof, which pond or reservoir has been stocked with fish; or who, except with hook and line, takes, catches, or kills any black bass whatsoever, or any kind of fish, from any river or stream upon which the state or United States fish hatchery is maintained, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and punishable by a fine not less than twenty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten nor more than one hundred and fifty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment. All fines collected for any violations of any of the provisions of this section must be paid into the State treasury to the credit of the "fish commission fund." Nothing in this section prohibits the United States fish commission and the fish commission of this State from taking at all times such fish as they deem necessary for the purpose of artificial hatching. It is no defense in a prosecution for a violation of any of the provisions of this section that the fish were caught or taken outside, or within this State.

SEC. 2. Section six hundred and twenty-nine of the Penal Code of the State of California is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 629. Any person or persons, corporation or corporations, owning, in whole or in part, or leasing, operating, or having in charge any mill race, irrigating ditch or canal, taking or receiving its waters from any river, creek, stream or lake in which fish have been placed, or may exist, shall put, or cause to be placed, and maintain, over the inlet of said ditch, canal or mill race a screen of such construction and fineness, strength and quality as shall prevent any such fish from entering such ditch, canal or mill race, when required to do so by the State Board of Fish Commissioners, and any person or corporation violating any of the provisions of this section, or who shall neglect or refuse to put up or maintain such screen, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty dollars or imprisoned in the county jail of the county in which the conviction shall be had not less than ten days, or by both such fine and imprisonment; and all fines imposed and collected for violation of any of the provisions of this section shall be paid into the State treasury to the credit of the "fish commission fund;" provided, that the continuance from day to day of the neglect or refusal after notification in writing by the fish commissioners, shall constitute a separate offense.

SEC. 3. Section six hundred and thirty-two of the Penal Code of the State of California is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 632. Every person who, between the first day of November in any year and the first day of April of the year following, buys, sells, takes, catches, kills or has in his possession any variety of trout, except steelhead trout (Salmo gairdneri); or who, between the first day of February and the first day of April; or between the tenth day of September and the sixteenth day of October of each year, buys, sells, takes, catches or has in his possession any steelhead trout (Salmo gairdneri); or who, between the first day of November and the first day of April of the year following, takes, kills or catches any steelhead trout above tide water; or who, at any time, buys, sells or offers for sale any trout of less than one-half pound weight, or takes or catches any trout except with hook and line, is guilty of a misdemeanor; provided, however, that steelhead trout (Salmo gairdneri) may be taken in tide water between the first day of April and the tenth day of September of each year, and between the sixteenth day of October and first day of February of the following year, with lawful nets; and a lawful net is a net that when placed in the water is unsecured and free to drift with the current or tide, and the meshes of which are, when drawn closely together and measured inside the knot, not less than seven and one-half inches in length. Every person found guilty of any violation of any of the provisions of this section must be fined in a sum not less than twenty dollars or be imprisoned in the county jail in the county not less than ten days, or be punished by both such fine and imprisonment, and all fines collected for any violation of any of the provisions of this section must be paid into the State treasury to the credit of the "fish commission fund." Nothing in this section prohibits the United States

PRACTICAL GAME PROTECTION.

Another band of wild elk, estimated at 500 head, now being looked after by Mr. S. N. Leek, Jackson's Hole, Wyo.

fish commission and the fish commission of this State from taking at all times such trout as they deem necessary for the purpose of propagation.

SEC. 4. Section six hundred and thirty-five of the Penal Code of the State of California is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 635. Every person who places or causes to be placed in any of the waters of this State, dynamite, gunpowder or other explosive compound, for the purpose of killing or taking fish; or who takes, procures, kills or destroys any fish of any kind by means of explosives; or who places or allows to pass, or who places where it can pass into any of the waters of this State, any lime, gas, tar, cocculus indicus, slag, sawdust, shavings, slabs, edgings, mill or factory refuse, or any substance deleterious to fish, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and is punishable by a fine of not less than two hundred and fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail in the county in which the conviction is had, not less than one hundred and twenty-five days, or by both such fine and imprisonment; and all fines imposed and collected for any violation of any of the provisions of this section shall be paid into the State treasury to the credit of the "fish commission fund."

SEC. 5. Section six hundred and thirty-seven of the Penal Code of the State of California is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 637. It shall be the duty of the State Board of Fish Commissioners to examine from time to time all dams and artificial obstructions in all rivers and streams in this State naturally frequented by salmon, shad and other migratory fish; and if, in their opinion, there is not free passage for fish over or around any dam or artificial obstruction, to notify the owners or occupants thereof to provide the same within a specified time, with a durable and efficient fishway of such form and capacity and in such location as shall be determined by the fish commissioners or persons authorized by them, and such fishway must be completed by the owners or occupants of such dam or artificial obstruction to the satisfaction of said commissioners, within the time specified; and it shall be incumbent upon the owners or occupants of all dams or artificial obstructions, where the State Board of Fish Commissioners require such fishways to be provided, to keep the same in repair and open and free from obstructions to the passage of fish at all times; and no person shall wilfully destroy, injure, or obstruct any such fishway, or at any time take or catch any salmon, shad or other migratory fish or trout, except by hook and line within three hundred feet of any fishway required by the State Board of Fish Commissioners to be provided and kept open, or at any time take or catch any such fish in any manner within fifty feet of such fishway; and every person violating any of the provisions of this act is guilty of a misdemeanor, and every person found guilty of a violation of any of the provisions of this act must be fined in a sum not less than one hundred dollars, or imprisoned in the county jail of the county in which the conviction shall be had not less than fifty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment; and all fines imposed and collected for any violations of the provisions of this act shall be paid into the State treasury to the credit of the "fish commission fund."

SEC. 6. All acts or parts of acts in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 7. This act takes effect immediately.

A SONG O'FISHIN.'

SING a song o' fishin',
Pocket full o' bait;
Hear the torrents rushin',
Gee! it's hard to wait.
Mud is on the highway,
Spring rains in the land—
Sing a song o' fishin'—
Say, but ain't it grand?

Sing a song o' fishin',
Bring your rubber boots;
Most a million beauties
Waitin' in the chutes.
When the stream is open
They begin to bite;
Speckled fins a flashin'—
Jolly, what a sight!

Sing a song o' fishin'—
Won't we reel 'em in?
Have our pictures taken,
Mostly fish an' grin.
Sing a song o' fishin',
Best of all the fun,
Even though I never
Catch a single one!

—*Maude E. Smith Hymers.*

THE ROYAL GAME OF SCOTTISH BOWLS.

By R. R. L'HOMMEDIEU.

THE origin of the game of bowls is lost in the misty past of ages, the first mention of it being made in William Fitzstephens' *Surry of London.* Fitzstephens states that "stone bowls were used by the citizens, who frequently went outside of the walls to play, though there were also alleys inside the walls, where there were such scenes of riot that they were forbidden by Richard the Second and Edward the Fourth." Another reason for the royal veto was the great popularity of the game, which threatened seriously to interfere with the practice of archery. In Henry the Eighth's time it was made illegal to play the game, for the people had practically given up all their time to indulgence in it. It is from that period that the game can be traced to the present time, when it is again meeting with favor purely on the true merits which has caused it to outlive many other forms of amusement. It is the purpose here to deal

BOWLING RINK, GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

with the game as it is now played in Scotland, England and the United States, where there are many followers.

The main point in its favor is that it must be played out of doors; secondly, it must be played on the green grass; and thirdly, it can be played as well by the young as the old. It does not take strength or endurance, as in the case of bowling on the alleys, but more especially requires a good eye and keen judgment. The constant walking across the 120 feet of rink gives one enough exercise in a day or an afternoon.

The ground on which the game is played is called a "rink." It is 120 feet long and 20 feet wide, and, as in the case of the game in Golden Gate Park, the section set off is 120 by 120 feet, which makes it possible to play six rinks. The ground should be kept as level as possible and should be constantly mowed and rolled. In fact, the expression "as smothe as a bowling-gree' " denotes, or ought to denote, the acme of perfection in this respect. A good bowling-green requires almost as much attention as a grass tennis court.

The bowls are made of lignum vitæ and must not exceed 16½ inches in circumference, nor be loaded in any manner. In running they should have a "bias" of at least one yard in thirty on an ordinary green. The bias is the curved course which the bowl takes, caused by one side of the bowl being flatter than the other.

Y. C. LAWSON, PRESDT.

JOHN M'LAREN, VICE-PRESDT.

The theory of the game is simple enough. Each player plays his bowl so as to remain as near as possible to the "jack" or mark which has been previously cast on the green. The next players follow suit, each in turn, until all the bowls have been expended. The position of the bowls in relation to the jack is then examined. The player which is nearest to the jack counts one; if both his bowls are nearer to the jack than those of his opponents he scores two. If only two are playing each player has four bowls, while in games where more than two are playing only two bowls are used, and the side that has the most bowls nearest the jack counts accordingly. In the next round the player who was the nearest to the jack in the previous round leads off, and so on until game, which is usually 21 points, is scored.

The great interest of the game consists in either putting your opponent's bowl away from the jack, or taking the jack away from his bowl, and then placing your own as near as possible to the object goal. The bowls must be delivered with an underhand throw. The practice is far more difficult than one would imagine. The first thing to master is the secret of the "bias." In aiming you

have to allow for the bias, which, according as it is given, makes the bowl curve in either from the right or left, until it is in close position to the jack. The bias is generally given by holding the marked end of the bowl towards the left hand of the bowler. To do this requires a lot of patience and perseverance.

The next thing to observe is the "throw." It is the throw that means everything in the game. In regulating the throw one must be guided by the rinks on which they are playing, for all bowling-greens are not perfect, and one must play according to circumstances. Of pace little may be said. The players' eye should aid him in this, and, whether he intends to tie up by the jack or drive away his opponent's bowl, he must vary his pace accordingly.

When two, three, four or any number of players, not exceeding eight, form sides and commence a game they make what is called a "rink." Eight players—that is, four on a side—make a complete rink, and are classed as leaders, seconds and third players and drivers. The drivers are generally the "skips" who have charge of the sides and who coach while the others are playing. The first player or leader is the one who must place the mat and throw the jack. Before throwing the jack he should announce to the driver or skip the result of the last end, or state how the game stands, and should be guided by the skip where to throw the jack.

THOS. G. AITKEN, SECTY.

Drivers or skips should have the sole charge of their respective rinks and their instructions should be implicitly followed by the other players. The skips may appoint substitutes to direct when they are playing themselves. They should be the judges in all disputed points and if agreeing their decision should be final; if not, the matter should be decided by an umpire.

The bowls, as stated before, must not exceed 16½ inches in circumference, nor 3½ pounds in weight, nor have less bias than the standard bowl which is one yard in thirty, while the jack shall be less than 2½ inches in diameter.

To more properly appreciate the game one has only to go to the Recreation grounds in Golden Gate Park to see how it is played. Any Saturday afternoon there are six rinks in play, and from noon until dark the members of the San Francisco Scottish Bowling Clubs hold forth.

The officers of the club are: Y. C. Lawson, President; John McLaren (Superintendent of the Park), Vice-President, and Thomas G. Aitken, Secretary-Treasurer.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

By Arthur Inkersley.

While Association Football has been played in a desultory sort of way for several years in San Francisco and Oakland, it has received great development during the season just over. Of all the many games of football, it is apparently the simplest; it is also, in the most exact sense, *foot*ball. The object of the players is to advance the ball by kicking with the feet and to put it between the posts and under the crossbar of their opponents' goal, and to prevent the other side from doing this. No player except the goalkeeper may use his hands or arms throughout the game. Any player may, however, use his head, and many become remarkably expert at heading the ball. Simple as the game is, it is played in the British islands with an amount of skill that must be seen to be understood. At English schools where the hardness of the playing grounds rendered running with the ball and tackling dangerous a dribbling game naturally arose. In 1863 the dribblers formed an association, one of the first principles of which was that no player (except the goalkeeper) shall carry, knock on or handle the ball under any pretense whatever.

At first the association footballers adopted the Rugby off-side rule, by which no player is allowed to take the ball on from one of his own side who kicked on to him from behind. Under this rule dribbling by individual players became the leading and most brilliant feature of the game. The rule for more than thirty years past has been that the ball may be passed forward to a player if there are at least three opponents between him and the opponents' goal line.

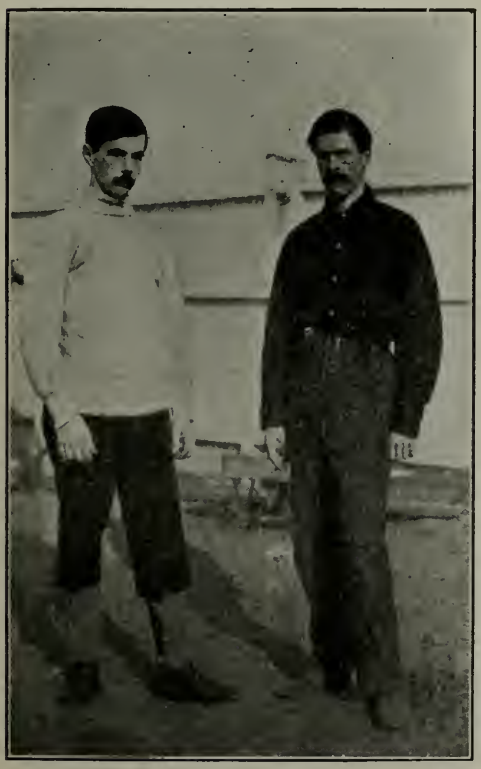
Inkersley, Photo.

1. SAN FRANCISCO ASSOCIATION TEAM.
2. ALBION LODGE TEAM.
3. INDEPENDENT TEAM.
4. AMERICAN-BRITISH RIFLES TEAM.
5. VAMPIRES.

Since the adoption of this rule it has been found that matches are won, not by dribbling and backing up the dribblers, but by passing and combination. It was about the year 1875 that passing became a recognized feature of the game, so that the good teams began to play two half-backs and two backs, and to make each forward keep strictly to his own place in the field. Nowadays the forward, when hard pressed by several opponents, passes to his own wing man to the center or right over to the opposite wing. The art of steering a ball up and down through opponents, keeping it under full control, is still useful to a team and attractive to spectators, but it has ceased to be the chief feature of the game.

At the present day each player has his own allotted place on the field, and passing is the very essence of the game. It is so universally practiced that, besides the goallkeeper, two backs and three half-backs are necessary to defend the goal from the attacks of the enemy's forwards. The field is aranged thus—a goalkeeper, who defends the space between the posts; two backs, who must never get so far away from their own goal that the enemy's backs can kick the ball over their heads; three half-backs, who advance with the play, but always keep their own forwards in front of them, and five forwards, one in the center and two on each wing. The field should be 120 yards long by 80 yards wide, and bounded by goal lines and bunch lines. When the ball crosses either line it is out of play, but if a player kick the ball over his own goal line the other side get a corner kick, from which the chance of serving a goal is good. When the ball crosses a side line a player of the opposite side to that which kicked it in throws it into the field again. Players used to be allowed to throw the ball in with one arm, but men became so adept at hurling it down the field that the rule was altered. Now the player must hold the ball over his head with both hands, though he may still throw it any direction be pleases. The ball is round and is put into play at the beginning of a game by a kick-off from the center of the field.

Inkersley, Photo.
ROBINSON AND ROBERTS, REFEREES, C. A. F. L.



Inkersley, Photo. CAPTAINS M'CALLUM AND WILLIAMSON. (Vampires and Rifles.)

A forward must dribble, pass, intercept passes and get the ball away from the forwards of the other side. When he finds himself surrounded he passes the ball to a comrade who is clear, and it is in the judgment, quickness and accuracy with which this is done that the excellence of a forward consists. The men on the wing play to each other and pass to the center whenever opportunity offers. The pair of players on the same wing should not get much separated and should make short passes to each other. Sometimes a cross or wide pass to the players on the other wing gives them a clear field. Generally passing is low, unless the passer wants to give his own forwards time to rush up and bear down the backs of the opposite side. When near the enemy's goal the ball shou ld be centered, as long shots at goal rarely succeed.

A peculiar feature of the association game is that a player must learn to pass, center or dribble with the sides of his feet. When the ball is wet a kick with the side of the foot is more likely to be accurate than one with the toe.

Speaking generally, charging an enemy is wasted force, but a forward should hustle the opponents' half-backs and disconcert them as much as possible. In heading the ball the forward must acquire control over the force and direction of his blow.

The work of the half-backs is to "feed" their own forwards. A good half-back must be able to dribble when necessary and above all must be skillful at taking the ball away from an oponent. He must charge steadily and be a sure kicker, lifting the ball just over his opponents' heads and dropping it among his own forwards. Often he must kick when the ball is still in the air and must know where it will land when he kicks it backwards over his head. He must not kick too strongly, for if he does the opposing backs will get it and will send it back over his head. Above all he must be safe and cool, qualities which

are to be preferred to brilliancy. The half-back may often head the ball to advantage, for it is quicker than kicking with the foot. Corner kicks should be made by a half-back, so as to leave all the forwards free to get up close to the enemy's goal. He must fall back quickly when the center of activity gets past him.

The backs must be strong kickers and must be able to kick well and surely, even when they are being charged. They must play well in combination with each other, for this is what renders them most effective. Two backs, each a splendid player, may let the ball get past or through them from lack of a thorough understanding. A back must be ready to charge an opponent and get the ball away from him, and, when his comrade is engaged, must watch for the center which is likely to be tried. When player and ball have passed him he must follow and harass the forward, trying to spoil his center or his shot at goal. He should not dribble, except perhaps for a moment, but should send the ball back hard as quickly as possible. He must be able to kick forward, backward, over his head, or sideways, with every part of his foot, and equally accurately with either foot. A strong, heavy man is very useful as a back, but he must also be agile and a versatile kicker.

The dullest, least spectacular, but perhaps the most important, place on the field is that of goalkeeper. He must be cool and quick, and it is a great advantage for him to be tall and have long arms. His area of activity is small, but within it he must display the greatest agility. In earlier days goalkeepers used to kick much more than they do now; old Rugby Union players were often chosen to defend the goal, and they naturally punted and drop kicked frequently. Several men have represented either Oxford or Cambridge University both in Rugby Union and Association Football, and at least one man has earned his international colors in both games. Now, however, the goalkeeper kicks little, but seizes the ball in his hands and throws it away, or "fists" it out. He throws the ball to one side or other of the goal, sending it, if possible, to a comrade who can get away with it. His duty is at all hazards to defend the goal; if the ball is coming straight and high he knocks it up, so that it passes over the crossbar, though the opponents get a "corner kick" from this. On such an occasion the goalkeeper must be well surrounded by his own men, as, if the ball drops well in front of goal, the opponents are sure to try to charge him and carry the ball between the posts. Sometimes a goalkeeper may run out a little in front of goal, but this is dangerous, as it leaves the goal unguarded.

The essence of the modern game is the combination work, the great skill in which can only be appreciated

Inkersley, Photo.
LYDON (Rifles) CENTERING BALL, M'CALLUM AND HARWOOD (Vampires) FOLLOWING.

Inkersley, Photo. LYDON BEATS M'CALLUM FOR POSSESSION.

by one who, possessing a knowledge of the details, watches games played by good teams.

Until the winter of 1902-1903 the only regular Association Football club here was the Vampires, which played occasional matches against an Oakland eleven or a team made up of British apprentices from the Seamen's Institute. Now there is a California Association Football League with the following five clubs as members: Albion Lodge, American-British Rifles, Independents, San Franciscos and Vampires. Each club has from twenty to twenty-five members, all of them of British birth or descent. The most notable men of the Rifles' team are Percy Chambers, who played in several cup matches in Cheshire; Lydon of Glasgow and C. C. Y. Williamson, son of a British military officer. Douglas Erskine, the well-known tackle of the Olympic and Reliance football teams, donned the red and blue shirt of the Rifles once or twice, but proved too heavy and not sufficiently agile. The forward line of the Rifles consists of J. O'M. Leahy, D. A. Connolly, A. Churchill, R. Shand and T. Lydon. The half-backs are W. E. Chambers, T. R. McKay and Harry Bird. The backs are J. Forrest and J. Hodge, and C. C. Y. Williamson is captain and goalkeeper. The Rifles just won the championship of the league on March 8 by defeating Albion Lodge, while the Vampires managed only to tie the Independents. Up to March 8 the Vampires and Rifles had scored 11 points each, but the result of the matches on that day made the scores read: Rifles, 13 points; Vampires, 12 points. In the earlier part of the season the Vampires won all their matches, beating even the Rifles on February 22, but several of their best players were compelled to retire through injuries. E. M. Petersen, the best full-back in the league; G. S. McCallum (captain), D. Jamieson and A. W. Wilding were all more or less knocked out. Towards the end of the season Harold B. Richardson, the well-known Surrey cricketer and footballer, joined the team as back, and proved very valuable. The forward line of the Vampires, though fast and playing well together, is somewhat too light to withstand rough play. Towards the close of the season the Fay brothers joined the Vampires and rendered good service.

At the beginning of the season the weakest team was that of Albion Lodge, but, by sticking tenaciously to their work and getting the aid of two or three new men, the eleven continually improved, until on Sunday, March 1, it surprised the spectators by beating the hitherto unbeaten Vampires three goals to two. The most notable player of the Albion team is R. A. Hooker, who is speedy and clever with his feet. J. McPherson defends goal well and J. Robertson is a good full-back. L. E. Duquesne, formerly of Butte City, and R. A. Hooker play a strong forward game.

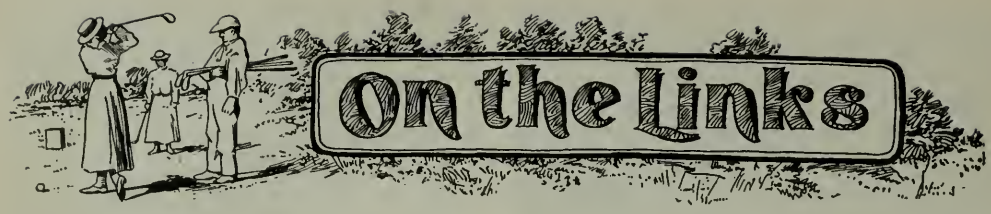
One of the most valuable Albion men is L. R. Gilchrest, but he sustained a severe injury to his ankle early in the season and has been on crutches ever since. Of their eight scheduled matches the Albions won two and drew one, finishing third.

The San Francisco team has an excellent player in its captain, H. Antrobus, formerly a Blackburn Rover. The make-up of the eleven changed so much that it had little chance of doing well. Antrobus, who was a tower of strength at back, wrenched his knee badly and thereafter played in goal, though he ought to have retired from the football field until next season.

The Independent Club numbers about two score of members, W. E. Owens being captain. While heavy and hardworking, few of them have had any previous experience. A most valuable recent acquisition is Lynch, who is equal to any full-back in the league as a steady and sure kicker, and a cool-headed player.

On Saturday, February 28, an exhibition game, arranged by Mr. Taliesin Evans, president of the California League, after correspondence with Dr. B. I. Wheeler, president of the University of California, was played on the campus at Berkeley. The students turned out in great force to witness the match, and, though they did not know anything of the points of the game, were able to appreciate the activity, if not the skill, of the players. A game has since been played on the Stanford campus. It is quite likely that association teams will be made up at both universities, as President Wheeler has seen good association matches in England and has some appreciation of the skill to which the best players attain. The game would be most valuable for those men at American colleges who have not the physique and heavy build necessary for intercollegiate football, and yet, possessing speed and agility, would like to play a game affording an unlimited amount of fast running and opportunities for clever dodging, kicking, dribbling and passing. Requiring, as it does, combination between men familiar with each other's play, it is specially suited to colleges, where teams made up of the same men can practice together frequently. While I do not quite agree with Mr. Archie Rice that the game is "easy to learn and comparatively easy to play," it is certainly easier to understand than intercollegiate football, which seems to my untrained observation to have been rendered so scientific that it has ceased to be recreative, either to the player or the spectator. Hardly any one fond of outdoor games can fail to appreciate to some extent the clever dribbling and combination work of the wing men or the fine defensive kicking of the backs of an association team. The ball is always in full view, and the looker-on does not need to have taken an elective course in the tactics of modern football to enable him to tell what the players are trying to do. Though there is rather more rough-and-tumble about it than Mr. Rice thinks, there is scarecly any of the deliberate blackguardism, worthy only of prize-fighters, that is the gravest objection to the intercollegiate game, in which men too fast and clever for their opponents are intentionally "slugged" into unconsciousness. There is nothing in association football to brutalize either the players or the spectators, and this can hardly be said truthfully of intercollegiate football. A good association footballer, while ready to charge or be charged, tries all the time to get possession of the ball or to take it away from an opponent. If in doing so he hurts an adversary, it is matter of regret rather than of jubilation. Some of the worst injuries in the game result from a player stepping into a hole in the ground or tripping over an adversary's feet. Yet the game satisfies all reasonable desire for physical collision and damage, as is shown by the fact that a dozen men have met with more or less serious injuries during the league games, which lasted just two months.

Inkersley, Photo. COMMODORE BORDGMAN AND A GROUP OF SAUSALITO TARS.



By Arthur Inkersley.

AS SEVERAL erroneous statements have been made in the daily newspapers about the Council's Cup for women of the San Francisco Golf Club, it is well to say here that the trophy now open for competition is the second one of its kind. The first cup was offered in 1900, in which year Miss Alice Hoffman won the two competitions held for it. In 1901 Mrs. R. G. Brown won both the contests. In 1902 the contest between Miss Hoffman and Mrs. R. G. Brown was unusually keen, as a third victory of either would decide the ownership of the cup. Mrs. R. G. Brown proved the winner and carried off the handsome trophy. A new cup was then presented, and Mrs. R. G. Brown's was the first name to be engraved upon this. Mrs. J. R. Clark's name has now been added. The second competition of the present season was to have been held on February 24, 25, 26 and 27, but, as the Mardi Gras ball took place on Tuesday evening, only three ladies entered the qualifying round in the morning. The time for qualifying was extended until sunset on Thursday, but, as no more competitors appeared, the contest was called off. A second competition will probably be held before the end of the present season.

At the annual meeting of the Northern California Golf Association held after dinner on the last day of January, the election of officers for 1903 was held. It resulted in the choice of the following: J. W. Byrne of the San Francisco Golf Club, president; Percy Moore of the Burlingame Country Club, first vice-president; R. Gilman Brown of the San Rafael Golf Club, second vice-president; H. M. A. Miller of the Oakland Golf Club, secretary-treasurer. The remaining members of the executive committee are A. B. Ford of the Burlingame Country Club and Warren Gregory of the San Francisco Golf Club. J. W. Byrne, P. E. Bowles, R. Gilman Brown, Perry Eyre and Percy Moore were appointed delegates to the Pacific Coast Golf Association. It was decided that the annual contest for the amateur championship of the Northern California Golf Association shall be held on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club, but the date was not set.

Taber, Photo. R. M. FITZGERALD, OAKLAND, DRIVING.

The officers of the San Francisco Golf Club for the present year are the following: Lansing O. Kellogg, president; J. W. Byrne, vice-president; Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, secretary and treasurer; W. E. Lester and Andrew Carrigan, members of the Council. J. W. Byrne, Captain E. A. Miller and Lieutenant J. S. Oyster compose the green committee. The house committee consists of Andrew Carrigan, Thomas Binney and Warren Gregory. The members of the tournament committee are Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, John Lawson and W. E. Lester.

A handicap over 18 holes, medal play, on February 10, on the Presidio links, was won by Miss Chesebrough, there being half a dozen competitors.

On February 15 a match was played on the San Rafael course between a team captained by A. G. Harvey and a team of which R. G. Brown was captain. The teams and their scores were as follows: A. G. Harvey, 10 up against R. G. Brown, 0; Douglas Hardy, 0, versus E. J. Hooper, 7; R. J. Davis, 0, versus R. B. Rorison, 2; T. T. Williams, 0, versus H. C. Dibblee, 5; Dr. H. O. Howitt, 0, versus W. J. Casey, 13. The total score of R. G. Brown's team being 27, and that of A. G. Harvey 10. R. G. Brown's side won, 17 up.

The busiest day of the present season among the golfers was Monday, February 23. On the links of the San Francisco Golf Club, twenty-two players entered a handicap over 36 holes, and of this number fifteen returned complete scores. H. C. Golcher was in good form, taking the prize offered for the best gross score with 178. For the handicap prizes C. H. Bentley and Dr. J. R. Clark tied, with net scores of 171. The full details are shown in the tabble:

San Francisco Golf Club, Washington's Birthday Handicap.

Competitors.	1st Rd.	2d Rd.	3d Rd.	4th Rd.	Gross.	Handi-cap.	Net.
C. H. Bentley	52	50	45	48	195	24	171
Dr. J. R. Clark....	48	40	42	53	183	12	171
Rolla V. Watt	50	48	47	52	197	24	173
W. H. La Boyteaux	48	49	45	51	193	16	177
H. C. Golcher	48	41	44	45	178	0	178
Dr. T. G. McConkey	46	49	45	47	187	8	179
H. A. Blackman ..	45	49	49	49	192	12	180
R. J. Bentley	51	53	47	53	204	24	180
J. Trilley	57	49	52	53	211	30	181
W. E. Lester	49	53	51	49	202	18	184
Dr. F. W. Clampett	55	54	56	53	218	34	184
R. J. Woods	54	51	52	52	209	24	185
G. Perkins	52	40	59	52	203	16	187
F. H. Beaver	52	54	56	59	221	24	197
E. A. Millar	52	52	60	60	224	26	198
G. E. Starr	49	44	*			8	

*No returns.

The annual election of officers of the San Rafael Golf Club resulted in the choice of the following, who

constituted the regular ticket: F. H. Green, Dr. H. O. Howitt, R. J. Davis, A. A. Curtis, George M. Pinckard, E. J. Hooper and Duglas Hardy. F. H. Green has since been chosen president, George M. Pinckard vice-president and E. J. Hooper secretary-treasurer.

C. P. Eells, handicap 20; Warren Gregory 6; C. R. Winslow, 18; S. L. Abbott, Jr., scratch; R. G. Hanford, 20, and Reginald White, 30, made no returns.

The Oakland golfers engaged in a novel event, arranged by W. P. Johnson and called a 'cross country handicap. The course was arranged as follows: Hole No. 1, from first tee to regular hole, 450 yards, bogey 6; No. 2, regular third hole, 240 yards, bogey 4; No. 3, from fourth tee to regular fifth hole, 350 yards, bogey 5; No. 4, from sixth tee to regular seventh hole, 360 yards, bogey 6; No. 5, from eighth tee to regular ninth hole, 400 yards, bogey 6; No. 6, from first tee to regular first hole, 350 yards. hogey 5; No. 7, regular eleventh hole, 350 yards, bogey 5; No. 8, regular twelfth hole, 500 yards, bogey 6; No. 9, regular thirteenth hole, 300 yards, bogey 4. Total distance, 3207 yards; bogey 47. No. 10, from fourteenth tee to regular fourth hole, 160 yards, bogey 4; No. 11, from fifth tee to regular sixth hole, 400 yards, bogey 5; No. 12, from seventh tee to eighth regular hole, 650 yards, bogey 8; No. 13, from ninth tee to regular ninth hole, 150 yards, bogey 3; No. 14, from tenth tee to regular second hole, 400 yards, bogey 5; No. 15, from third tee to regular thirteenth hole, 550 yards, bogey 6; No. 16, from thirteenth tee to regular sixth hole, 450 yards, bogey 6; No. 17, regular seventh hole, 160 yards, bogey 4; No. 18, from eighth tee to regular eightenth hole, 400 yards, bogey 6. Total distance, 3320 yards; bogey 47. As each of these rounds of nine holes had to be covered twice, the total distance to be traversed was about 13,000 yards. The course was somewhat heavy and the players found need of all their skill and ingenuity to extricate themselves from new and unfamiliar difficulties. The four prizes offered for best net scores were won by Dr. W. M. Carpenter, J. P. Cadman, A. H. Higgins and W. P. Johnson. The full scores are shown in the table:

Oakland Golf Club 'Cross Country Handicap.

Competitors.	1st Rd.	2d Rd.	3d Rd.	4th Rd.	Gross.	Handi-cap.	Net.
Dr. W. M. Carpenter	51	52	52	55	210	14	196
J. O. Cadman	53	60	56	54	223	14	209
A. H. Higgins	61	52	59	51	223	14	209
W. P. Johnson	56	50	56	52	214	0	214
— Wilcox	54	58	57	63	232	16	216
T. R. Hutchinson ..	59	57	61	58	235	18	217
J. H. Ames	66	56	51	60	233	12	221
F. Kales	59	49	56	58	222	0	222
Rev. E. E. Baker..	66	57	68	56	247	24	223
A. Goodall	63	55	63	65	246	17	229
W. G. Cooke	79	68	71	69	287	24	263
C. M. Gayley	67	66	67	*		24	
H. H. Sherwood ..	78	75	*			30	
R. M. Fitzgerald ..	59	50	*			0	
Mrs. Sherwood	67	69	*			24	

*Did not finish.

On the same day the Shreve Trophy was competed for on the links of the Burlingame Country Club. This consists of a handsome silver punch bowl and ladle, which must be won thrice by the same golfer before becoming his property. It was first offered last year and John Lawson's is the first name engraved on it. On this occasion it was won by Perry Eyre, with a gross score of 95 less 11, net 84. The details are shown in the table:

Burlingame Country Club Handicap for Shreve Trophy.

Competitors.	1st Rd.	2d Rd.	Gross.	Handi-cap.	Net.
Perry Eyre	49	46	95	11	84
A. B. Williamson..	57	52	109	16	93
A. H. Payson	57	55	112	16	96
J. W. Byrne	54	46	100	2	98
G. A. Pope	58	56	114	16	98
C. O. Hooker	57	63	120	16	104
W. B. Bourn	63	67	130	18	112
M. Raoul-Duval ..	85	*			
C. Raoul-Duval ..	66	*			
H. Blanchard	58	*			
John Lawson	*				
P. Scott	*				

*Withdrew.

Sevenson, Photo.

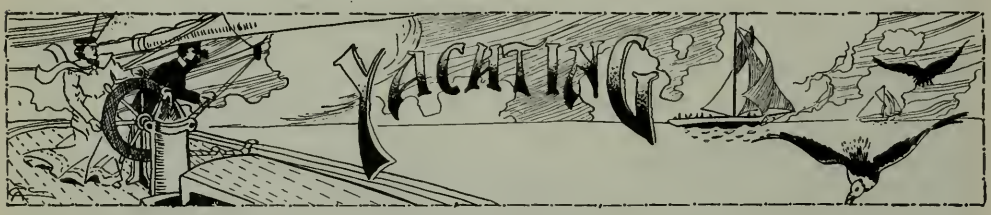
SANTA CATALINA GOLF CLUB, AVALON, CAL.

There were two events on the morning of February 23 on the San Rafael links, a driving contest won by D. E. Skinner, and an approach-putting competition won by W. J. Casey, who holed out three balls from a distance of 125 yards in 11 strokes. In the handicap over eighteen holes played in the afternoon R. J. Davis was first with a net score of 94, and George Heazleton was second with a net score of 101.

The Presidio course is now in excellent condition. This fact and the beautiful weather on Saturday, February 28, brought out fifteen competitors in the qualifying round for the Council's Cup for men. The best card was turned in by John Lawson, whose score was 41, 43, total 84. The scores of the others were as follows: H. C. Golcher, 42, 44, total 86; J. W. Byrne, 43, 44, total 87; Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, 46, 41, total 87; Dr. J. R. Clark, 45, 45, total 90; Dr. T. G. McConkey, 46, 45, total 91; S. L. Abbott, 49, 43, total 92; J. H. Mee, 45, 48, total 93; R. G. Hanford, 47, 47, total 94; A. J. Brander, 47, 51, total 98; J. Hickey, Jr., 49, 49, total 98; W. E. Lester, 47, 51, total 98; A. B. Williamson, 48, 53, total 101; Captain E. A. Millar, 52, 52, total 104; J. A. Goodwin, 64, 64, total 128. The first eight entered the opening match play round, being drawn against each other as follows: S. L. Abbott versus J. H. Mee; John Lawson versus Dr. T. G. McConkey; Lieutenant J. S. Oyster versus Dr. J. R. Clark; H. C. Golcher versus J. W. Byrne. The matches were played at the convenience of the contestants, the only proviso being that they must be finished before April 1.

On March 11, 12, 13 and 14 the annual competition for the men's amateur championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association was played on the Presidio links. The opportunity was taken to hold the match between teams representing Northern and Southern California for the trophy presented by J. W. Byrne. This was won by the Southern California team at the Del Monte meet in 1901, and was brought up again from the South to the meet of 1902, but no contest was held because there were not enough Southern golfers to make up a team.

Some time during the present month the second home-and-home match of the season will be played between teams representing the Oakland and San Francisco Golf Clubs for the Inter Club trophy, at present held by the Presidio club.



By Arthur Inkersley.

BEFORE the next issue of Western Field is in the hands of its readers, the yachting season of 1903 will be well started. The California Yacht Club will hold its opening jinks on Saturday, April 18, and will take its first cruise on the next day. For some years past it has been the custom of the California Yacht Club to issue a handsome souvenir programme, or annual, containing the roll of members, list of yachts, schedule of events, a sketch of the doings of the previous year and half-tone engravings of the boats composing the fleet. But this year the directors have decided to omit the publication of the annual and spend the money on the opening jinks. This action, while doubtless wise on their part, occasions me some regret, as the annual was a highly useful document to the writer. The officers of the California Yacht Club for this year are the following: Commodore, George M. Shaw of the yawl Idler; vice-commodore, Charles P. Doe of the schooner Challenge; port captain, Julian Altendorf of the yawl Pilgrim; treasurer, E. N. Walter; secretary, William McBain; members of the board of directors, Robert Vincent of the yawl Alert; Allen M. Clay of the sloop Pactolus; August R. F. Brandes, Charles E. Clark of the yawl Gypsie; measurer, John J. Sherry; regatta committee, August R. F. Brandes, Roscoe L. Eames and Charles W. Muller.

The programme of the California Yacht Club provides for a great deal of racing. During the Decoration Day holidays the fleet will cruise to Vallejo and will race back to Oakland Creek for the Owners' Cup and the club cruising flags. On June 14 the annual regatta for class flags will be held. On Independence Day the annual contest for the Wallace Trophy will take place. A new event, a special race for yawls, will be held on July 27. An 85-pound anchor presented by Port Captain Julian Altendorf will be raced for on August 23. Ex-Vice-Commodore Robert Vincent has presented a second cup for a handicap race, which will take place on September 20. The annual race for a dinner to the winning members of the crew of the winning yacht will be held on May 17. Two cups have been offered as prizes by a yachtsman who does not wish his name published at present. In addition to the above prize events, there will be a cruise to Sausalito, Sheep Island, Redwood City, California Cove, Lakeville and McNear's Landing, as well as a Channel cruise in company with the San Francisco and Corinthian fleets.

Subscriptions for the new club-house of the California Yachtsmen are coming in well, and several sets of plans have been submitted. The site is between the broad gauge mole of the Southern Pacific Company on the south and the new pier of the San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railroad Company on the north. The plan which has been adopted is for a club-house two and a half stories high and providing accommodation for three hundred members. On one corner will be a lighthouse tower with a cluster of lights 85 feet above sea level. The house will contain fifty lockers for yacht owners and 250 for ordinary members, also fresh and salt water baths, tub baths, lavatories, a boat-keeper's room, a locker for the port captain, a kitchen with a fine French range, fire apparatus, a pumping-room with a motor to supply power for hauling yachts out on the ways, and space for storing sixty small boats. Round two sides of the house will run wide verandas, one of which will be used for scraping, varnishing and storing spars. There will be a reception hall and assembly room with a stage, a ladies' parlor and dressing room, a card room, billiard room and directors' room. Many other conveniences will be provided.

At the annual meeting of the members of the Corinthian Yacht Club on January 28 the old board of directors (with one exception) was re-elected. The officers for 1903 are as follows: Edwin F. Sagar of the sloop Edna, commodore; Thomas Jennings of the sloop Speedwell, vice-commodore; John H. Keefe, port captain; C. Brickell (sloop Genesta), Charles L.

Barrett, W. B. Short (sloop Emma), and ex-Commodore John W. Pew (sloop Truant). J. C. Brickell is secretary and Charles L. Barrett treasurer. The regatta committee consists of T. J. Kavanaugh, P. J. Martenstein and James K. Bulger.

The Corinthian fleet consists of about fifty vessels, of which thirty-seven are sloops, nine are yawls, and three or four are launches. The club has at present 226 active members, seventeen on the absent and four on the honorary list, making about 250 in all. The number of members is rather smaller than in 1901, but there are as many yacht owners as in that year, and the income, owing to the raising of the dues, is larger than before.

The Corinthian yacht owners met on February 27 and arranged a schedule for the coming season. The opening jinks will be held on Saturday, April 25, and the opening cruise on the following day. The programme provides for cruises to McNear's Landing, Petaluma Drawbridge, Martinez, Vallejo, Sausalito, Paradise Cove, Corinthian Cove, Point San Pablo and up the Sacramento river. There will also be a cruise outside the Heads. The annual class regatta will be held on Decoration Day, the handicap race (now an annual event) in cruising rig on July 19 and the small yacht regatta on October 4. The bridge at Tiburon has already been raised and the fleet has passed out of its winter quarters into the Cove. The yachtsmen for the next few weeks will be busily employed in cleaning, scraping, varnishing, painting, rigging and getting their craft ready for opening day.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Yacht Club in the Marble Hall of the Palace Hotel was a very lively one. About 120 members, or rather more than 50 per cent of the whole number, were in attendance. The primary cause of this interest was the fact that for some of the offices there were opposition candidates to those nominated on the regular ticket. R. S. Bridgman for commodore, A. C. Lee for vice-commodore and W. G. Morrow for port captain were on both tickets and received more than 100 votes each. Hillyer Deuprey was elected secretary, A. G. A. Mueller financial secretary, F. A. Robbins treasurer and F. H. Muchmore measurer. The opposition candidates for these four offices were beaten. A good deal of time was taken up with the reading of the reports of the officers and with a discussion (in which all the lawyers that are members of the club took part) on certain proposed amendments to the by-laws.

Commodore R. S. Bridgman has prepared a programme of events for the season which, with some few changes, will be followed. April 25 is set for the opening day, but, as this is the date selected by the Corinthian Yacht Club, it is not unlikely that the Sausalito yachtsmen will defer their opening till May 2, and will cruise with the fleets of the sister clubs on May 3. The programme provides for cruises to Paradise Cove, Vallejo, Napa City, McNear's Landing for clam-bakes and games for members' days and aquatic sports and for a "special" members' night at the clubhouse. On June 21 and August 30 the yachts will race down from Vallejo to Sausalito, with time allowance. On September 20 the annual regatta will be held over the Channel course.

The delegates of the San Francisco Yacht Club to the Pacific Inter-club Yacht Association for the present year are: Dr. T. L. Hill, G. T. S. White and John A. Marshall Jr.; and the regatta committee is made up of G. E. Smith, W. L. Spencer and G. B. Lavensaler.

The Oakland Canoe Club lost by death last year its commodore, Philip Caduc, and its vice-commodore, H. S. Byxbee. Commodore Caduc, born in Baltimore, in 1832, was 70 years of age, and had been for many years a familiar figure to yachtsmen. He was commodore of the now extinct Pacific Yacht Club and owner of the sloop Annie, one of the most speedy of local craft. It was in the yacht Annie, then in Eastern waters, that the notorious Boss Tweed escaped to Havana when even New York grew too hot to hold him. For the last few years the sloop Annie had

NAUTICAL SPORTS.

been flagship of the Oakland Canoe Club and was used as a reception room on gala days by the members and their guests. The commodore rarely had her under way, though in earlier days he had cruised in her to the Santa Barbara Channel and other places. For recreation he used to sail up and down Oakland Creek in the half-rater Zephyr, which he managed single-handed. He was a member of the Society of California Pioneers, president of the Brick Company and at one time a Pilot Commissioner. He was a genial man, an enthusiastic yachtsman and much liked by all who knew him.

Charles Stewart, for many years secretary of the Oakland Canoe Club, is now its commodore, and intends to take an active part in yachting this season. A perpetual challenge cup will be raced for by members of the Canoe Club and of the Olympic Boat Club. The programme prepared by the commodore comprises also open races for sloops and a contest each month for the Mayrisch Badge. The furniture of the clubhouse on Sessions Basin has been renovated, a piano bought, and on public holidays there will be a reception, a dance and a race for the Holiday Cup. Commodore Stewart is having his sloop Beatrice put into thorough order and Vice-Commodore H. G. Hinckley will have the sloop Surprise in commission. The United States Government intends to dredge San Antonio estuary, and the tidal canal is already open. The waters accessible to the members of the Canoe Club are the best for canoe sailing and racing, not being so much exposed to the full force of the summer winds as the open bay of San Francisco.

The Encinal Yacht Club, which has been dead for some years so far as yachting is concerned, has been awakened by the gift of a trophy, presented by ex-Commodore John W. Pew of the Corinthian Yacht Club. It is proposed to hold a series of handicap races for this cup, the allowance to be based on the performances of the boats in trial events.

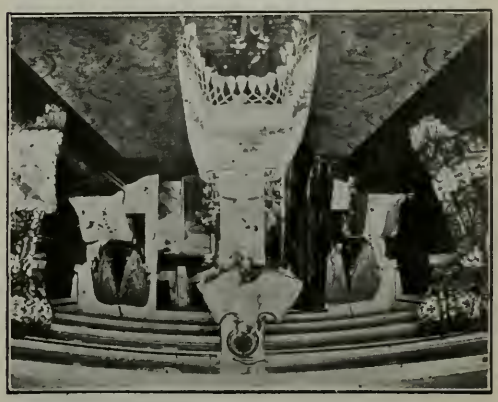


Photo by Clute. CABIN INTERIOR, SLOOP "ANNIE."

The Vallejo Yachting and Boating Club has recently completed its house, which is the largest and handsomest structure of its kind in Californian waters. A. E. Chapman, commodore, and the directors have prepared a programme of aquatic sports for the coming season.

It will be seen from what has been said that there will be great activity among the yachtsmen during the coming season. The San Francisco, Corinthian and California clubs have plenty of members and it is said that there is a good demand for yachts. A few boats have changed hands, but will still fly the burgee of one of the clubs. Besides all the regular club races and the annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-club Yacht Association there will be a contest for the San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Cup. The present holder is the San Francisco Yacht Club, which won it last year with W. G. Morrow's sloop Challenger. The Corinthians, whose representative, the sloop Harpoon, was beaten in 1902, will not rest content under defeat, but will make every effort to recover the trophy. It is supposed that they will challenge with the fin-keel sloop Discovery, which came in an easy first in the 25-foot class at last year's Pacific Inter-club Yacht Association's regatta on September 9. As her racing length is 22.70 feet, the racing length of the boat selected as defender of the cup must not exceed 25.40 feet, or one-tenth more. As the sloop Challenger was built right up to the limit of the 30-foot class, and, even after a hundred square feet had been taken from her canvas and one or two other changes made, she still had a racing length of 28.54 feet, she could not be brought down to 25.40 feet. She, therefore, could not be used by the San Francisco Yacht Club to defend the cup against Discovery. As the San Francisco Yacht Club has no speedy small boat, the cup would go to the Corinthians without any real contest.

It is stated, however, that George Stevenson, one of the builders of the sloop Thelma of the California Yacht Club, is building a new craft of the most modern type. She is said to have a shallow draft and great overhangs forward and aft, and to be capable of carrying a great deal of sail. Her beam is said to be greater than that of the cup winner Challenger. It is not unlikely, if this new craft justifies her designer's expectations, that she will be chosen as a challenger by the Corinthian Yacht Club, of which he is a member. If the boat comes within ten per cent of Challenger in racing length the result of the meeting of these two crack boats, embodying the most modern ideas of yacht building, will be watched with the greatest interest. Even if the new boat should not be selected as the challenger, a challenge is sure to be sent in, and thus a race for the Perpetual Cup is assured. If the new boat turns out a worthy competitor of the Boston designed craft, then a grand contest for supremacy may be confidently expected. Altogether a lively, active and interesting yachting season seems as certain as anything except death and taxes can well be. Here's to the winner of the Perpetual Cup in 1903.

FAYETTE J. CLUTE, EDITOR.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

AN amateur friend of mine has been "printing in" skies. He is quite clever at it—he is also quite proud of his ability in that direction. He prints them in good and strong, so that you will be sure and see them and remark on his success. This is just where the mistake is made. He should study nature a little more. Of course, artistic photography is not a slavish reproduction of nature, but if it is to be art it must not be false to nature. When my friend gets the shadows of the clouds darker than the shadows of the landscape, nature is falsified. He also gets gloom and an uncanny effect that is trying to an eye trained in a study of nature. With a heavy cloud, such a one as sometimes precedes a thunder shower, close at hand; with the landscape in front still bathed in sunlight, such an effect may be produced. In no other case can I imagine its as possible, except of course with printed-in skies. There they are possible even in pictures hung at the photographic salons. We are getting so that we try to have our clouds lit from the same direction as the landscape; we notice the incongruity of combining clouds from a soft negative with a landscape negative that is hard. Let us go a little further and see that our clouds are good in tone.

Talking about skies, the old-timers used to work for a plain white sky. We have learned that this is all wrong. But are we quite sure of this point? A white sky, nine times out of ten, is nearer nature in its gradation than the heavy productions of the man who "prints in" his clouds. The trouble is not so much in the whiteness of a plain sky as it is in its wide expanse.

There is so much of it that it becomes offensive, where less would not be noticeable. Look over a few of your own landscape prints and by covering up the sky with a bit of dark paper see how many of them could be robbed of a greater portion of the sky. It is this lack of sky space that makes the work of the panoramic camera seem more pleasing. A few years ago when this form of camera first came out I asked myself why I could not print a few 4x10 panoramic prints from some of my 8x10 negatives. I found I could, of course, but the peculiar part of the business was that instead of using the middle of the negative the panoramic prints had almost the same base line as the regular 8x10 prints. Quite a number of my best landscape negatives seemed to give more pleasing prints using only the lower half of the negative. I am now using the downward motion of my front board more and the upward one less. While admiring a pleasing bit of landscape one does not study the outline of the tree-tops as they cut against the sky. Why should we ask our friends to do so when looking at our pictures?

* * *

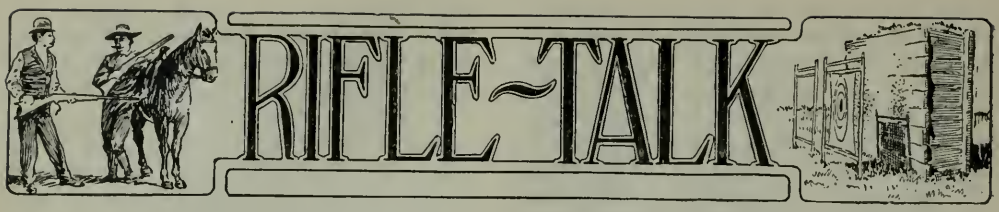
One of my correspondents writes complaining of various colored stains that show on the face of his negatives. As a rule these stains are only observable by reflected light, but in some cases they are also evident by transmitted light, showing a pink color that effects the printing quality of the negative. This is evidently the well-known dichroic stain. It is due either to stale plates or forced development, or a combination of the two. It rarely shows on a slow or medium plate, and on fast ones only when forced. Rubbing with alcohol will remove such stains when on the surface, and the following bath is often effective: Potassium bichromate, 25 grains; alum, 120 grains; hydrochloric acid, 100 grains; water, 8 ounces. This will bleach the negative. It must then be well washed and again developed in a good hydroquinone or other density giving developer.

* * *

In using a hand camera with the shutter set at one-fiftieth of a second or faster, there is little danger of movement of the instrument spoiling the results, but when conditions are such that a somewhat slower speed is necessary, more care must be taken. There are several positions affected by various experts, each claiming by the user to be the only correct one. Perhaps the best way is for each beginner to practice a few easy positions, using a brimful glass of water in place of the camera. Observing the surface of the fluid they can easily determine, each for himself, just what method gives the most rigid command. In my own practice the camera is held against the side, just above the right hip. Another thing to learn is to release the shutter without moving that part of the body acting as a rest for the camera. In the case of a button or catch to be pressed by a finger of the nand used in hold the camera one must learn to do this with finger working independent of the rest of the hand. He must learn to employ this finger much as a musician does in striking a key. There is no motion of the wrist and no uncertainty in the action.

* * *

I spent an afternoon along the wharves the other day prospecting for likely material for another day. I met two photographers during my stroll and the difference in their methods is worth noticing. The first came rushing headlong upon the scene, as much as to say, "What is all the excitement about!" He sat up his tripod before a few harmless bystanders, flourished his focusing cloth, dived into a leather-covered case for a plate-holder, wrote something in a book, looked upward at the sky in the direction of the sun, as if in doubt as to the real cause of the shadows every object casts, and was then ready to fire off his shutter. The looks of surprise, anger and curiosity depicted on the various faces all staring in his direction may possibly add to the value of the picture, but I doubt it. The other gentleman did differently. He had almost the same form of camera, but the shutter was set and slide withdrawn. The bulb of the shutter extended into the coat pocket. The camera was held under the arm, as if to protect it from a chance knock. The finder was in plain view. No one turned his head as he came amongst the loungers along the dock. At the click of the shutter a few turned, but the photographer was walking away without having made any of the usual demonstrations of picture taking. At a short distance and with his back turned he inserted the slide, turned the holder, removed the new slide, set the shutter and was again ready. I think his results would be the most pleasing.



THE TARGET SHOOTING CRANK.

By W. J. White.

THE evolution of a rifleman is an interesting study. In the beginning he has an ambition and in time he becomes a "crank." The intermediate stages afford food for reflection. At the start he knows it all—that is, after he has thoroughly digested the contents of the Ideal Hand Book and one or two advertising catalogues of firearms and ammunition. With the knowledge thus obtained the embryo marksman undertakes to equip himself for range practice. According to the price list, a fairly good outfit may be purchased at something like $20 or $25. At this point an interested friend or two offers to sell an extra rifle and equipments for $40 or $50, but the coming sharpshooter knows a thing or two himself, and with a smile declines the offer. He will purchase new goods and still be economical. Little does he realize the trouble he is breeding for himself, but he will have to go through it all or he never will become a target shot.

No doubt my experience in this line is similar to that of many hundreds who now enjoy a day on the range. My first purchase was a Winchester single-shot rifle, No. 3 octagon barrel, plain stock and single set trigger, price about $16. A gun dealer sold to me as a favor a combination rear wind-gauge sight "as good as any" for $3. The mould, powder measure and 100 shells run the cost up to about $25. Then it was that my troubles began. First the rear sight, "as good as any," worked loose in the joints at every shot and had to be discarded for one of standard make. Later the single set trigger had to be traded off for double set triggers. The other party received several dollars "to boot." This was a very foolish trade, for I have since learned, or believe, that the old Winchester single set trigger was the best ever turned out by the company. As time passed I found that my No. 3 barrel was not heavy enough and it was replaced by a No. 4, half octagon barrel, matted along the top, and of course at additional expense. Then came the realization that the firearm was muzzle heavy and the plain stock had to be replaced by one of greater weight with Swiss cheek rest and heavy butt plate. And so, piece by piece, the rifle was altered, until to-day about all that remains of the original purchase is the receiver, hammer and a few of the working parts. It is safe to say that this rifle alone has cost all of $65, and when new moulds, bullet lubricators, powder measures, etc., are taken into consideration the cost of the entire outfit has eaten away the interest-drawing part of five twenties. Had I taken the old rifleman's advice and his extra firearm I would have been money ahead, but I would have lost all the pleasure that goes with such a hobby.

Another item was the ammunition. When first this fad was taken up it was thought that black powder, common primers and bullets cast about one to forty was good enough. When the desire to improve upon his ammunition takes possession of the would-be marksmen there is no telling where it will lead him. The first thing he is most likely to learn is that every rifle of a given caliber and make will not handle the same ammunition with anywhere near like results. There is as much individuality and difference in firearms as in persons. To digress a little for the sake of illustration, this was demonstrated in an experience on the Shell Mound range a few years ago.

Members of a cavalry troop were preparing to present their captain with a Colt's 38-caliber military revolver. They took six new weapons to the range and "tried them out." No two shot alike, though factory-made black powder cartridges were used. One revolver shot so poorly that the marksmen could hardly hit the target, while with the weapon which was selected from 46 to 49 points was made easily. In my grip was a box of reloaded shells charged with a combination load of smokeless and semi-smokeless powder which had proved a rank failure in my old Colt's revolver. These we tried in the discarded and untrue weapon previously mentioned, and to the surprise of all, the supposed worthless firearm and cartridges worked to perfection. The revolver was as accurate as any and the cartridges were as good as any, though in the other weapons this ammunition was a flat failure.

The man with the gun must travel the road of experiment alone. He is sure to get into highways and bypaths that lead him away from the goal of success and his mistakes will sometimes prove costly to him. By the time he has achieved success he is a full-fledged crank and he will look back to the time when he knew it all and smile.

Is he compensated for all the trouble he has had? Yes. He may have spent some money, but it is better spent in harmless amusement than over the card table or on the race track. He may have worn out some of his gray brain matter, but every human being requires diversion, and rifle shooting furnishes this, minus many of the evil effects of many other pursuits which some men call recreation and others term dissipation. A target-shooting crank is usually a good man and a patriotic citizen.

TO WESTERN RIFLEMEN.

Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 20, 1903.

The National Rifle Association of America expects to send a team to England this summer to compete for the Palma trophy. Members of the United States army, navy and the National Guard of the various States will be eligible to places.

The territory west of the Mississippi should furnish a portion of this team. I believe the material is here if we will develop it. Those who win places will have a free six weeks' outing in England and Ireland, and be at Bisley for the greatest rifle meeting of the world, with a chance to compete with the crack shots of not only Great Britain, but of all her colonies, and probably other nations. That is something well worth trying for.

United States magazine rifles will be used. Each man fires fifteen shots at each of the ranges—800, 900 and 1,000 yards. Practice scores, made at home, when duly authenticated, will be considered. The final test will probably be a competition at Sea Girt, New Jersey.

Now let the Western riflemen bestir themselves, and demonstrate to the world that they know how to shoot at something over 200 yards.

I shall be glad to answer any inquires. We ought to make the National Rifle Association national in fact as well as in name.

Thos. F. Cooke,
Director National Rifle Association.
724-26 Sixth avenue.

COMING EVENTS.

The San Francisco Trap Shooting Association will hold a three-day bluerock handicap tournament at their grounds at Ingleside, San Francisco, on May 24, 25, 26. The tournament is open to all and a full attendance of the boys is invited. There will be $1,500 in cash added to events. For particulars communicate with C. C. Nauman, manager.

* * *

The Golden Gate Gun Club has decided to abandon live-bird shooting and will hereafter confine its work to inanimate targets. The club will hold seven monthly handicap shoots at bluerocks. Six monthly shoots will be at 25 targets, for which the club will offer a purse of fifty ($50) dollars each month, and the seventh or final shoot will be at 50 targets, at which time the club will offer a purse of one hundred ($100) dollars, making a total of four hundred ($400) dollars to be divided amongst members during the season. Division of money will be under high-gun system, one money for every three entries. Besides the regular club match there will be held each club day four special handicap events, the members to shoot from their club handicaps of that day.

* * *

The Empire Gun Club will hold its regular monthly club shoots on the second Sunday of each month, from March 8 to July 12, inclusive. Cash prizes are offered to the amount of $150 and various special events for medals, guns etc., are slated in their very attractive programme. To reach the Empire trap grounds take Alameda Narrow Gauge boat and Oakland local train. Get off at first stop.

* * *

The Pastime Gun Club of San Diego, Cal., will hold their annual bluerock tournament March 22, 23. There will be $300 cash added money and thirty-five fine merchandise prizes to be contested for. For further information, address M. Chick, Secretary, San Diego, Cal.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head, at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTED—Pointer or setter puppy. Must be well bred. Give price and full particulars in first letter. H. R. Ellis, 670 Upshur st., Portland, Ore.

* * *

WANTED—To exchange new Marlin safety rifle, with case and belt, for second-hand Luger or Colt's automatic pistol in good condition. Address 307 Stuart ave., Redlands, Cal.

* * *

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Unmounted live game and other pictures, 5x7, $1.50 per dozen; 6½x8½, $2.50 per dozen. Bromide enlargements of live elk, 14x17, $5.00 each; all postpaid; satisfaction guaranteed. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

WANTED—A thoroughbred pointer or setter pup, Llewellyn bitch preferred. Price must be reasonable and breeding good. Address with price and full particulars in first letter. J. S. Dewey, Cedarville, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Higuest grade Sharps-Borchardt target rifle, extra fine pistol grip stock, full target sights shutter, extra good R. R. lens, etc., for sale cheap (windgauge, level, vernier, etc.), just recut by Geo. Schoyen and fitted with false muzzle, special bullet mould and starter, lubrication pump, etc., complete. In heavy sole leather case. Never fired except for target proof. Phenomenal shooter. Just right in dimensions. Cost $165. Have no use for it and will sell cheap or exchange for approved value. Can be seen at WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

WANTED—A well bred pointer or setter, thoroughly broken on quail, price limit, $100. Give full particulars. W. R., 164 Golden Gate Ave.

* * *

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A new graphophone with 30 disc records. Perfect condition. Cheap for cash or exchange for fine tailoring. E. K. D., 424 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

* * *

FOR SALE—Winchester, single-shot, .25-37-77; Ideal adjustable reloading outfit; 50 shells; Lyman sights; O. K. condition; $12. Address Wm. I. Wallace, M. D., Hemet, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Best grade Mannlicher repeating rifle, 8 m-m caliber, all improvements. fitted with fine telescope sights, improved hair (double) trigger. Perfect condition; killing range two (2) miles. Cheap for cash. Will accept Luger or German model Colt's automatic pistol in part payment. "Mannlicher," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

FOR SALE—A fine Bullard single-shot target rifle, Swiss butt, Vernier sights, etc., extra fancy stock, embossed action. Recently recut by Geo. Schoyen from .35 to .38 caliber. Tools, etc., complete. Cheap for cash or might trade. Want a good duck boat, decoys, etc. "Gunner," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

SOUTH AFRICAN WATER BAG.

This clever device is peculiarly valuable for use in crossing deserts and arid regions, or for the field —in fact, anywhere, and under all circumstances where a cool drink of water is wanted; or where it is necessary to carry water a long distance through a dry atmosphere or hot climate, such as found in many sections of the South and West, it being guaranteed to keep water cool for thirty-six hours under the most trying circumstances. Water put into the bag in the morning, and exposed to the sun and air all day, will be cooler at night than in the morning. The bag holds two and a half gallons, and when empty can be folded up like a towel and carried in the pocket. It is now for the first time obtainable in the United States, and is kept on sale by Baker & Hamilton of this city.

OF INTEREST TO TRAP SHOOTERS.

The Graphine Gun Wad Co., of Muncie, Ind., whose advertisement appears elsewhere, is out with the following announcement:

To All Gun Clubs and Tournament Managers:

GENTLEMEN: You are hereby requested to insert the following notice of our special "high gun" prize donation in the official programme of your coming tournament, for which you are to make no charge. Send us one or two copies of the programme as soon as printed and we will mail you a certificate blank to be used by the winner.

The notice should be read as follows:

Special High Gun Prize Money. The Graphine Gun Wad Co. will give $5.00 to the high gun of this tournament, providing he used shells loaded with "Graphine Wadding" throughout the programme. This prize to be doubled in case there are 60 or more entries.

* * *

THE NEW PARKER EJECTORS.

Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., manufacturers of the world renowned Parker gun, known as the "Old Reliable," have been working on an Automatic Ejector and have perfected and patented one that they believe will be an addition to and worthy to be attached to the "Old Reliable," thereby adding to its efficiency. This Company has been slow in adopting this feature, but now that they have brought out one that they think has merit enough to be applied to the "Old Reliable" is good evidence that the consumer will get value received.

They are, we are informed, applying the Automatic Ejector to their high-grade guns only, $150.00, $200.00, $300.00 and $400.00 catalogue price, at $25.00 list extra.

On account of the demand for Parker guns without ejectors they cannot possibly furnish the lower grades of guns with ejectors at present.

It is said by experts that the Parker Automatic Ejector works easily and perfectly, and one would not know from the working of the gun that it contained any additional working parts, and that it performs its duty to perfection. We congratulate Parker Bros. on having finally achieved the one improvement which makes their famous product as near perfection as is possible to arrive at, even in these days of inventive wonders.

* * *

WANT 7,200,000 BOTTLES.

Pittsburg has won another signal victory over foreign competition. A deal has just been closed which places an enormous order for bottles with a firm in this city, the largest of the kind in the history of the firm. Were the bottles to be placed end on end they would make a string about 1,500 miles long, from New York to Chicago and then back to Pittsburg.

William Lanahan & Son, Baltimore, Md., proprietors of Hunter Baltimore Rye, awarded the Pittsburg concern the contract for furnishing 50,000 gross of bottles during the year 1903. There are to be shipped fifty gross per day, and no less than three carloads per week. It will require 150 cars to carry the product from Pittsburg to Baltimore, or four ordinary freight trains.

Each bottle is twelve inches long. There will be 7,200,000 bottles, which will make a line of bottles about 1,500 miles long. Assuming that there are an average of thirty-two drinks to the bottle the order will have a capacity of 230,400,000 drinks, or about three drinks for every person in the United States. In all there will be a capacity of 1,440,000 gallons in the 7,200,000 bottles. The above speaks volumes for the popularity of Hunter Baltimore Rye.

* * *

A SPLENDID PRODUCTION.

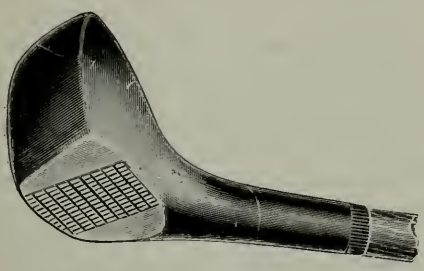
The special annual number of *The Journal of Electricity, Power and Gas,* published in this city at 144 Union Square, reflects great credit upon both its editorial and managerial heads. It is a fine example of what professional skill and conscientious labor can accomplish when coupled with ambition and high intelligence. The number contains 160 pages of unusually well printed, finely illustrated and artistically arranged matter of large interest to both laymen and the profession. It is attractively and substantially bound and every way is a well balanced bit of book making.

SOME NEW B. G. I. OFFERINGS.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., 313-317 Broadway, New York, have just put upon the market an almost indispensable adjunct to a tennis outfit in the way of an adjustible racket press, which fills a long-felt want.

All Tennis Rackets are affected by dampness, and should be kept in one of these presses when not in sue. When adjusted, this press exerts a uniform pressure on the frame which entirely prevents warping. The adjusting screws do not touch or injure the gut. It is made of sycamore, is simple in construction and very durable, yet light and compact, it weighing less than three pounds. Samples will be sent on approval to dealers for examination.

The "B. G. I." Co. are also putting out an excellent line of the famous "Mills" patent standard aluminum golf clubs, whose beauty and effectiveness must be seen to be appreciated. These clubs are made by the Standard Golf Co., Sunderland, Eng., are highly recommended by all the eminent players in the world, they are perfectly balanced and non-rustable. They are made in all shapes, sizes, weights, etc., for both sexes and right and left handed players, and are sold at a very moderate price, when their high excellence is considered. We illustrate herewith their No. 1 M S D Cleek, which gives a very good idea of the finish of these clubs.



SOME INTERESTING NEW GOODS.

Baker & Hamilton are showing among many other attractive good things the long-expected "Savage" .22-calibre repeating rifle, which is everything that its makers announced it would be and which is destined to become one of the most widely adopted small bores yet produced. They have also in hand, ready for delivery the other new Savage products, including the .25-35, .32-40 and .38-55, which have just been put out by the celebrated Savage Company, whose .30-30 and .303 have achieved such a spontaneous and tremendous popularity. Other calibres will follow in the near future and these new additions will make the Savage line very complete; all Savage guns are made in a multitude of weights and dimensions, including fancy and special styles, carbines, etc., to suit the most exacting taste.

* * *

Among other new Savage products of note is a very complete and efficient reloading tool which swages both shell and bullet to correct size and seats the latter any desired depth in shell, being perfectly adjustible in all respects. It is made in all calibres and will prove a positive boon to experimenters in particular. We have already described in these columns the Savage Micrometer Hunting and Target Sight, which is giving great satisfaction. "Savage Red Gun Grease" and "Red Gun Oil" are two new offerings that are meeting with large sale. A new sort of typewriter known as the "Lambert"—a wonder of efficiency at a ridiculously low price—is also proving a big seller.

* * *

The money paid for typewriters generally is mostly for selling them. This one sells itself—not by its price—for its price is its least advantage—but by its goodness, fitness, agreeableness, value and usefulness. It must be seen to be appreciated.

* * *

The great firm of Baker & Hamilton requires no laudation at our hands. The name is known familiarly all over this continent and is synonymous with all that stands for dignity, importance and integrity. Possibly no one other concern on this Coast has had larger dealings or more widely disseminated connections than this prominent landmark in the ocean of Western commerce and the reason therefor is apparent at a glance, if one visits their immense establishment and notes the volume and methodical conduction of their business.

* * *

HE LIKES THE SAVAGE.

The following letter from a well-known British sportsman is being shown with excusable pride by the Savage Arms Co.:

UNDERFELL, Lancaster, England, Jan. 25, 1903.
Messrs. The Savage Arms Co.,
Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

DEAR SIRS:

You supplied two of your Savage repeating rifles to me in Ceylon in 1900, and later, I think, I wrote you twice, expressing my complete approval of the weapon. I have since then put the little weapon through about as severe a test as any weapon would be likely to be called upon to undergo, and it has come through the test with "flying colors."

Going for my periodical trip home from Ceylon, I put in five months of my time in a shooting trip through part of Central Africa, where I enjoyed three months of shooting and travel. My battery consisted only of your rifle with a 12-bore "paradox," but I may say that your rifle was the only weapon I used, having no need to call on the "paradox" even as a standby. I was slightly handicapped by having to use the special large ivory bead-jack sight, as fitted for our short-range shooting in Ceylon—not having had time to get a finer sight, but using it and the Lyman aperture sight only I did some excellent work. My bag, made entirely by the .303 Savage, with the solid and soft-nose bullets, amounted to over one hundred and fifty head of game, consisting of elephants (one having tusks of 55 pounds each), hippopotamus, eland, gnu, sable, roan antelope, hartebeests, water buck, reed reed buck, bush buck, pukj, oribi, duikei, klipspringer, zebra, mpala, wart hog and marabon stork. These were shot a distances varying from 80 yards to over 300 yards, using the 100-yard sight only, although I don't recommend shooting at over 250 yards with the 100-yard sight only. I was pleased with the weapon in Ceylon—I am ten times more pleased with it now, and consider it the best little sporting rifle I ever used. I am, sirs, yours faithfully, H. STOREY.

* * *

A DEPENDABLE GUIDE.

The excellent pictures of elk which we reproduce in this issue are the work of Mr. S. N. Leek, of Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, who is widely known as being one of the most successful and satisfactory guides in the great West. Mr. Leek is not only a good guide, a skillful photographer and dead shot with all kinds of weapons; an observant, self-taught naturalist, who has acquired his practical knowledge from the great book of Nature, but he is a boon companion a-field as well and the man he once guides is his friend thereafter for all time. We cordially recommend him to any one desirous of getting all there is coming to him in an outing, and take a positive pleasure in referring all intending seekers after an ideal vacation to his advertisements in our "Adlets" column.

* * *

A DESIRABLE INVESTMENT.

The Cramp Steel Co., Ltd., are offering a very desirable investment in their recently offered issue of $500,000 (5,000 shares) 7 per cent cumulative preferred capital stock. The personnel of its directorate is extraordinarily high, embracing as it does many of the most responsible industrial factors on this continent. The assets of the corporation include an immense new plant at the Port of Collingwood, Ontario, Canada, which has a daily capacity of 250 tons of steel of every known grade and quality except crucible steel. It includes also immensely valuable mining and other concessions from the Municipal Council of Canada. In addition to these the corporation owns thousands of acres of iron, limestone, coal, etc., in Canada and Virginia. The stock is all full paid and non-assessable. With every two shares subscribed of this preferred stock a bonus of one share of common stock will be given. We regard this investment as a peculiarly gilt-edged one, and take pleasure in referring our readers to this corporation's advertisement, which appears on another page.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Edited by A. T. Noe, M. D.

[The editor of this department takes pleasure in announcing that in the next (May) issue, he will offer the initial paper of a series elucidating the most approved course of physical culture ever presented to the public. While the series in its entirety will be complete in every detail and profusely illustrated with drawings showing every movement, it will be a great pleasure for the editor to supplement his work by answering any and all questions which may be submitted to him in this connection. Communications addressed to A. T. Noe, M. D., 121 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal., will receive prompt consideration.]

THE PRICE OF HEALTH.

WOULD you have health and be able to live in the assurance of its possession through a long life? Would you be relieved of the uncertain results now obtained by haphazard stumbling in the dark? Then pay the price—learn the laws of health and abide by them; learn to be your own master, self controlled, training your body to obey your mind and using all your forces.

Nature's laws are immutable; they know no change and cannot be moulded to suit the appetites of mankind. When we break or infringe a law we must pay for it. Nature refuses to bail us out of trouble or advance us a loan of health or strength. Take what you wish, but you must pay for the taking. A man chooses fame; he toils day and night, neglecting all things else save those which will help him to gain his end—he pays the price in the over-taxation of all his forces and the consequences are ill health and possibly death. There is the man who desires to break an athletic record; he trains and strains, until he obtains his desire; but what does he pay for it? He has a weak heart, and his nerves, sympathetic and sensory systems respond to the drain on the motor nerves and the man we all applauded is a physical decadent, complaining of all sorts of pains and aches; he broke the record but he pays the price to outraged Nature.

The average business man desires wealth; he forgets in the constant wear and tear of the commercial battle that his body is not made of steel and needs some consideration. As a general rule he eats hastily more food than he needs and before he can possibly use up what he has given his stomach to digest he piles in another load. His organic needs he ignores and though he may get the wealth he pays the price in poor circulation, constipation and stomach troubles, too often dying at the prime of life, leaving behind the wealth for which he paid so dear a price.

Here is a professional man who uses his brain constantly, every nerve keyed to the highest pitch, trying to gain a name in his line of work; he does not sleep enough, overeats at irregular times, often eating foods which are of no fuel value being mostly starch or waste matter, and the price he pays is, in a few years he becomes a prey to dyspepsia, insomnia and poor eyesight; life becomes a burden when it should be a joy, he loses the health and strength which is every man's birthright.

The society man who spends his time trying to keep up his end of "high life," who drinks and smokes, eating quantities of artificial foods so highly seasoned that simple and wholesome foods have become distasteful to him, sooner or later pays the price of his breaking the laws of life; his body becomes his master and he is no longer able to control his appetites; if he keeps up the pace he is soon a miserable wretch, losing his taste for life and we find him cynical and very blase, disgusted with the world and with himself.

One may have two kinds of success; one is success that is the result of knowledge of the laws of life, bringing enjoyment of the fruits of your labor through a long healthy

life. The other success comes at such an expense, caused by ignorance, that very few indeed live to enjoy it and if they do live they rarely have health to make the goal worth the race. Self-restraint and ever watchful care and the use, not the abuse of your faculties is the price of life and health.

There is a ridiculous error in the minds of many otherwise smart people that three full meals a day are necessary to the brain worker, and that one will lack mental energy if his alimentary canal is not full all the time; the price of all this is an aldermanic abdomen, over-plus of blood, a crowded heart, apoplexy or that very fashionable disease appendicitis; the result of all this is death at a time when the victim should be most useful to the world; thus from ten to thirty years of mental productivity are lost. Would you avoid all this? Then pay the price. Learn to eat only what you need; study the kind of foods you require and thus prevent an accumulation of lime in your system; learn to use all your forces equally; remember when you overtax one part of your nature all the rest responds and in time you find yourself losing hold on life, and health is a thing far from the condition you are in.

Brain workers must not forget that their body is most necessary to the support of the brain and that over-eating will degenerate the whole nervous system, thereby weaking the brain power. Those who think of the physical entirely and discard the mental should beware of excess adipose tissue. Those men or women who carry about with them thirty or forty pounds of extra flesh pay for it in blood loaded with uric acid and an accumulation of unused matter in the system that is bound to cause decomposition, and no amount of drugs will drive its effects out of the body or aid the overworked organs to regain their normal state. The thin, nervous person who is constantly eating heavy meals gets no good from the food he eats so generously, as the constant strain on the digestive organs is so great as to prevent the assimulation of nourishment and they wonder why they are so nervous and have such awful attacks of indigestion; they are simply paying the price of ignorant "stuffing."

The average woman desires to be plump and round, and to accomplish this she eats three or more meals a day with candy, etcetera between; takes little or no exercise, and pays for her *en bon point* with billiousness, overworked kidneys and brain dulled by an inactive liver. She resorts to liver medicines in hopes that her complexion may be improved, but never thinks of giving up over-eating, tea and coffee and possibly alcoholics, of allowing her overworked digestive apparatus a chance to rest. If she would possess the bloom and freshness of the human flower fresh blown, she must pay for it in abstinence, self discipline and control. Pimples, blotches, bad skins, dull eyes, too much or too little flesh, all these are the price of too much food and a culpable ignorance of nature's laws.

Health is purchasable, so is long life and pleasure, and they are well worth the purchase price—a little self control and exercise of all of your faculties equally, not using one at the expense of another. If the purely physical pleasures are the ones you most desire, and you feel that the short gratification you may get from them is full compensation, then forget that you are a dual nature, mental and physical, but do not forget that you must pay nature who is never inveigled into forgiveness.

Man was not created to live the artificial life we are living to-day, and the nearer to nature we live the greater hold we have on life and health. Take for instance the clothes we wear; we find the average person wadded up in the heaviest underwear, mostly woolen, besides many layers of other cloths. Our skins are made for the express purpose of protecting the delicate nervous system; now, if we eat the food we should eat in the proper amounts, our blood will be warm enough to keep us comfortable without so many external wrappings which only serve to circumvent nature's purpose when she gave us a skin capable of regulating the supply of heat and cold. Heavy non-porous underwear will cause a constant moisture which it does not absorb, this will no longer perform its function of protection and you pay the price in colds, rheumatism and impure blood, for the skin as well as the kidneys is an outlet for excretions of the body and must have a chance to throw off this waste matter or the poison is apt to be reabsorbed into the system. Exercise is a potent factor in keeping the body warm; in fact it is necessary to good circulation and will keep you in a pleasant glow far more readily than all the woolens you could possibly carry.

H. L. Betten, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

By E. C. Plume.

IT is scarcely necessary to go into details as to the origin of the cocker further than to say that, being of the spaniel family, they represent one of the oldest varieties of sporting dogs of which we have record. The cocker is the smallest of the sporting breeds and it is perhaps owing to this, together with his merry activity, and engaging disposition, that he is so much sought after as a companion and pet.

In England, where nearly all of the game is preserved, the conditions for hunting are different, and the small covers afford ample scope for the cocker's activity in the field.

In this country, however, the cocker is used but little as a sporting dog, and no better tribute can be paid the good qualities of the breed than the popularity it has attained as a household pet.

Purely as a companion and without regard to its sporting instincts, the cocker has long since distanced the other breeds, and easily holds first place in public favor.

It has the advantage of docility and freedom from desire to pick quarrels with other dogs. This is only one of the good qualities that commends him to the weaker sex. But perhaps even more commendable is the intelligence with which he is gifted and which manifests itself at all times.

The cocker is always bright and merry, and can be taught amusing as well as useful tricks. He is never cross and is easily controlled by kindness. They are naturally cleanly, and with very little trouble become good house pets.

Much has been said on the subject of cockers as pets and sporting dogs. It has been my experience that a cocker weighing from eighteen to twenty-four pounds (the present weight limit), if on the lines laid down in the standard, is just as active and a far more suitable house pet than the larger dog.

The general appearance of the cocker should indicate an immensely strong, active little dog, compact in form, merry in disposition, with an eye that indicates love and fidelity.

The head should be shorter, not so coarse and heavy in its lines as that of the field spaniel. The skull should be of graceful contour, reaching up from a moderate stop and the low set ears should intensify the half circle dome of the skull, so hard to get and so highly prized by judges of the breed. The leather of the ears should not extend beyond the nose. The muzzle is of moderate squareness, with no tendency to supineness. The neck of sufficient length to allow the dog to put its nose to the ground, and should be clean cut and set into sloping shoulders, devoid of fat to interfere with his free action. The body, legs and feet are of great importance. The former should be compact and with deep, well-sprung ribs, shorter than in the field spaniel.

The legs should be strong in bone and straight, the feet compact, pads sound and plenty of hair between the toes; hind legs with well-bent stifles, and hocks set low, so that, though compactly built, he stands over a good deal of ground, showing strength and speed without clumsiness. The tail should be carried low, and never, even in excitement, raised above the level of the back, showing in its action the merry disposition of this the merriest of the spaniel family.

The standard for cocker spaniels adopted by the American Spaniel Club and the California Cocker Club, in 1901, was a decided

step forward. The weight limit formerly was twenty-eight pounds. The reduction in weight as well as the new scale of points has already done much toward the advancement of the breed. At our Coast shows the cocker is divided by color as well as by sex, there being classes for blacks, and other than blacks, the latter including the reds, livers and parti-colors. The reds are conceded to be the most popular, although the blacks are a close second. Parti-colors on this Coast are very scare—we have yet to see a first-class specimen. Concluding, we will say that any one who has raised cockers cannot but agree that they are the most lovable and intelligent of the canine race.

KENNEL NOTES.

Mr. Irving C. Ackerman's crack wire-haired fox terrier Humberstone Bristles is now in the hands of T. J. Blight, who is conditioning him for the forthcoming show at Denver, Colo. Col. Bristles will undoubtedly give a good account of himself.

There is some probability of Mr. Raper judging the forthcoming San Francisco show. W. E. Warner is also spoken of for the sporting classes. Mr. Warner would without question be the popular choice.

The San Francisco Kennel Club held its annual meeting at the Occidental Hotel on February 1, 1903. The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing term: President, Hon. William C. Ralston; First Vice-President, John E. de Ruyter; Second Vice-President, E. Courtney Ford; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles K. Harley; Directors —Messrs. W. C. Ralston, John E. de Ruyter, E. C. Ford, Charles K. Harley, and W. S. Kittle. Bench Show Committee—Messrs. W. C. Ralston, J. L. Cunningham, and Charles K. Harley. Among those prominently spoken of for judge at the forthcoming San Francisco show are W. E. Warner, Charles Mason, and George Raper. Communications should be addressed to the secretary, Charles K. Harley, 844 Harrison street, San Francisco.

It is understood that members of the California Cocker Club will not support the San Francisco Dog Show unless a suitable judge of cockers be selected. There has been much dissatisfaction over the way this breed has been handled in the past few years. In fact the members say there has not been a cocker judge at San Francisco since the organization of the club, and this year they intend to have one or withdraw the liberal support of their club.

The Plumeria Cocker Kennels are temporarily located at 215 Third avenue, San Francisco, pending the building of a new home for their dogs.

T. J. Blight has lost by death that good little cocker bitch Red Sue, winner of special for best puppy at the late Oakland show. Sue had been leased by Plumeria Cocker Kennels and bred to their Champion Hampton Goldie. Mr. Blight has the sympathy of the fancy in his loss.

That well-known fancier of pointers, Mr. J. W. Flynn, has bred his good little winner Nelly Bang to Dr. Daniels, and should get a splendid litter of puppies from this union.

A number of Pacific Coast field-trial winners will be sent to compete in trials east of the Rockies this fall, and they are sure to acquit themselves in a creditable manner. Among them are Dr. Daniels, Peach Blossom, Northern Huntress, Kilgarif and Lola Montez. Eastern fanciers are just awakening to the fact that we have on this Coast individuals fully able to cope with the best Eastern dogs, and with such representatives we can rest assured that some of the laurels will go to California kennels. Dating from the advent of Senator P. in the Manitoba All Age Stake, September, 1900, where he won second place in fast company, the following Coast dogs have been placed in Eastern trials: Champ, Senator P., Verona Cap, Verona Wilhelmina, Dick Stamboul, Cuba Jr., Petronella, Verona P. Gladstone, Verona W. Gladstone, Verona Diablo and Clipper W.

It is probable that a party of Coast fanciers will charter a private car and attend a number of Eastern trials next fall. Among those who have signified their intentions of viewing the trials are: J. E. Terry, C. E. Worden, W. W. Van Arsdale and J. W. Considine.

The California kennels will breed a number of good bitches this season and should have a splendid lot of puppies to choose from when it comes to making entries for the 1905 trials.

S. C. Herd of Watsonville nas bred a nice bitch to Dr. Daniels.

Mrs. Thos. Murphy of Hollister is constantly adding to her kennel of English setters, and recently purchased the field-trial winning bitch "Nelly Byers," by Donald

Bane-Goldstone Bess. Nelly won third in the North American Field Trial Club's Derby, 1901, and also won first in the Field Trial Class at the last New York show.

Fanciers of bench-show dogs are preparing for the circuit, which begins at Victoria on April 1st. Seattle and Portland will follow the lead and the San Francisco Kennel Club will hold its seventh annual show early in May, giving those who wish to campaign their dogs a splendid opportunity to build up their reputations as winners.

Oregon sportsmen are determined to organize a field trial club and hold trials of their own. A movement is on foot to secure several hundred dozen Bob Whites and release them in a suitable location, so that trials may be run this fall. Judging from what we have seen and heard of the Willamette valley it offers some of the finest field-trial grounds in America, and by taking immediate action in the matter of introducing Bob White quails before the coming breeding season the success of the trials will be assured. Once inaugurated they will draw patronage from all sections of the Coast, and will be the means of bringing to public notice the many good field performers in Oregon, which at present are permitted to remain in obscurity.

Cook Inman of Renton, Wash., has bred his good little field-trial winning bitch Policy Girl (Dave Earl-Top's Queen) to A. H. Nelson's field-trial winner Sousa (Sport's Destiny), and the result should be some high-class puppies of splendid age for the 1904 and 1905 Derbies.

Frank Atkins has been decidedly unlucky in losing two good dogs within the past two months. Shortly before he reached California to attend the trials his well-known winner Dick Stamboul was lost or poisoned, and upon his return Lorenzo (Champ. Count Gladstone IV-Suner G.) succumbed to inflamation of the bladder. Better luck in the future, Frank.

The Colorado Kennel Club held a successful show at Coliseum Hall, Denver. There was a total entry of four hundred and ten in the various classes, two hundred and sixty-eight dogs being benched. The officers of this growing club are: President, C. E. Cochrane; First Vice-President, Dr. W. L. Roberts; Second Vice-President, M. B. Porter; Treasurer, C. MacA. Willcox; Secretary, W. Balantyne; Veterinary, Dr. M. D. Dunleavy.

The twenty-seventh annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, which was held in Madison Square Garden, commencing February 11, was a colossal affair, with a total entry of 2,344. Seventeen judges were occupied for two days in making the awards in the regular classes, which may give our readers some idea of its magnitude. The New York Show is the carnival event of American fanciers and never fails to draw a tremendous attendance, not alone from New York, but from all sections of the United States.

Cocker spaniels seem to be holding their own in the favor of fanciers, and this in spite of the fact that other breeds are constantly being forced to the center of the arena, in the hopes of creating a fad for them. Aside from their virtues as house pets cockers are essentially utility dogs and fanciers of these merry little fellows should endeavor to place them on their proper footing as field dogs, and breed from stock noted for its superior hunting qualities.

OUTCROSSES.

Kennel Editor Western Field—DEAR SIR: I read with much interest your notes regarding the breeding of Ightfield Sophia and, as you now have on the Coast a number of dogs containing this outcross, thought your readers would like to know something more of the bitch in question.

There are a number of breeders who speak contemptuously of anything bred differently than the majority of so-called "Llewellins," and these self-styled "scientific breeders" go back for information merely to the extent of their own knowledge in setter history.

Some years ago I claimed that there were a number of kennels in England that had never been represented in American trials, but which, nevertheless, possessed just as good a class of working or field trial dogs as those which were covering themselves with glory on this side of the Atlantic and were defeating the native setters and cross-bred dogs that were "the best in the world" until field trials were inaugurated and they were given an opportunity to prove their worth.

I, too, was taunted with the cry, "Prove the validity of your claim," and in order to

do so secured from Mr. Lonsdale a bitch named Pitti Sing, which was very strong in Beaudesart blood. I entered her in the International Trials, and the late Dr. N. Rowe (a gentleman, by the way, who did more for the encouragement of field trials than any other man on this continent before or since his lamented death) twitted me in his paper with the remark that I was going to Chatham to "clean up" the Llewellins with the "new breed." I retorted that I was certainly going to Chatham with Pitti Sing, but that I would beg to remind him that she came from a strain which produced field-trial winners long before the so-called Llewellyns were in existence and previous to his own identification with dogs.

The records show that I did "clean up" the Llewellins in the Manitoba as well as the International Trials, and I then sent "Sing" to North Carolina to compete in the "Four Hour Race." In the first heat she "put it all over" Rowdy Rod, but the judges awarded first to him because "Sing" would not retrieve; yet the following year, under the same rules, Antonio, a dog they knew would not retrieve, won first and was never called upon to retrieve a bird.

At this time Mr. P. Henry O'Bannon was manager and partner in the Blue Ridge Kennels and was so impressed with Sing's work that he wrote me, asking me if I could secure from Mr. Lonsdale a bitch of Sing's breeding, as they desired to cross Ch. Gaths Mark on same. I wrote to England, and in response Ightfield Sophia was sent out to the Blue Ridge Kennels, she being almost the same line of breeding as Pitti Sing.

You are, no doubt, conversant with the circumstances of how I prevailed on Mr. Lonsdale to send out a string of dogs to compete on this side, and the success he met with. Of how "Ian," sired by a litter brother of "Sing," in the final heat at the Central Field Trials beat Avent's "Rupert" pointless. I don't expect you know how Woodhill Bruce, Tritsham Trip and Woodhill Beta (two brothers and a sister of Pitti Sing) had been cleaning up everything in the field trials in Belgium, France, Ireland and England. The *English Field* said of Woodhill Bruce, after he had won the "Absolute," that "he was the best field-trial dog England had seen for years."

Colonel Cotes bred Llewellin Novelty to Bruce and I secured one of the progeny (Novelist), and won the Manitoba Derby with her and the following year she won the All Age Stake, when Mr. Avent bought her, and she afterwards won in some of the big trials down South.

The year I got out Pitti Sing I also imported Dick Bondlin, a dog whose blood is well represented in the veins of a number of California winners, and the same season Tritsham Trip and Coquet-Bondlin, litter brother and litter sister, respectively, to the above won high places in English trials, so you may gather that there was not much of a "yellow" streak in the breeding of the "new breed," and particularly not in that of Ightfield Sophia, for no better field-trial blood existed.

Of course as long as there are more fanciers that want the so-called Llewellins than those desiring an outcross, just so long will breeders perpetuate the strain that the market demands; but just fancy if Peach Mark, Peach Blossom, Lady and Countess Noble had been "pure" how their records would have been heralded from the house tops; and by the way—the mention of Countess Noble reminds me that I bred her dam and her ancestors, on her dam's side, for three generations, and from field-trial winners and good lookers, too. One of them (Manitoba Belle) was started in six field trials, winning two firsts and being placed on every occasion, and in addition she won the Eastern Field Trial Club's medal twice at the New York show.

I also imported Rochester, another of Countess' ancestors and a litter brother to the noted field-trial winner, Roderick of Braunlauls, which was by a Leicester-Dart dog, bred previous to the importation of that famous pair to this country, and I naturally feel pleased to know that I was, through my importations the primary cause of the enrichment of your setter blood by the addition of that mentioned above. Very truly yours, THOS. JOHNSON.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

ANOTHER DISTEMPER REMEDY.

Dr. C. C. Cornell of Knoxville, Iowa, writes as follows concerning "Eucamphol," a remedy prepared by the Pasteur Institute for use in the treatment of dogs suffering from distemper:

"I believe I have found in a preparation of

the Pasteur Institute, called 'Eucamphol,' a remedy which is almost a specific. One veterinary surgeon here uses it exclusively in the treatment of distemper and his success is most wonderful. He uses it hypodermically in severe cases and I only know of one case where it failed after its effects became manifest, and in this special case the animal died, not from distemper, but a relapse following injudicious feeding. She was very low when he was first called, but after a few days' treatment appeared to be almost if not quite out of danger; appetite good, temperature normal, free discharge from nose and gaining in strength. Her owner, however, was too anxious to build her up and overfed her, which was too much for her enfeebled digestive organs, and she died. This was the only loss sustained since commencing the use of 'Eucamphol.'"

Eucamphol is a very strong preparation, and the usual dose for pointer or setter is only from 5 to 10 drops diluted with ten times the amount of water and given either by mouth or hypodermically.

NECESSITY OF REGISTRATION.

It is a regrettable fact that the majority of fanciers fail to recognize the necessity of registration, and in a great number of instances fail to preserve records relative to the pedigrees and winnings of their dogs.

One of the first duties of an owner of a well-bred dog is to place its breeding and selected name on record so as to prevent fraud and to avoid confusion, which often results from the repetition of names. With the proper observance of registration the latter would not be possible and the issuance of fraudulent pedigrees would be greatly constricted. Every prospective purchaser of a dog should insist that it come from registered parents and that there be no flaws in its pedigree, as otherwise it becomes valueless for breding purposes and its progeny will never command other than nominal prices.

Registration tends to develop research among fanciers and research leads us to use discrimination in the selection of individuals possessing the blood lines, characteristics and records which give promise of elevating the standard of their kind. In preserving for posterity a record of the breeding of our dogs we are performing an act which is highly commendable, and of great value and assistance to breeders of the future. Were it not for the foresight of fanciers of the past, who carefully guarded and preserved the blood lines of their dogs, the various breeds would have been obliterated by admixture with impure blood, and in place of the thoroughbreds of to-day we would have mongrels of no fixed type or characteristics.

Betten, Photo. READY TO CAST OFF.

Betten, Photo. "JAY M." C. E. WORDEN, OWNER.

JOHN C. ALBERT, *Editor.*

THE automobile journals are full of the great New York and Chicago automobile shows, as well as those held at the Crystal Palace, London, and in Paris. The industry has grown to enormous proportions in a very short period of time, and notwithstanding that all the manufacturers in the United States have largely increased facilities for manufacture over what they had last year, many of them are far behind their orders in delivery and some of them have their entire output sold up as long as six months ahead. It is, of course, only the old reliable concerns, who have proven their right to a claim upon the confidence of the automobile buyer, that are in that condition. The public is becoming educated rapidly to discriminate, and experimental machines of uncertain quality and unknown reputation do not find a very ready sale on this account.

* * *

The good roads movement throughout the United States is receiving additional support and momentum daily and the prospects are that an era of road building heretofore undreamed of, is at hand. The farmer, who in the past has been considered an enemy of progress and enterprise owing to his being so far removed from the centers of population and education, is now finding himself, with the rural mail delivery system, the improvement in roads and the rapid transit of trolley lines and automobiles, so much a member of the city community that he has contracted the progressive fever and many are owners of automobiles. But the inborn tendency to obstruct dies hard and many farmers look upon the automobile as their natural enemy. The loneliness of the farmer's life and that of his wife, son and daughter, their remoteness from the centers of thought and intelligence, has been the chief factor in emptying the countryside and sending its inhabitants to the congested cities. The annihilation of distance will start the tide in the opposite direction. Here lies the farmer's opportunity. The automobile makes it possible for him to get to the city whenever he wishes and brings the denizen of the city to the country. Its multiplication is of vital interest to the farmer. Instead of opposing, he should encourage it. By its use suburban limits will undergo a great extension. The land of the farm will advance in value, his comfort and pleasure will be promoted. Every consideration urges him to welcome it and to encourage its use.

But we are to-day confronted with the spectacle of the embattled farmer, holding himself in opposition to the motor vehicle. To him it is like a red flag to a bull. The present flood of anti-automobile legislation is largely the work of the rural legislator—*he* is "agin automobiles." They must accommodate their speed to that of his slow-going nag taken from the plow to draw the buggy. If the horse or its driver should show fright it is the automobile that is to blame. Best of all would be to keep it off the road altogether, but failing that the proper thing to do is to load it down with restrictions that will prevent its increase and multiplication. Of course the time will come when the folly of all this is perceived. The farmer will finally realize that the automobile is his friend. But in the meantime it is a shame that many intelligent people are led into the error of believing that this great civilizer should be frowned upon, that laws should be passed restricting its use.

A bill has just passed the legislature at Sacramento removing the speed limit heretofore set upon trolley cars. This was a piece of foolish legislation of years back, when there was a prejudice against trolley cars which was even stronger than the present one against automobiles, but where is the man to-day who would do away with the trolley car and return to the old-time street car

pulled by a mule, and where will we find a man who would lay himself open to ridicule by suggesting for a moment that the trolley cars should be limited to the speed which the old-time street car mule was capable of making?

Over at Sausalito they passed an ordinance requiring an automobile, when in sight of a horse-drawn vehicle, to pull up at the side of the road, stop the engine and wait for the horse to go by, and if at that time another horse were in sight, it could not move until that horse passed. So if the horse-drawn vehicles were in sight of one another, there would be no chance for the automobilist to make any progress.

However, an enterprising citizen of that community, Mr. Gow, is entitled to the thanks of every automobile user in California for his courage in fighting the law which is ridiculous on its face. He was arrested at the instigation of one of the ministers of that splendidly Christian community and when Mr. Gow refused to pay the fine, but surrendered himself to custody and swore out a writ of habeas corpus in order to test the law, the minister drew up a pamphlet in which he advocated doing away with automobiles entirely.

It seems to the writer that the minister must have an unbroken horse; that the proper solution would be for him to employ a horseman to break his horse to drive before he undertakes to drive him alone. Or better yet, perhaps, would be for him to take a few lessons in how to drive a horse, or if these suggestions do not appeal to him, it might be well for him to sell his unbroken steed and purchase one whose spirit is in keeping with his owner's progressiveness.

* * *

The Automobile Dealers' Association met during the past month and decided to call off the plans for an automobile show, to be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion, as the season is so far advanced and the manufacturers are all behind with their deliveries to such an extent that it was found impossible for the dealers to get sufficient stock to be able to make creditable exhibits. The New York and Chicago shows were held before the season for deliveries began, but at the present time all of the factories in the East are far behind with their orders and the customers who have bought automobiles want them just as quickly as possible. So that the automobile show for San Francisco will be put off for another year, at least.

* * *

The first automobile speedway in America has been completed. It is a course exclusively for motor vehicles. It lies about a mile north of Lakewood, New Jersey, and stretches for about a mile and a quarter through the pine woods. It is eighty feet wide.

* * *

A tea company in Pueblo, Colorado, after experimenting with automobile deliveries found that the motor car could do the work formerly done by three one-horse delivery wagons.

* * *

An International Exposition of Industry and Commerce, which will include a department of automobile exhibits, will be held at Athens, Greece, April 7th, having been postponed from last October.

* * *

The automobilists of Pasadena, California, have formed a club along the same lines as those of the Automobile Club of California, whose headquarters are in San Francisco. Mr. Ellicott Evans was elected President; Mr. King Macomber, Vice-President; Mr. C. B. Scoville, Treasurer, and Mr. J. T. Pugh, Secretary. Their objects are to discourage law-breaking and to secure proper legislation. They have tackled the good roads problem in a practical manner. They have recently inaugurated tri-weekly tours for the public, which will continue for two or three months. The proceeds will go toward the improvement of roads. The activity of the Pasadena club should serve as a suggestion for the automobile club of California, which seems to have gone to sleep. Now that spring is here, many members of the club would like to see the officers "do something." It is understood there is considerable money in the treasury and the members are beginning to wonder what they get for their dues.

* * *

Mayor Schmitz is reported to have said at one time that he believed in equal rights for all and special privileges for none. There is no doubt but that every member of the Park Board individually, if they did not see the connection, would steadily main-

tain that they were American enough to believe in that rule, yet when it comes to the question of granting automobiles equal rights in the Park and doing away with the special privileges now allowed horsemen, the board of Park commissioners are, from the automobile standpoint, entirely unjust.

Golden Gate Park is the only one in the United States, with we believe one exception, where automobiles do not enjoy the same privileges the horse enjoys. Out on the ocean boulevard there is no fear of horses being scared at automobiles. They are permitted the use of the boulevard south of the South Drive and there is also no fear that horses will be frightened by them on the South Drive; and when horses leave the Park and start down town each animal, with his fine sense of discrimination and good manners, promptly puts away his fear of automobiles and pays no more attention to them than he does to a street car. But once within the Park, on the beautiful Main Driveway, then Mr. Horse very promptly feels his importance, and according to the judgment of the Park commissioners, if he should see an automobile in that part of the Park he would immediately take fright and run away.

When the automobile was first put on the market the gasoline machines made a frightful noise constantly and the management and control of the machine were more or less uncertain and little understood. The Park commissioners were no doubt properly conservative at that time in holding the automobile down to the use of the city streets, but there is surely ten times the danger from an automobile going up and down Market street—if there is danger in going anywhere—than there would be in its having every privilege of the Park which a horse enjoys. Automobiles have developed to a point where the control is perfect. Most of them are almost noiseless—as much so as a horse and a rubber-tired carriage—and the writer feels that for the board of Park commissioners to continue to prohibit the free use of the Park to automobiles is an act of discrimination against that part of our citizenship which uses them that cannot be justified in any manner whatever.

THE

"WHITE" is KING of Automobiles

We quote the following letter from Mr. Chas. A. Winship, capitalist, living at The Palms, California, who has two "WHITE" carriages in use:

PALMS, LOS ANGELES CO., CAL., November 14th, 1902.

H. D. RYUS, ESQ.,
Agent "White" Automobile, 116 E. Seventh St.,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir

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Yours truly,
CHAS. A. WINSHIP.

Write us for prices, terms and catalogue. Call on us, or telephone, and we shall send a man to show you the "WHITE" carriage.

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AN AMERICAN SPORTSMAN

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 2. MAY, 1903. No. 4.

THE CALIFORNIA VULTURE

By ARTHUR WILCOX.

THE California Vulture (Pseudogryphus Californianus) is the largest of all North American birds, his extreme length of wings in very rare cases being eleven and one-half feet and his maximum weight twenty-six pounds. In winter coat he is a glossy black, which gradually fades to a lighter cast as the warm season advances.

On his breast are long silky black feathers bearing a striking resemblance to hair and almost as fine and silky as the much prized plumes of the Egret. The under side of the wing has feathers of a snowy whiteness on the female, while those on the main are not so white or beautiful. The head and neck are devoid of feathers for a distance of about eight inches. The skin on the female's neck is yellow, while that of the male is black. The feet are much like those of the domestic turkey, they having no talons.

The beak is not as hooked as that of the eagle but is a powerful weapon of defence or attack. I have seen one cut a piece of skin and flesh from a dog as smoothly as if done by a veterinary's knife; in this case the bird had a broken wing and the dog attacked it, but he soon found he had a few tricks to learn, and after the first attack could not be induced to go near it.

The range of this almost extinct species is in the Coast Range of mountains from Monterey Bay south to Northern Mexico. The highest peaks of the Coast Range are the home of this greatest of all feathered scavengers; here in the coniferous forests may still be found a remnant of the next bird to follow the great auk in extinction. The high price of the eggs—these being quoted highest of all living specimens—the great demand by museums for mounted specimens and live birds if obtainable, are surely and swiftly carrying this great bird to a sure and melancholy destruction; added to this, our law makers of California have never placed on our statute books one line protecting this fast disappearing bird, and the result is practical extermination.

For nesting places they select a cliff facing the south or west, having a large hole or opening; in this, without any preparation whatever, one egg only is laid. They select a hole having sand or earth in the bottom which acts as a cushion in lieu of feathers for the egg. This single egg is usually laid during February or March, yet the one here shown was collected in May. The period of incubation is about four weeks, and the young bird when he first appears is covered with grey down which gradually grows darker.

At the age of two weeks the young bird is able to stand and fight; as you ascend the cliff towards the nest you will hear a "cawk! cawk!" sound coming from the nest. It is safer to peer in cautiously, as at the first sight of your head the young bird will begin to fight, and while one may think no damage could be done by a bird two weeks old, if he seizes your ungloved hand you will regret your temerity.

I assisted in the capture of one last May. A piece of canvas was thrown in the nest and as he seized one end of this he was caught by the neck and dragged from the nest. This bird grew to maturity and now is in the National Museum at Washington, D. C. The bird here shown was captured when very young and is very gentle; he eats heartily and seems well satisfied with his surroundings. He has been sold to a

G. P. Ide Photo THE CALIFORNI VULTURE

gentleman at Lancaster, Mass., and will be in his new home by the time these lines are in print.

While these birds are scavengers and are supposed to eat carrion, I have never been able to induce this one to touch tainted meat, and the fresher it is, even if yet warm, the better he likes it.

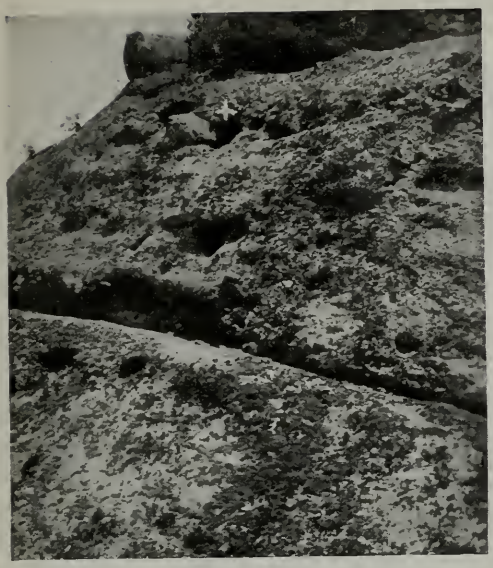
I have collected a number of these birds, both for American museums and those of Europe. Some years ago the Field Columbian Museum asked for a couple of specimens, and as the price was fairly remunerative I outfitted with spring wagon and pack mules, hired a companion and started to secure the specimens.

Leaving Arroyo Grande, an eighty mile trip brought me far into the rough mountains and also to the end of the wagon road. The mules were packed, the "diamond hitch" thrown and the journey continued. Twenty miles further brought us to a rim rock whose perpendicular walls were 500 feet high. On this cliff sat a half dozen of the great birds, while in the air miles above sailed as many more. Camp was hastily pitched, mules hobbled and shouldering our .25-20 rifles we began the climb.

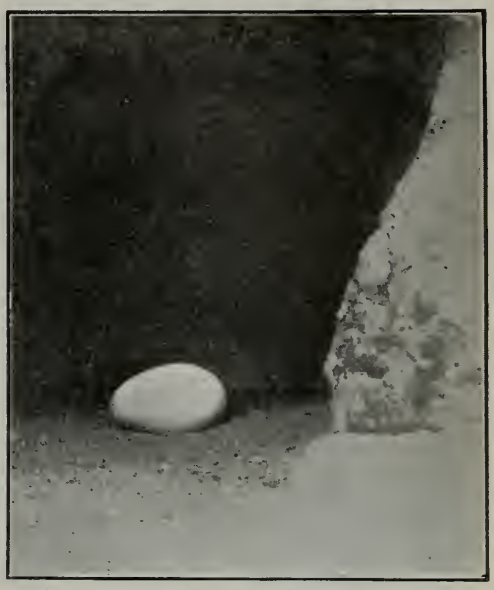
Two hours later we reached the rim rock only to find the birds gone. They had probably taken wing within five minutes after we started on the ascent. Three days were subsequently spent in a fruitless search; many times a bird would be sighted, but approaching it would be found sitting on the very brink of a cliff where, if shot, it would be picked up a worthless mass hundreds of feet below. But the fourth day was more resultful. A huge female was located sitting on a cliff some six feet from the edge, her glossy black plumage showing beautiful in the early morning sun, making a striking contrast with the rich yellow color of the neck. A careful stalk was made to a distance of seventy-five yards, and telling my companion to keep a sharp lookout if the bird should not be instantly killed, I placed the cross hairs of the old Mogg 'scope on a point of the body well forward and touched the hair trigger. Imagine my surprise and disgust when the bird jumped nimbly off the cliff, spread its great wings and with its two companions sailed away, to all appearances untouched.

"Don't that beat you?" remarked my companion, with a strong touch of reproof in his voice. It did. The three birds sailed down the cañon almost horizontally for a distance of 250 yards, when suddenly the right wing of the female dropped helpless, then the left, and the great bird, now lifeless, started toward the earth. As the rim rock has been measured with a surveyor's

Alex McKenzie Photo
CALIFORNIA VULTURE'S EGG (REDUCED ONE-HALF)



W. D. Wood Photo POSITION OF VULTURE'S NEST X



W. D. Wood Photo A VULTURE'S "NEST"

instrument and is known to be 500 feet high, and the cañon falls rapidly, it is easily safe to estimate this bird had 1,000 feet to fall. As a twenty-five pound weight gets up a bit of velocity before it travels that far, one can easily imagine what its condition would be when it struck the bowlder-strewn cañon below. "It's a worthless mass," I remarked. Down, down it shot, faster and faster; its speed was something wonderful. On the west side of the cañon but near the bottom stood a gigantic fir, and touching it on the west stood a smaller cedar. Luck was with the collector for once, for the great bird struck the west side of the fir, bounded off on the cedar, and was thus eased to the ground without the slightest injury. She graces the Field Columbian Museum to-day.

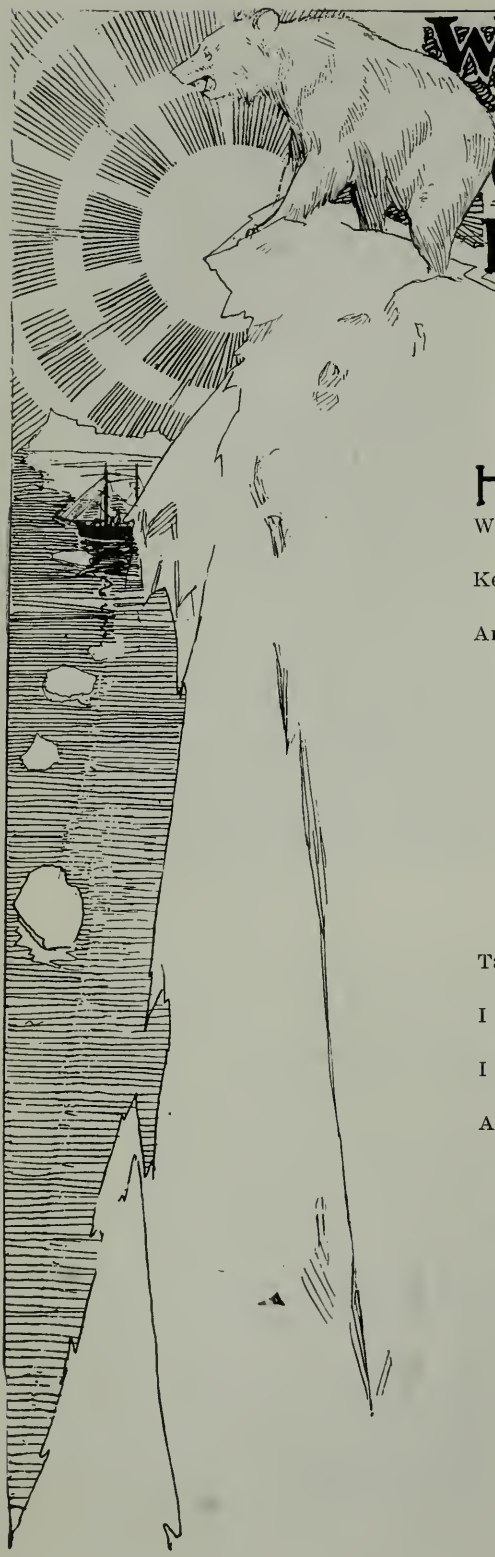
AFTER THE STORM

THE storm had ceased—a flood of light
Went shimm'ring 'cross the lakes and hills;
The rain had passed—a thousand rills
Rolled babbling by, in headlong flight.

The slopes spread fair their golds and browns,
Where broken grasses knee-deep lay;
The green salal and pungent bay,
Like em'ralds gleamed, on spreading downs

Along the beach the white sea poured,
And wildly beat upon the sand—
A dream of peace smiled o'er the land—
But the sullen ocean hoarsely roared!

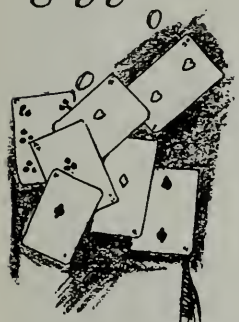
—*Geo. H. Burchard.*



Where the Sun comes up at Midnight.

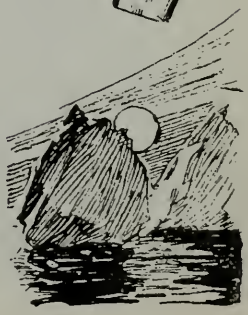
HEAR the rattle of the windlass as our anchor comes away.
We are bound for old Point Barrow and we make a start to-day;
Keep a tight hold on your breakfast, for outside the south wind blows,
And unless you are a sailor you'll be throwing up your toes.
Up into the Polar Sea, where the night is same as day,
Where our creditors can't touch us for the best part of our pay;
Where there ain't no lubbers seasick 'cause the ship forgets to roll,
And the sun comes up at midnight from an ice-pack round the Pole.

Take me north of old Point Barrow, for it's there that I would be;
I am sick of this 'ere country and I guess it's sick of me;
I am tired dodging tailors, breaking nickle-slot machines,
And of playing cards with fellows who are dragging of my jeans.
Up into the Polar Sea, where ice is delivered free,
Where a man don't have to hustle like a blooming honey bee,
Where there's no Salvation Army, where the church bells never toll
And the sun comes up at midnight from an ice-pack round the Pole.



I have had enough of actors, clubs and dinners and the ball,
Where one's knocked down to a lady, gets a dance and that is all;
On the street next day she greets you with an icy polar stare,
She remembers to have met you, but she disremembers where.
Up into the Polar Sea, where the Innuit maidens be,
There's a fat bright-eyed Waheeny who is longing now for me;
She is sitting in her igloo, chewing on a muckluck sole,
Where the sun comes up at midnight from an ice-pack round the Pole.

I was thinking last September I had come away to stay,
But almost before I landed I had blown in all my pay;
Now I've hocked my tailor outfits, yellow shoes and neckties queer,
And to save my life I couldn't raise the price of one small beer.
Up into the Polar Sea, with Point Barrow on our lee,
With a strip of open water leading north to eighty-three,
Where there ain't no bloody fashions to perplex a good man's soul,
And the sun comes up at midnight from an ice-pack round the Pole.



Take me north of old Point Barrow where there ain't no East nor West,
Where one has a thirst that lingers and where whisky tastes the best;
Where the Arctic ice-pack hovers 'twixt Alaska and the Pole,
And there ain't no underwriters taking mortgage on one's soul;
Up into the Polar Sea, where the greasy whalers be,
Where cobergers do boat duty just the same as you and me,
Where the blooming seal and walrus on the ice-floes bask and roll,
And the sun comes up at midnight from an ice-pack round the Pole.

—*Lieutenant P. H. Scott, R. C. S.*

From Painting by E. A. Bayley.

"SHE MADE A DESPERATE LEAP"

See "Hunting the Kangaroo," Page 225.

HUNTING THE KANGAROO

By E. A. Bayley.

IT WAS my luck while traveling in Australia over the Manaro country, close to the border line separating the states of New South Wales and Victoria—a location famed for kangaroo, sheep and fine cattle—to make the acquaintance of Mr. Woods, a "squatter," while stopping at Delegate, en route to Bombala. He generously invited me to be one of a party of five whom he had "rounded up" for a kangaroo hunt, and having participated in several hunts in Northern Australia and enjoyed the pastime, I readily accepted his invitation.

I having but recently arrived from California, Mr. Woods was anxious that I should be equipped in the best possible style and with the generosity characteristic of the colonial squatter tendered me the use of the best horse in his stable—a fine upstanding chestnut—together with a full kangaroo hunting outfit, which embraced an easy riding saddle, good heavy mounted hunting crop and leggings for protection of the shins against the trees and heavy brush which are an invariable feature of every good kangaroo hunting ground.

While "Jacko," the stable boy, was currying down my horse Mr. Woods assured me that my mount was a good one. "Give him his head," said he, "and you'll find him as good a bit of stuff as ever looked through a bridle."

After lunch we mounted in high feather and set out, a jolly crowd. We carried no guns, which made the riding more enjoyable, and for protection were provided with heavy hunting crops. Our guide, Charlie McPherson, was a fine, strapping young Australian bushman just turned twenty-one; he was an experienced hunter, an artist in the saddle, fearing no hazard afield and sitting with ease the roughest buck jumper that ever ate grass.

Mr. Laidley, a recently arrived young Englishman—termed a "new chum" in the Australian vernacular—proved fine company. He had come to the Antipodes to get colonial experience and invest in a sheep ranch. He was "up" on his own horse—a bright bay, well bred and credited with being a clever jumper, a reputation well sustained during the hunt. Laidley was a fine horseman, had good hands and lifted his horse nicely at the jumps.

Charlie was mounted on a fine, stocky built dark bay which looked sound enough to carry him from sunrise to sunset, and proved a fine jumper. We were provided with only two dogs, both being "pure bred" kangaroo runners. One of them, called "Jamberoo," was a very handsome jet black dog of great experience, while "Grip," who was yet a pup, was out on his maiden hunt and Charlie had to give his undivided attention to him, keeping a watchful eye on his movements, seeing that he did not get too ambitious and tackle an old man kangaroo single handed, and so risk getting disabled by being ripped up, an end only too common in this particular sport.

Away we cantered, keeping up a running conversation, the time passing merrily, and after a nice run of two miles—just a "pipe opener" for our nags—we entered a thickly timbered section of country which contrasted sharply with the monotonous flat tract we had just covered.

"Ease up, lads," exclaimed Charlie, at the same time calling in the dogs. Woods turned to me with the remark, "This is a likely ridge to spot them on." Before an answer could be given Charlie, who was close to us, shouted: "See the four jokers grubbing at the foot of the ridge!"

A dash was made straight ahead for the herd of kangaroos, which seemed only a quarter of a mile distant and apparently not yet startled at our approach.

The horses knowing from experience what was required of them reefed and snorted and went helter skelter toward the game. We had to take a pull at their heads on account of the closely wooded "bush" we

Photo by W. Burke, New Zealand
A "MAMMIE" WITH HER "JOEY"

were riding through, and the company had to spread out in order to clear the low branches and gigantic trunks of the gum trees, ducking our heads beneath the interlacing limbs.

On emerging into a comparatively open spot we found Charlie and Laidley had cleverly pushed their way through the jungle and were within eight or ten yards of the fleeing kangaroos. Suddenly both pulled up short and returned to join us, leaving their game to escape, Charlie giving as his reason for abandoning the chase at this stage that all the animals were "mammies" (females) carrying their "Joeys" (young) in their pouches, and consideration was shown them in consequence.

But the jig was not up yet, for after a wait of only a few minutes a gigantic "old man" kangaroo ("Boomer," Woods called him) suddenly started out from the bush where he had evidently been doing duty as an escort or guard to the females just mentioned. He made flying bounds in a directly opposite course to that taken by his mates—an unusual proceeding, as they generally follow each other in regular sheep style. I shall never forget the moving sight of this grand old man kangaroo; he was a giant and game to the backbone. He stopped twice to take hasty glances at his pursuers, then put on an extra wiggle and started away at an inspiring gait, covering at least a dozen feet at each bound. He was jumping beautifully and how he managed to keep up the succession of jumps was marvelous; his tail, which was doing the balancing act, was beating the ground faster than a coon could beat a carpet in a back lot.

I was riding at the flank of Charlie's horse; he turned his head, remarking, "He is an old timer and is making a bee line for a water hole. Look after your horse, for it will be fast work over rough country."

Hunters and dogs were soon doing their best to head off the kangaroo, who cleverly kept out of danger, having gained a big lead by crossing a rocky bit of bad going over which we had to constantly pick our way.

Our company got scattered owing to some riders making for a deep creek to stand guard against the animal's crossing, but to our disappointment the kangaroo out-manœuvred us, frustrating our scheme by clearing the creek in one magnificent jump. We headed up the creek a few rods and landed on the other side, each horse taking the leap in fine style.

Rounded up again by the welcome bush call of "Coo-e-e!" given by Charlie, who was on the kangaroo's trail, we spurred up our horses and again sighted the flying game on whom the dogs were doing fine work. They had caught up to and were evidently about to close with him. His jumps were getting shorter and it was plainly a case of bellows to mend; he was showing signs of getting pumped, but held his own gamely although we were fast crowding him.

Breaking through another piece of thickly timbered country we faced a sloping opening topped with grass but lightly timbered. We were now riding abreast and the pace was terrific, each man striving to be first in at the death. "There is the water hole!" suddenly shouted McPherson, "watch him make for it." Sure enough he made it all right, hopping into the water and covering himself up to his forearms, and with defiant looks challenging all comers.

We made a close detour, having his escape cut off. The dogs eagerly whined and traveled around the edge of the water hole, Charlie checking them from attack, fearing that he would catch them with his fore feet, hold them under water and disembowel them with his strong hind claws. "Jamberoo" made no attempt to approach the victim, but "Grip" the puppy was eager for a snap at the enemy in his wet position.

After a good look at our conquered hero we concluded to give him his liberty in recognition of the game run he had put up, and with that object forced him out of his watery stronghold. But on leaving the edge of the water hole a tragedy was enacted.

"Grip" incautiously made a snap at the old kangaroo's hind quarters and in return got a stunning whack from his tail and a side rip from his claws which sent him reeling. No fatal results followed, he regaining consciousness after being worked over for fifteen minutes, but unfortunately for the kangaroo his blood was up and he attacked Laidley. Charlie, actuated by a feeling of revenge at the injury done his favorite puppy and fearful of the outcome of Laidley's predicament, made a lightning spring out of his saddle, clutched the kangaroo's tail—thereby putting himself in no small jeopardy—and quickly drew his hunting knife across the tendon of the brute's hind leg, hamstringing him.

Laidley, who was in a quandry as to whether or no he was next on the list to be laid out, delivered a vicious blow with his hunting crop directly between the brute's ears, dealing thereby the coup de grace which brought to a close the chase which had actually extended over seven miles of difficult coursing. We left the carcass of the gallant beast lie where he fell, not even carrying off his tail as a trophy, fearing it would be too rank to consign to the soup pot.

About two hundred yards from the scene was the camp of some black fellows, amongst whom was an old fellow styling himself "King Baldy." I was introduced to him and learned that he did all his hunting with spear and boomerang, but was too old to "beat up" game. Mary, his queen, I was informed, could not be presented for an introduction—she was "presented at court" a few days previously for "pinching" a fat, juicy ham from a squatter's cabin, and was doing time in the Bombala jail.

From Drawing by E. A. Bayley

THE COUP DE GRACE

During the ensuing smoke and rest under the shade of the tall gum trees experiences of hunting in other countries were exchanged. I was asked to tell what I knew of California and its fine hunting grounds. Charlie grew anxious to know all about our Arizona cow boys and their experiences amongst the Indians, vowing on my truthful relation thereof that the first country he would visit would be "Yankee Land."

The kangaroo dog is a cross between a greyhound and a deerhound, averaging about 75 pounds in weight. This mixture produces swiftness and gives staying qualities, and the animals possess good intelligence but not a very high degree of scenting power. They hunt mostly by sight and never "let up" until the victim is run down. Their jumping ability is marvelous, being excelled only by that of the kangaroo itself.

I cannot say what is a record jump of the kangaroo. An incident occurred at a hunt on the Murrumbidger when a female carrying her "Joey" in her pouch was hotly pursued. Coming to a deep creek unexpectedly, she made a desperate leap, which was measured afterwards and taped out 26 feet from the take off to the landing. The average "old man" kangaroo when erect on his hind legs stands from six to seven and a half feet in height and weighs up to 200 pounds. For years they were mercilessly slaughtered and left to rot, simply to save their grass food for the sheep which replaced them in the bush, the shepherds claiming that the kangaroo destroyed even the roots of the grass. The pelts were finally determined to be of immense value and the beasts have become almost exterminated in consequence. They are already very scarce, and before many more years this curious family of marsupials will be practically extinct.

COMPANION

THE day is drear, the fog hangs low,
And hides away the sun's bright dawn.
Within my heart there come and go
Sad memories of a time that's gone—
You are weeping Eucalyptus tree!

The Earth is seeking Nature's smile,
And praying for the needed light.
My heart is joining her the while
In asking for a day more bright—
You are praying, Eucalyptus tree!

Now warm the breeze comes o'er the lea
And drives the falling mist away.
A hope springs up for what may be,
Glad promise of a better day—
You are happy, Eucalyptus tree!

So, when I'm sad, you shed your tear,
And when I'm praying, you pray, too;
When I rejoice, your song I hear;
Because to all life's moods you're true—
I love you, Eucalyptus tree!

—*H. Walter Burr.*

Photo by S. N Leek.

BAND OF WILD ELK IN JACKSON'S HOLE, WYOMING.

SHAKESPEARE and SPORT

By F. W. Reid

DOES Shakespeare tell us anything of the sport of our ancestors? Of the game they hunted, the matches they made, the pastimes they enjoyed?

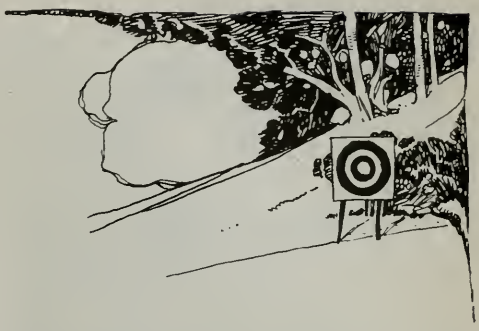
The bulk of his work is dramatic, and the drama is not precisely the kind of composition best suited to depict sporting scenes. It is otherwise with epic or narrative poetry. Walter Scott carries you away on the wings of his spirited lines, and you track the red deer with Fitzjames by hillside, lake and corrie. Yet there are hunting scenes in Shakespeare's plays. In "Titus Andronicus" there is Roman hunting, with horse and chariots, and the quarry—did Italy ever breed such game—a panther! In the dialogues, moreover, there is a multitude of sporting allusions, and a wealth of metaphor drawn from the sports and pastimes of the age. Sport has always been a powerful agent in moulding the spirits of English-speaking folk. Therefor a dramatist who aims to "show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure" must make his characters sometimes talk sport. If we look closely into the magic mirror which the great poet held up to Nature, we shall catch reflections of the sporting life of that England in the midst of which he had his being.

It matters little if the scenes are laid abroad. Shakespeare, it is well known, troubled himself very little about chronology, or what is called local color. He plants olives and palms in the forest of Arden and furnishes Cleopatra's palace with a billiard table! But the sporting figures shown in the plays, whether human or animal, are English in spite of the foreign names; and the woodcraft shown in their depiction was gathered by Shakespeare in Elizabethan England.

At that period there was plenty of game in the country. The wild boar was confined to the royal forests, but deer, roe and fallow were preserved by wealthy country gentlemen in the enclosed parks that then, as now, studded the shires. The pursuit of the fox was not as yet the chief end of the squire's existence. Landholders, if rated at not less than forty shillings a year, were licensed to keep sporting dogs. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" the hound is sketched in masterly style.

In the course of a hunting talk with Queen Hippolyta, Duke Theseus says:

> "My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells."



Now the Duke's pack is no more Greek than his conversation. The Spartan strain is merely a sop to Ovid, from whose pages the legend was taken. After making allowance for poetic enlargement the points are precisely those of the old English deer chaser or talbot, which had flap ears and a keen, discriminating nose. It was also called "rach," and the female "brack." In Mad Edgar's list we read: "Hound or spaniel, brack or lym." The last was the leashed bloodhound used for tracking deer.

Our ancestors were not deaf to the musical value of a cry of hounds. "I never heard so musical a discord, such sweet thunder," declares the Amazon queen when the harmonious baying of the Duke's pack bursts forth. That is hunting on the æsthetic side. The practical sportsman selected his dogs for their scenting powers, like the nobleman in the "Taming of the Shrew."

> "Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
> At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
> I would not lose the dog for twenty pound!"

Which speech would not be out of place at a covert side in modern Warwickshire or Virginia.

The noble art of venery had rules and technical terms, into which every gentleman was early initiated. Many of the phrases of woodcraft passed current in popular speech, and the audience at the Globe would readily grasp allusions that puzzle our ears. A modern sportsman may, indeed, see the point of Hamlet's remark to Guildenstern, who is manœuvering the conversation so as to trap the prince: "Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil." The red deer is still hunted with hounds on Exmoor, and there, along with harborers and verderers, some of the antique phraseology survives. But would the master of the stag-

hounds understand Falstaff, when he speaks "like a woodman, like Herne the Hunter?" "Divide me like a bribed buck," says the Knight of the Merry Wives, "I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands." But the Windsor dames, who lived close by a royal forest, would know something of the laws of the chase, which were strict in assigning to each member of the hunt his proper portion of the killed deer.

Turning from the hart royal—the quarry of king and noble—to the humble hare, we find a sport that has altered little in the course of centuries. In the "Venus and Adonis," there is an admirable description of the shifts to which poor Wat, the hare, betakes himself when pursued by the hot scent-snuffing hounds. It is too long to quote, but it reads like a sketch from nature. The harrier, by the way, was not a small foxhound such as is now used, but resembled the talbot.

But the greyhound, that was bred for coursing the hare or pulling down deer, seems to have closely resembled the modern dog. Page of Windsor kept a fallow greyhound that was "outrun on Cotsold." The match would open with something of the formality of a tournament. The dog would have been held in slip by his keeper till the warden of the course threw down his warder and cried: "Hay, voux!" This signal, according to Mr. Tomlin, is the true meaning of "Havoc" in the well-known line in "Julius Cæsar." But in finding the hare, in giving her law, and in the general practice of coursing, there has been little change, if any, between Shakespeare's time and the present day. To rest his greyhounds the sportsman would at times hunt the hare with a falcon.

The picturesque sport of hawking was in its zenith at the close of the sixteenth century. The nobles kept costly establishments of foreign falcons and goshawks, with falconers in attendance; the yeomen trained the kestrels and sparrowhawks that nested in their woods. There was a hawking language. "This was more studied by the courtiers of James I than the Greek and Latin," says an old writer, "because it was fashionable." The novice who did not know a hawk from a hernshaw cut a sorry figure in society. The dramas of the day bristle with the cant of this favorite recreation of noble dame and high-born cavalier.

This language was perfectly intelligible to the groundlings at the "Globe." For the London audience for which Shakespeare wrote lived in a city set in the green fields. The banks of the silvery Thames and its reedy tributaries afforded shelter to store of mallard and heron. The falconer, wearing the livery of some noble house, was a familiar figure in the streets. He carried his birds to the chase tied by their feet with jesses of leather to a wooden perch, and with their heads wrapped in hoods. The bells on their ankles tinkled as they passed by; those attached to the finer breeds of goshawk were of Milan silver and musical in tone. Lovers of the sport watched the falconers training the haggards or wild hawks, teaching them to fly against the wind and to come to his call. They visited the mews (the place where the birds were confined when moulting) and learned from the trainers how to "seel up" the eyes of young birds, and to tame refractory ones by spare dieting.

With all this lore in their heads, how pat the allusions must have come to a first-night audience, when Shakespeare's plays were novelties. The veriest apprentice from Cheapside would seize the metaphor in Othello's speech:

> "Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,
> I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
> To prey at fortune."

Or Juliet's wish for a falconer's voice to call her tassel-gentle, Romeo, back again. The owner of a champion Iceland falcon would nod his head in approval of the lines in Henry the Sixth: "None dares stir a wing, if Warwick shakes his bells." Gentle

and simple, all could appreciate the sporting way in which Petruchio tamed his Shrew, his art in manning his haggard and teaching her to come and know her keeper's call.

But to modern readers half the references are obscure; they are caviare to the general. A few terms of falconry are still current, with their original meaning blotted out. In the London of to-day a "mews" means a livery stable, because, forsooth, the Royal Mews became converted to that use when hawking fell into desuetude. Falconry became obsolete by the end of the seventeenth century, when the gun was in every sportsman's hands.

There is not much about gunning for game in Shakespeare. Falstaff speaks of the unwilling recruits for his ragged regiment as "fearing the report of a caliver worse than a hurt wild duck." In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is found this vignette from nature. To the consternation of his fellows Bottom has been transformed into an ass; their flight is figured as follows:

> "As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
> Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
> Rising and cawing at the gun's report
> Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky."

But neither in the field of war nor of sport had the gun as yet superseded the bow.

The Tudor monarchs patronized archery from motives of military policy. Ascham, Elizabeth's tutor, praises archery as the most honest pastime in peace, the surest weapon in war. The queen herself could manage a crossbow as well as the princess in the play:

> "Then, fowler, my friend, where is the bush
> That we must stand and play the murderer in?"

Elizabeth's "bush" at Cowdray was a two-storied shooting stand, with a band of music below. A nymph in costume handed her the bow and the royal Diana brought down four deer.

Archery, moreover, was the chief of the athletic sports in which the object was not the pursuit of game but a friendly trial of skill. Every parish had its butts. There the young men learned how to stand, and how to make the weight of the body tell in drawing the heavy yew bow. Perhaps there is an echo of the poet's own boyhood in Bassanio's speech:

> "In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
> I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
> The self-same way, with more advised watch,
> To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
> I oft found both."

Amateur bowmen formed themselves into shooting associations. Arthur's show was a club of London archers whose members named themselves after the Knights of the Round Table. Under the alias of "Sir Dagonet" Justice Shallow was of them, when he was a law student at Clement's Inn and heard the chimes at midnight. In all the bravery of belts and quivers the clubmen met on appointed days, walked in procession, shot for prizes and finished the day with a feast.

In the country, gentlemen talked bows and arrows as their descendants discuss racing and cricket. So when Shakespeare delineates rural characters, the leading rural sport becomes a topic. Squire Silence makes an early call on Squire Shallow. The old friends talk of old times, of the price of bullocks and ewes, and Shallow inquires if "Double, of your town," is still living. Hearing that the marksman is dead, he recalls

his feats at archery: "How he drew a good bow, and John-a-Gaunt loved him well and betted much money on his head." This favored champion "would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and a fourteen-and-a-half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see." The squire is enthusiastic over good target practice; and to score many bullseyes at 240 yards with a heavy ash arrow seems to have been no common feat. And how natural is the dialogue, how thoroughly realistic; and what a side light it throws on the intimate life of the squirearchy.

Of the pastimes of the period none are more frequently alluded to in the dramas than bowling and tennis. The latter was a complicated exercise of skill, but it could hardly have been popular except as a spectacle. For it was played in specially constructed courts built on to the houses of the nobility. France was the native country of the "jeu de paume." It was the French Dauphin, as every one remembers, who mockingly sent a present of tennis balls to the English king. According to the play, Henry replied:

> "When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
> We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
> Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard."

His descendant, bluff Harry the Eighth, handled the racket at Hampton Court. But the game was not yet naturalized. For, in the play that takes its title from that sovereign, Lovell sarcastically proposes to reform travel'd gallants, by making them renounce "the faith they have in tennis and tall stockings." These French innovations were regarded in a spirit of Galliphobia, as it would now be called. Tennis balls were stuffed with human hair to make them elastic; and, of course, Benedick's friends chaffed him hugely when he shaved off his whiskers. The bandying of the ball to and fro over the net suggested to Shakespeare the figure he used in his "Pericles" of a sailor —"tossed about by wind and sea in that vast tennis court."

If tennis was aristocratic, bowling was popular. It was a pastime for all ages, like golf, and was especially affected by those whose aging muscles were too severly taxed by the tough yew bow. There were bowling alleys in the towns; and these were regarded as hotbeds of vice and gambling. But the typical arena of the sport was a smooth-shaven lawn in the open air, such as you may find to-day in rural England, behind the country inn, at the sign of the "Bowling Green." There the forefathers of the hamlet would assemble and aim their weighted bowls at the "jack"—the small bowl that marked the end of the course. Petruchio tells how the well-aimed bowl should run: "Forward—and not unluckily against the bias." Sir Nathaniel, the curate in "Love's Labor Lost," was a marvelous good neighbor and a very good bowler; but his best shot might be deflected by a mole hill or some other rub. Then might he sympathize with Coriolanus, who had not deserved "this so dishonor'd rub, laid falsely in the plain way of his merit." The nature of the ground had to be studied. If it were too "subtle"—treacherously smooth—your bowl might "tumble past the throw," that is, run beyond the limit. However skillfully laid its position was liable to be disturbed by the next player's shot. Then the sportsman's mettle was put to the proof. If he were of a grudging spirit, he would curse his luck, like Prince Cloten, on Cymbeline's palace

green when, after having "kissed the jack," he was "upon an upcast hit away," and lost the game.

Football players may search the plays in vain for a line of commendation. Though an ancient English game, football was looked down upon by the Elizabethans. It was the recreation of plowmen and mechanics. When Kent trips up Oswald for his insolence to Lear, he calls him a "base football player." The game was played in the streets, in a rough and tumble fashion, to the detriment of the citizen's windows; and on that account was forbidden in London and Manchester. But out of this horseplay the elaborate Rugby tactics have been evolved. If the spirit of Shakespeare ever revisits the glimpses of the moon, he must be surprised to find that the erstwhile sport of unlettered hinds has become the recreation of university scholars. In one respect he would find the game unchanged. It may still be described, fn words of Stubbes, the Puritan, as "a friendly kind of fight rather than a play."

Another friendly struggle familiar to our ancestors was the wrestling match. The London champions used to meet the picked men of the neighboring village of Westminster on Saint Bartholomew's day. The Lord Mayor presided; and a ram was the prize of the winner, who got his adversary "on the hip," as Iago had Cassio in metaphor. A wrestling bout is played on the stage in "As You Like It." This serves the dramatist's purpose in bringing the hero and heroine together and setting the play in motion. But as an exhibition of the wrestler's art it is a failure; as of course it must be within the time limits of a dramatic incident. The knock-out is too swiftly consummated to please the connoisseur of cross-buttocks and strangle-holts. He would agree with the duke that the match was not fair: "There is such odds in the men."

Besides engaging themselves in an active manly sport like wrestling, our forefathers took pleasure in watching animals fight. Of these amusements bear-baiting was the chief, and a common sight on every country road was the "head-lugged" bear and his keeper. In London the best place to see a bear fight with mastiff was Paris Gardens, close to Shakespeare's playhouse, where the bear champions, old "Harry Hunks" and "Sackerson," were chained. Master Slender bragged before sweet Anne Page that he loved the sport well. It was meat and drink to him to see the bear loose, and he had taken Sackerson by the chain. A Paris Garden bear fight perhaps suggested this image to Shakespeare. Macbeth at bay on the fatal field cries:

> "They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
> But, bear-like, I must fight the course."

After a ball at King James' court the dancers trooped out to see the king's bears and ban dogs maul one another. "It was a sport very pleasant to see," writes Laneham; "the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemies, the nimbleness of the dogs to take advantage."

In the present age this one royal entertainment is forbidden by law as cruelty to animals. But among the Elizabethans sport took its color from the spirit of the age—and the age was one of violence. Duels, assassinations, executions, hanging, drawing and quartering were not uncommon specta-

cles. The public was inured to the smell of blood. Yet there was a minority that protested against brutality in sport. Touchstone at the wrestling gave voice to their sentiments, when he retorted upon the courtier Le Beau with: "It is the first time I ever heard that breaking of ribs was sport for ladies." The modern humanitarian note is sounded in this speech. In the same play the banished duke declares that it irks him that "the poor dappled fools should in their own confines have their round haunches gored." This is in advance of the times. The melancholy Jaques moralized in the same strain on the rights of the deer to life and liberty. The rigor of the chase in Arden must have been moderated by these gentle spirits, and doubtless their counterparts existed among the sporting Elizabethans.

Did Shakespeare belong to that class? A dramatist, and a master of his art, his personality is hidden in his plays. Walter Bagehot thinks the poet must have been a sportsman, reasoning from his descriptions of hounds and hare hunting. It will not do, however, to argue from the works of a man of genius as to his pursuits. Take a modern instance. It is generally conceded that "The Maltese Cat" is the best polo story ever written. Yet Rudyard Kipling is reputed to be an indifferent horseman and no polo player. Men of transcendent intellect have ways of their own by which they pluck the heart out of any mystery on which their keen perceptions play.

But we know that Shakespeare was brought up in the country, that he came of farming folk, that he was apprenticed to the trade of a butcher, a calling that in England has sporting affinities. There is, moreover a well authenticated tradition that he broke into Sir Thomas Lucy's park at Charlecote and killed his deer. Unless his sporting instinct was strong he would hardly have run the risks of poaching. Young Shakespeare, we may infer, took all the sport a Warwickshire lad could lawfully get—and a little more. But neither record nor tradition tells how the mature poet passed his time at New Place or what were the recreations of his leisured ease. The rest is silence.

Still we may feel sure that if Shakespeare followed the chase he was alive to the finer aspects of the sport. With Theseus and Hippolyta he would have taken delight in the musical effects of the baying pack. The mere deer-slaying, pot-hunting business would have been repugnant to his gentle nature. For Shakespeare had among his fellows the repute of amiability and therefor could have been no brutal sportsman. As a student of character and humors he would elbow Bardolph and Pistol at Paris Garden; but the "raw head and bloody bones" of bear baiting would have filled him with disgust.

Yet Shakespeare could have been no "meacock," as the age called a pusillanimous shrinker from bloodshed. He had a great reverence for the character of Henry the Fifth; and this king was in one respect the noblest sportsman of his race. In war, the sport of kings, he showed himself eager to take the longest odds for the sake of honor.

> "If we are marked to die, we are enow
> To do our country loss; and if to live,
> The fewer men, the greater share of honour."

If Shakespeare idealized Henry, it was doubtless because with him he felt himself to be in spiritual kinship.

Photo by Geo. Gignac.

A SIERRA LAKE.

REMINISCENCES OF BOYHOOD DAYS IN MENDOCINO

By Wm. Muir.

WHEN I was a boy I was very fond of hunting, riding horseback and handling stock. As my father had a ranch in the hills I had a good chance to practice such sports. I was considered a very wild and careless lad by some of the old fogies around the country. If they saw me on a horse which was jumping too high or running too fast they would not eat or sleep until they would see some of my folks so they could tell them how soon I would be killed, but I was good to take care of the horses on the ranch and my father was not very hard on me. He would say enough to let me know there was some one worrying about me and I used to wonder at times which would be the worst, for me to get killed or them to worry themselves to death about my affairs. I suppose it did look to some folks like I was taking a good deal of chances, but it was all sport for me.

I was willing to take chances with any broncho and wanted to be able some day to ride one as fast as he could run, no matter how rough and steep the hills might be, and I wanted to be able to shoot as fast as a deer could jump, so if I did not get to see it but one jump I would have a chance for meat.

I have often thought that if some of those old fogies could only see me when I was making a hard ride after wild cattle or following hounds in pursuit of a bear they would fall dead in their tracks.

I honestly believed if a boy did not take a delight in riding horses fast, and was willing to take some chances with them, he would never be able to do much riding after wild stock or following hounds in Mendocino County.

I remember my brother had a little broncho he used to ride; sometimes when the "cincho" would get loose she would jump through the saddle and leave him in the road or trail. When he would go off to work and leave her with me to 'tend to, the last thing he would say was, "Bill, don't you try to ride the mare while I'm gone." Invariably as soon as I thought he was out of my sight I would be on her—bareback—trying her to see how quick she could jump or how fast she could run. She got me off a few times but I soon got so I could sit her to a finish.

When I could not get a horse to ride the next thing was to get out with a gun. The first gun I ever hunted with was an old muzzle loading shotgun that shot both ways and weighed about fifteen pounds. I could not hold it out to shoot off hand so if I could not get to rest it on a bush, log or rock I would sit down and rest it on my knee. Sometimes when I would shoot quail, rabbits or squirrels I would find myself about three summersets down the hill and my shoulder would feel like it had been hit with a sledge hammer, but I thought that was included in hunting and made no kick and felt good when I brought in a nice lot of small game.

Once my boy neighbor and I were out and I had that old shotgun. We were going through a cluster of pepperwoods and a squirrel started to go through the tree-tops and I did not have time to get a rest with the old gun, so I pulled it off before I got it to my shoulder; the stock went under my arm and the lock struck me in the mouth, breaking off one of my teeth close up to the gums, leaving about one-eighth of an inch of the nerve exposed to the air, which caused me a great deal of pain. That was fun for the boy and he had to laugh, but I could not see the funny part and the only way I could get any satisfaction out of it was to fight him, so at it we went. We tore up the ground considerable and scratched each other up some, but as there was no one to separate us we called it a draw and made up and started for home. Then I had to go and have the stub of that tooth pulled; as there was no dentist in the neighborhood

at that time they sent me to a horse doctor. He got hold of it with a pair of pinchers, pulled until he was tired and then decided to cut around it, so he got out his jack knife and cut awhile, then he got hold of it and pulled it out. I thought that was a pretty hard deal and I had enough experience with that old shotgun and would do the most of my hunting with a rifle.

My brother had a .44 caliber rifle that he allowed me to hunt with. I started in hunting rabbits and soon got so I could shoot off one's head forty or fifty yards and hit the body one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards, so I began to think I could shoot as well as anybody and was willing to take my chances with any animal that roamed the woods.

The next thing was to get a deer. One evening after school I took the rifle and wandered up through a grain field that lay up in a small valley in the foothills. When I got to the other end on a small piece of ground that was not farmed I saw two deer lying down in some grass and under a few scattering oaks. I could not see their bodies very well and I decided to shoot at one's head. Picking out the one I thought to be the best I drew down and fired; at the crack of the gun they sprang to their feet and started to run. I got two more shots but none of them took effect. I followed their course until I was almost given out and it was getting dark, but I did not see anything more of them. I was very badly disappointed, but I knew it was all my fault because I was excited and nervous. I could hit a rabbit's head the same distance and I made up my mind not to get excited on the next one.

I hunted faithfully after school for about a week before I found one. That evening I wandered around until I came out on a large cliff of rocks, from which I spied a big buck standing broadside about one hundred and fifty yards away. I drew down on him and fired; he fell to his knees, got up again and humped up his back and started to walk away. That excited me so I could not keep from getting nervous any longer, so I began to shoot at him as fast as I could pump the cartridges into the gun; I shot about eight more times before he got out of my sight.

The next thing was to get to where I saw him last before dark; I had to go around the cliff through the thick brush and thought I would never get there, but finally I reached the spot and found plenty of blood; I traced it through the brush until I got to a deep ravine, where I saw the buck lying dead. I was a happy boy! I found I had hit him three times behind the shoulder but all too far back for the heart. I then had to go home and devise a way of getting him in, as I could not even get him out of the ditch, I being only twelve years old and he was a good big buck.

Reaching home I found no horse there, and no men but an Irish school teacher that boarded at our place, and he knew less about deer than I did, but nothing would do but I must take him to the buck and he would pack it in. I did not think he could pack it, but I knew from experience he could handle me and I decided to take him to the deer. Getting there he found it too heavy to pack so far and thought we had better drag it. Getting hold of its hind legs we "snaked" it over rocks and through brush until we reached home; we had the hair all worn off one side of it, which I did not like very well, but was proud of it just the same. A fellow generally feels that way about his first deer.

Photo by B. N. Leek.

WILD ELK IN JACKSON'S HOLE, WYOMING.

WITH THE BEAR IN CALIFORNIA

By P. L. Bonebrake.

THE spring of '98 was a very dry one in Southern California, and one that will long be remembered by the stock men in general. In order to save some horses and Shetland ponies I had, I took them into the Forest Reserve and ran them there the summer and fall; and when I gathered them up to bring them out I missed some six or eight head. After a long search I gave them up, coming to the conclusion that the "varmints," lion or bear, had killed them. I took the balance of the bunch—about one hundred and fifty head—out and back to the ranch, and charged the missing ones to profit and loss.

I heard some six months later, in the spring, that two men who had been hunting in Pine Flats, some forty miles back in the hills from the valley, had reported considerable pony sign, and had caught sight of two of my lost ponies up in the big *cienega* which had been our home camp.

And so in April when I was reasonably sure of not encountering any heavy snows, I started back to see if I could gather them up. I was accompanied by a half breed Mexican and Indian vaquero, whose name was Louis, and who was a splendid "lasser."

We were each mounted on a good saddle horse and had our outfit packed on a little Mexican mule. We passed near a small town, the last before entering the cañon beyond whose headwaters we were bound. Not caring to go through the main streets with our pack animal, on account of the sight being so unusual for city horses, I sent Louis down to get some cartridges for my 44-six-shooter, which was the only arm we had along, while I took the pack up the back streets. Louis rejoined me after I had gained the entrance to the cañon but unfortunately he had gotten .44 shorts instead of the regular rifle cartridges, which was most unfortunate as events will show. He had, however, purchased some hooks and a line, in case there were any fish left in the stream after the dry year.

We struck camp at the first likely looking pool we found, some nine miles from the mouth of the cañon, and while I unpacked the mule Louis took the line and went down to try and get some fish—I being somewhat short on fish lore. He couldn't find any worms however, and after trying both dough and bacon was about to give up. An old egg pirate, a blue jay, had been making impertinent remarks ever since we had made camp, and taking my silence for cowardice he became bolder and perched on a twig a few feet away, chattering and scolding boisterously. I turned a Colt ray on him, and as he fell Louis picked him up and took him down to the pool; using his "innards" for bait it was not long before he had three fine fish. We cleaned and rolled them in flour and soon had them frying in some hot olive oil which I had brought along for the purpose. Is there anything so tickling to the palate of a hungry man, after ten months abstinence from a hunt, as a fish cooked before he has had a chance to dry, as I have here described? If so I have failed to find it.

We had scarcely finished our meal when "Doojam" Bill Jenkins, who lived in a shack on a little ranch a short ways above us, seeing our fire came into the circle of light. "Doojam" Bill was an old friend of mine, and living on the generosity of Uncle Sam (being a veteran of the Civil War) had been in this cañon since the gold excitement years ago.

He was quite a character in his way, and was known throughout the mountains as champion old-line single handed prevaricator of that section. He had earned his sobriquet through the habit he had of referring to any article of which he was speaking as "that air doojam."

He was of a scientific turn of mind and after taking an observation of the stars through a dark brown bottle I produced from my bed, settled himself against the pack saddle in a comfortable position.

Conservation dwelt on various topics un-

til finally we reached the bear. Now, old "Doojam" had been a famous bear hunter in his day all right, but old age made his memory play him false occasionally and his victims were inclined to increase from five to twenty according to the credibility of his listeners. In fact you couldn't get some of his stories down with a shoe horn.

On one of his adventures a mule figured quite prominently, and upon inquiring as to what had become of the mule, Bill, after taking another observation of the big dipper and wiping from his eye a tear which was caused by bringing to memory the sad demise of the faithful animal—or the strength of the observation he had taken, I don't know which—related the passing of "Jenny," the mule.

Jenny had reached and passed that degree of uselessness which occasionally comes even to mules, and on every trip Bill had made for the last few years he would spend anywhere from an hour to a week trying to trade her off; he would take anything from a set of harness to a side of bacon, and once in a while he would strike some one who didn't know the mule and make a swap. It would only be a matter of a few days usually until she would show up at home, having either broken away or been turned loose in disgust by her new owner.

One day two young Englishmen came out from town and up the cañon to Bill's ranch. They were very anxious to kill a bear, and having heard of his prowess as a bear slayer had come to see if they could make some arrangement with him to take them into the bear country.

There hadn't been a bear heard of that winter within thirty miles, but Bill thought it would be a shame to let that good money get away, and hated to disappoint those boys anyhow, so after dilating at great length on the danger of hunting bear he struck a bargain, at an exorbitant figure, to go with them next morning.

All the next day Bill "toted" those poor fellows around, and circling, finally made camp in the main cañon only about six miles from their starting point. Bill, however, assured them that they were forty miles farther and in the heart of the bear country.

He told them the surest way to get a bear would be for them to lie in the rocks at the mouth of a small side cañon near them while he made a big circle to its head; the game was sure to catch his scent and come down to them; now this seemed plausible enough, and after placing them in a commanding position Bill lit out.

In the course of an hour a distant cracking in the brush was heard; it grew rapidly louder until they could catch the bear's footsteps. They gripped each other's hands, the perspiration dripping from them, but resolved to die game. The crashing drew nearer and nearer, and as the boys breathlessly held their guns in anticipation of a shot, the huge bulk of the bear loomed up in the alders before them. They fired simultaneously and were rewarded by hearing a smothered grunt and the falling of a heavy body; guided by the spasmodic kicking they emptied their magazines in the direction of the noise and then tremblingly awaited the arrival of Bill before venturing to look at their prize.

That individual, attracted by the shooting, soon arrived, out of breath and shouting, "Did you get him? Did you get him?" They assured him they had and together they went to inspect their prize. They brushed through the alders and when they came in sight of the "bear," Bill with a loud whoop tore his hat from his head, and kneeling beside the bullet-torn body of old Jenny, called on all the Gods to witness his great loss. He dwelt at great length on the abilities and many virtues of the poor old mule, until his great grief manifested itself by a generous outpouring of tears. Either his sorrow or his threats of vengeance so touched the hearts of the hunters that they agreed to compromise by giving Bill $75 and their guns, which they did when Bill hauled them to town next day.

Bill had simply sent an Indian he had at his place around to the head of the cañon to tie the mule to a sapling, and when he went up to "shoo" the bear out he cut her loose, and poor old Jenny, obedient to a swat on her ribs, started for home with the result afore mentioned. Anyhow Jenny was sold for good.

* * *

We were up bright and early and on the road some time before sun up. The road was steadily growing steeper and more difficult, and some time before we reached the first flats came down to practically a trail. At the first flats we stopped to pass the

Photo by W. B. Davis.

"HERE WE JUMPED A BUNCH OF SIX BLACKTAILS."

time of day with a man who was one of the many scattered around through the mountains by the water company to hold their rights, the water then all being in controversy. In response to our inquiries he said that he had heard that some ponies had been seen at the Big Flats, but that he had not heard of any lately.

He volunteered the information that the company's representative at the lake, on the lower end of the Big Flat, had passed down the day before on his way out.

He claimed that a bear had been coming down around his camp every night for about ten days. He said he camped up there for his health and was on the verge of nervous prostration. He was going out and didn't propose to be bear bait for any dinged old company; every morning he had to climb up a pine stub to get his cat, his sole companion, which had sought safety some thirty feet above ground.

After some further talk we took up our way, discussing the probability—or rather the improbability, of seeing "b'ar." The water man's story had not made much impression on us, tales of that kind not usually amounting to much when run to earth. However, I regretted that I had not brought my Marlin along.

The trail was steadily growing worse; it was very little used at best, and the rains and snow had washed it out badly, but the roughness of the road was somewhat offset by the scenery. The timber was growing taller and thicker and the sides of the cañon more rugged, until finally we emerged on a small flat, the first of a series between us and the main flat. Here we jumped a bunch of six black tails, and it required considerable self-control to keep from firing at them—although it would probably have been futile with .44 shorts—as they bounded gracefully away.

There was still an occasional patch of snow in the more shady places and the air was full of the incense of pine and juniper, a grateful change after the dead air of the lower country.

We reached the main flats shortly and headed direct for the lake, thinking perhaps our lost stock might be watering there. We soon came to the water warden's camp, a 10x12 tent surrounded by a palisade of rocks and pine slabs to keep out the bear. A bull calf could have butted down. There were considerable bear tracks in the neighborhood, especially where he had thrown his cans and scraps, the condensed milk cans having received special attention. On the whole I couldn't see that I could blame the man for leaving; nothing but 10-oz. duck and a few flimsy pine slabs between one and a huge grizzly, with no gun nearer than fifteen miles and only an ordinary cat for company, would have a tendency to discourage any one.

We circled the lake in opposite directions but failed to find any pony tracks, and as it was getting late we made for a large *cienaga* to make camp for the night. We reached there just as the sun sank behind the ridge.

We unsaddled the animals and, staking one, turned the others loose to graze on the grass which grew thickly all around the *cienaga*. By the time we had dinner on it was quite dark, and after it was eaten we sat around talking on different subjects from theosophy to the spring roads, but always getting back to bear.

About 8 p. m. the mule began to get uneasy and finally ceased feeding altogether and joined the tied horse. Soon she began to prick her long ears up and snort and whistle, finally breaking away, followed by the other loose horse, and in about a minute the other broke the lash rope with which he was tied and charged off after them. We didn't say much, but after watching Louis out of the corner of my eye and seeing him glance furtively up the old pine above us, finally taking his riata and going up a few feet to an old stub, I lost no time in sending up some dead branches and our bedding, together with the Kiyack bag which held our grub.

We heard a heavy body coming through the brush on the hillside above us. The bear was circling around our camp and as the fire died down he came in closer until he found the empty meat tin, which he licked out, and then becoming bolder actually nosed and pawed the remaining Kiyack bag over. We sat perfectly still and he finally left in the direction of the lake. I think the aroma of fifty years of garlic and chiles which the Indian sweated out was probably our salvation.

The wind was blowing a little and very

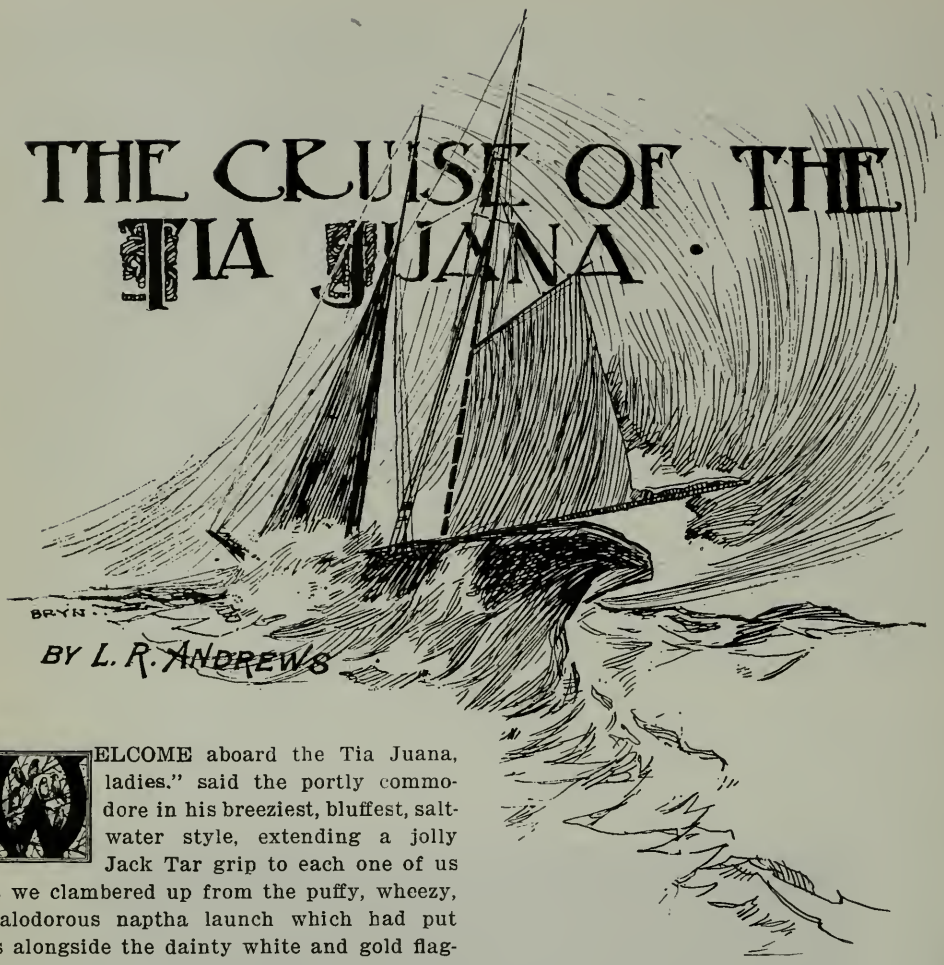
cold, but believing it better to risk our chances on the bear rather than sure death by freezing, we came down.

We heaped some pine cones on the fire and laid down; I pretended not to be frightened at all and feigned sound sleep, but you can bet I didn't! I could hear Louis start a fresh string of "Ave Marias" every time a rat would move. As for myself I felt comparatively safe, for by the exercise of some fine strategy I secured the side next to the tree, figuring out that by the time the bear had eaten five feet of highly seasoned Mexican he would probably let me alone. As dawn came on I turned and yawned and stretched and finally crawled out, when Louis asked me if I had slept any. I told him I had never rested better in my life. He looked at me kind of suspiciously but didn't say anything.

We took the trail of our horses, I mentally praying they had not split up so we would have to separate. I nearly got cross-eyed trying to follow the trail with one eye and keep the other skinned for bear. We fortunately fond them about three miles away, the dragging rope of the horse having become entangled in some brush, and except for this we would have had a forty mile stroll, as there was no fence between us and the valley. We mounted bareback, and with the mule following, reached camp. After a hasty breakfast we packed up and circled the flat, finding the sign of but two ponies, which we overhauled in a small pine park. They were as wild as deer, and after lassing them it was impossible to lead them, so making *jaquimos* out of a *riata*, we tied one to the mule's tail, after some trouble, and got him started down the trail, Louis and I whipping and yelling in the rear. On our way down I related our adventure to every one we met, and while they listened respectfully it was plainly due only to their politeness.

We arrived home a day or two later, and while our trip was successful I can't say it was profitable, for while I was ahead two ponies I was short a terrible good reputation for veracity.

THE CRUISE OF THE TIA JUANA



BY L. R. ANDREWS

"WELCOME aboard the Tia Juana, ladies," said the portly commodore in his breeziest, bluffest, salt-water style, extending a jolly Jack Tar grip to each one of us as we clambered up from the puffy, wheezy, malodorous naptha launch which had put us alongside the dainty white and gold flagship of the fleet. By some mischance we had missed the gig, but we determined not to miss the cruise on that account.

A stiff southeast breeze kicked up a nasty swell, which heaved and tossed the Tia Juana about at her anchorage at Sausalito, and made the ordeal of mounting the swaying ladder to her deck particularly trying to three young ladies, who were as yet sans sea legs.

It would not do for us in our natty sailor suits to show the white feather, or, expressing it nautically, to fly distress signals at this backset, so with many misgivings, disguised as we fondly hoped by a nonchalant demeanor, we laid aloft in the best style at our comand.

We could feel that horrid launch crew snickering behind our backs at our predicament. If only the Tia Juana had come along side the dock, like a ferryboat—but that would not have been yachting—the commodore would certainly condemn us to walk the plank at the mere suggestion of such a reflection on true sportsmanship.

Betty and I finally cajoled, bulldozed, hypnotized and otherwise prevailed upon Kate to mount first, which she did with many suppressed shrieks. Then I insisted on Betty following her, while I brought up the rear, having stiffened my courage by observing their safe arrival on deck.

It was not so bad as I feared after all, which is often the case with things we dread. The captain of the launch passed up our steamer trunks and other dunnage. Then the little craft cast off and scuttled for shore like a butter-ball duck. We were the last of the cruising party to arrive, and the com-

modore immediately gave the captain orders to hoist the anchor and make sail.

It was a jolly party aboard the Tia Juana, bound on a cruise to Seattle. The jaunt was tendered by the commodore to Arthur Hendrix, his particular club crony, with his bride, Eleanor Goodrich, who had been the inseparable fourth in our famous "Glue Sisters" quartet. We had giggled our way through grammar and high school together, and had boosted each other through college, from which we were graduated with more or less satisfactory honors in the same class.

Before we had fairly got our bearings in the great world we set forth to conquer, Nelly surprised us by being first to jump over the broom-stick. Arthur Hendrix would have been an ideal knight errant for any one of us. He was handsome, wealthy and refined, and we congratulated Eleanor unreservedly as true-hearted sisters.

The happy young couple greeted us with exuberant joy and presented Mrs. Milligan, a settled lady of rather severe visage, who was to chaperone the unmarried ladies of the party. She regarded us with some austerity, evidently disapproving of any tendency on our part toward hilarity or levity. We ignored this seeming disposition to abridge our rights to the pursuit of life. liberty and happiness, and determined that if there was any fun to be had on the cruise we meant to enjoy it.

"Isn't it grand?" ejaculated Betty. "I fell like Captain Kidd—or the captain of Pinafore":

> "Oh, we sail the ocean blue,
> And our gallant ship's a beauty!"

"You girls remind me of Mother Goose's rhyme," said Arthur:

> "Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl,
> If the bowl had been stronger, my tale had been longer."

"Never you mind, sir; we may have as long a tale to tell as you do," declared Kate.

"Listen," said Nelly:

> "Three maidens of Frisco sailed into the west;
> Into the west as the sun went down.
> Each in her yachting suit was drest.
> And all were bound for Seattle town."

As for me I stood entranced, all eyes and ears to the loud commands of the captain and the quick actions of the crew as they jumped to obey orders in getting the Tia Juana under weigh. The brawny sailors in their neat white duck suits raced merrily around the capstan with a rollicking chanty as they whisked the anchor from its muddy holding and stowed it apeak.

Then they sprang to their stations and shook out great clouds of snowy white canvas, for the Tia Juana was schooner-rigged with jib, flying jib and balloon topsails. This nautical information I picked up from the commodore, who leaned against the rail, watching the swarthy piratical-looking captain as he gripped the wheel and bawled his orders to the sailors. Soon the sails bellied out in the stiff breeze and the handsome yacht gathered headway each moment as she turned her prow seaward. The cruise of the Tia Juana had begun.

Now appeared on deck the remainder of our fellow-voyagers and introductions all around occupied the commodore for some time. The most interesting personage on board was an East Indian Swami, very learned, very gentlemanly, very happy and very well content with his present condition and future prospects. He had the unmistakable human qualities of a man and brotner and we enjoyed our acquaintance with Ram Cheddlar very much.

Then we shook the flabby hand of Mr. Henry Smythe—and please be careful not to pronounce it SMITH! He was a missionary recently returned from China and appeared to take a somewhat pessimistic, lugubrious view of life. Perhaps his long sojourn in the Yellow Empire had imparted a tinge of that color to his mental vision.

I noticed his eye brighten whenever he saw the Swami. As a missionary it was his duty to convert the heathen when and wherever found—and everybody was a heathen who did not entertain his views on religious topics. I could see that he marked the Swami for his own, not being astute enough to discern that the Oriental was far and away above him in spiritual development. This would have made no difference to the strenuous soul-saver, however, who faltered not when duty called.

We made the acquaintance of Charles Aurelius Hix, a student from the State University, who went in for poker far more assiduously than for the civil engineering which was his chosen vocation. Charles was quite amusing and condescended to entertain us by relating numerous escapades

of himself and fellow-sinners at college, which if indulged in by civilians would have subjected them to fine and imprisonment.

The startled gulls fled with rusty, protesting squeaks when he emitted the college yell. He sang his favorite song:

"Come, give me your attention for a couple of years
To a song I'm about to relate;
It's all about a pretty girl, I was out walking,
She was swinging on the slaughter-house gate."

I had almost overlooked a most important member of the boat-party, Miss Hortense Brokaw, whose father had amassed much money in government transportation contracts. As pater and the commodore were club chums, Hortense was invited to sail on the Tia Juana. Her mother being dead, and papa no sailor, the young lady upheld the dignity of the packmule millions by usurping an entire stateroom to herself. She smiled benignly on Kate, Betty and myself, assuring us she was "chawmed."

Last, but by no means least, came E. Harold Cholmondley (which he explained was pronounced "Chumley") an Englishman of landed estate who declined to travel without his luggage, consisting of a tin "bawth" tub, six dress-suit cases and his bull-dog "Boxer," a repellant canine which refused all overtures of friendship. Also I must not overlook E. Harold's British bull-dog pipe, which as a ferocious symbol of strength put the Boxer out of business.

Past Alcatraz we bowled under a ripping ten-knot breeze, with all sails set. The Tia Juana heeled over and fairly spun through the water as she whipped by Fort Mason and out of the Golden Gate.

When we crossed the bar heavy swells caused inward qualms in more than one internal economy. Those affected fought the sensation off for the time, however, and admired the farewell view of the rapidly receding Cliff House and Sutro's Gardens. A chilly fog coming up outside drove us below into the cozy saloon. I overheard the commodore instructing the captain to "Keep her N. W. by ½ W."

The cabin accommodations being limited on the Tia Juana, we found ourselves somewhat crowded. Kate, Betty, Mrs. Milligan and myself were slated to occupy one stateroom since Hortense Brokaw did not offer to share her seclusion with any of us. This was a positive hardship but there was no remedy for it.

E. Harold, his tub, suitcases and Boxer, crowded the missionary to the wall in one cabin, while the gentle Swami and the strenuous student were thrown together more or less in another. These, with the commodore's luxuriant suite, comprised the sleeping accommodations on the yacht. The saloon was also dining room and social hall in turn.

A jolly crowd gathered around the dinner table, but alas for some of the merry-makers! That first meal was their last for many days. The conversation turned on seasickness. "Ladies," asked Mrs. Milligan, turning to Kate, Betty and myself, "Are you subject to seasickness?"

We explained that it being our first voyage off soundings we were unprepared to say whether or not we were immune to mal de mer, but hope to escape its dire effects.

"The reason I ask," continued our interlocutor, "is because I am a Christian Scientist and do not believe in sea-sickness and should not care to remain in the presence of any one suffering from it."

We were tempted to ask her why her belief in the non-existence of the malady was not sufficient to insure her against any ill effects from association with invalidism of this nature, but forebore. It came to pass that, before we were six hours out, the Christian Scientist was writhing in the grip of the disease she did not admit to her consciousness, while strange but pleasing to relate, Kate, Betty and myself were among the few on board who were not affected in the slightest degree by nausea during the entire trip.

As we neared our destination I ventured to ask the sadly unwrung faith curist how she accounted for the fact that she had succumbed to Old Ocean's "heave, hearty oh!" while we had escaped it altogether.

"It is very simple," replied she of little faith; "before leaving home I had a misunderstanding with my husband and it rankled in my heart so that I had not perfect control of myself. Our doctrine teaches that we cannot harbor ill-will and hope to escape the consequences, therefore, I am punished as you see."

This was altogether such a frank and open confession of our chaperon's short-

comings that we accepted her explanation as sufficient excuse for her fall from grace.

"The cause of sea-sickness is very simple," said the commodore. "It is due to the fact that the eye cannot readily adjust itself to the rapid alterations in the relative positions of the observer, the vessel, the skyline or objects on the waves. Nearly every one braces himself against the motion of the ship, while a wise person will note that sailors adjust themselves to the movement of the vessel, hence the rolling gait on your true Jack Tar. When the ship tosses, he tosses with her; when she pitches, he pitches; when she heaves he heaves."

"So do I," gurgled the student, with a ghastly grin, as he pushed his chair from the table and bolted with unsteady legs for the deck.

The commodore laughed heartily. "First knockout for Old Neptune," he exclaimed.

"Aren't you ashamed to make fun of the poor fellow," indignantly asked Nelly, beautiful in her jaunty sailor suit of white and gold.

"Not at all," responded the jolly commodore; "I hope you will all laugh at me if I get sick. There's nothing serious about it. First you fear you're going to die, then you fear you're not. After that you don't care a biscuit one way or the other, but when you are over it, keelhaul me if you don't have such an appetite for days that you could devour boot-legs."

The missionary, having manœvered to secure a seat next to the Swami, engaged him in an interminable argument on all manner of creeds, isms, dogmas, doctrines, beliefs and ologies, invariably winding up with the positive assertion that his own particular brand of Christianity was the only pass-port to Paradise. He earnestly entreated the Swami to adopt his religion and be saved.

Finally, to escape persecution the gentle Swami retreated to his stateroom. Seeking fresh air he went on deck to find the missionary lying in ambush but evidently laboring under some emotion not akin to religious fervor.

"My friend," said he to the Oriental, "I have a message for you."

"Well, what it is?" courteously asked the Swami.

"You are going to hell!" asserted the missionary.

"Indeed?" queried the patient man, "and where are you going, brother?"

Clasping his hands to the pit of his stomach and staggering railward the missionary gasped: "To hic-hic- H-Heaven-ug-ug-ug-ug—"

"Very well," returned the Oriental, as he cast a magnanimous glance at his wretched and retching persecutor, "I prefer to go the other way."

Shortly after dinner the young bride fell ill, to the intense mental anguish of Arthur who rushed hither and thither for remedies to relieve his suffering wife. The worried husband left nothing undone to alleviate the distress of his heart's delight, but his efforts were unavailing. Shortly he, too, was stricken and mingled his moans with her's. They were counted out until the Tia Juana landed.

Pacific, as applied to the great ocean, was a mocking misnomer on that trip at least. Off Cape Flattery we ran into a sixty-mile gale. The night was pitch dark and big waves dashed over the yacht, which was hove to under bare poles and pitched and tossed like a cork. We clung to our berths and tried to sleep. The moans and groans of the victims of Ocean's unrest resembled the sounds of the wounded and dying on a battlefield.

Suddenly, with a shock and a terrific grinding, quivering crash, the yacht struck and slewed halfway around. Too frightened to cry out, we arose and dressed hastily with trembling fingers. Kate's face was a study in fear-frenzied physiognomy. She told me afterwards that my eyes "stuck out like peeled onions."

We refrained from speaking for fear of utter collapse. The piteous appeals of the Christian Scientist and the other victims of mal de mer were heart-rending. The commodore strove to reassure us of our safety, but we could see that he was anxious.

On investigation we learned that a cross-sea had struck the vessel and slewed her around suddenly and, as we thought, nearly twisted her in two. Sleep was out of the question so we bethought ourselves of a visit on deck, promising to bring Mrs. Milligan a life preserver. We made fair progress until we turned a corner on the windward side of the deckhouse, fair in the teeth of the gale. The wind picked me up and flung me back into Betty's arms, and it was fortunate for me that she was built on more generous model than myself or I should have been carried overboard. We made our way back to the saloon and sat up until daybreak.

The Tia Juana suffered no damage from the storm, which abated shortly, and soon we were bowling merrily on our course with "every rag drawing," as the commodore expressed it.

At dawn we ventured on deck again. The student, grievously unsettled internally, hung over the lee rail and struggled pitifully to unbosom his deep-seated misery. It was an uncharitable act but I could not refrain from advising him to hold onto his liver "I—think—it's—gone—already—" he gasped, turning a reproachful gaze toward me.

"Where's your hat?" I asked.

"Down stairs," he moaned.

"Why don't you go get it?"

A greenish pallor crept over his face at the thought of going below.

"Never!—not for a thousand dollars," he gasped vehemently, as he teetered over the rail and gave his vitals another violent wrench.

"Avast heaving, lad," said the commodore who came on deck at the moment.

"Not so vast now as it was, sir," responded the suffering student in a ghastly attempt at humor as he saluted the commodore, who roared his appreciation of the pun.

It may seem heartless in me to record these scenes of suffering in this seemingly flippant manner, but seasickness is something which excites but little sympathy in those whom it does not afflict. We saw so much misery around us that we found relief in the sense of the ludicrous incidents which occurred.

Hortense Brokaw confided to us that she had brought a trunkful of fetching clothes with which to cut a dash on board.

"But suppose you are taken sick?" asked Kate.

"Oh, I shan't be sick," declared the young lady positively.

Repairing to her stateroom, she donned a stunning suit, and parting her hair in the middle, she began braiding it in fine strands in order to have it light and fluffy. Having finished one side of her head, the dread sickness of the sea overtook her, "and subsequent proceedings interested her no more." We saw no more of her, although we frequently knocked at her door and offered our services. Her dearest foe would have freely forgiven her had she seen the spectacle presented by the hapless fashion plate as we landed in Seattle.

Her face was a livid green. She had unbraided the strands of her hair so that one side of her head resembled a Circassian beauty due at the hair-dresser's, while the locks on the other side fell dank and uncombed about her. The new suit was a wreck and pride had taken a fall from which it was hard to recover. So merciless is the scourge of the seas.

E. Harold had with him a jug of whiskey which some one had recommended as a sovereign preventative of the fell plague. He was very generous. "Now ladies," said he, "remember Hi 'ave ha jug hof whisky hin me cabin, and if you're a bit seasick, you're all welcome to a dose, you know." The jug of whiskey proved to be a poor prop on which to lean and soon the scion of Albion was on deck divulging his inner emotions.

Kate waggishly informed him that Boxer was already very sick and advised him to bring the poor dog up on deck for fresh air. A recollection of the horrors below overcame his solicitude for his pet. An emerald tinge crept over his features as his British bile took a fresh grip on his viscera.

"Hi cawn't do it, ye know," he groaned. "Hi love me dawg, but blawst me, I wouldn't go below for a thousand pun note!"

The commodore was in his element. "What a pity these people can't get their sea legs on and enjoy this cruise instead of paying incessant tribute to Neptune," he lamented. "Here I've been holding your Aunt Jane up on edge for the best part of two days, giving some of the prettiest exhibitions of sailing in a twelve-knot breeze outside of Clark Russell's stories, and they don't pay any more attention to it than if they were aboard an Oakland ferryboat."

The Swami, who was now free from the machinations of the missionary, spent his time on deck and entertained us with wierd tales of his native land.

Kate, Betty and myself proved to be first-class sailors, and although the commodore with malice aforethought deliberately tried to upset our equanimity by offering us fresh pork at meals, and relating incidents calculated to disturb our serenity, he was obliged to admit that we had fairly won our pennants as seasoned salts.

A contrite crowd filed meekly ashore at Seattle and while some of our fellow-voyagers on that cruise may have more occasion to remember their voyage than we did, I am sure that none of them enjoyed it more than myself and my two companions.

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OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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OWING to an unusual press of other special matter our Photographic and Query and Answer departments were unavoidably crowded out of this issue. These departments, materially enlarged, will be continued in our June and succeeding issues and constitute important regular features of this magazine.

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF BIRDS

IT IS our pleasure to announce that, with a view of effectually settling the much vexed question of the economic value of certain birds to our agriculturists and others, we have arranged with an eminent authority to provide a comprehensive article on this subject which from the authenticity of its source, its logical and dispassionate deductions based on scientific investigation of the highest and most extensive character, will go a long way towards conclusively settling the matter of the advisability of protecting—or conversely destroying—several species over whose virtues and vices there has been so much acrimonious discussion. Technicalities will be carefully avoided in this article, which will be written in a way that will deeply interest every reader.

AN ASSURED SUCCESS

THE San Francisco Kennel Club's big bench show promises to be an unusually successful affair. As we go to press before the date of its holding, we will be unable to publish details before our next (June) issue, when it will be our pleasure to report it fully.

Spratts will bench and feed, of course, and it goes without saying that this feature will be perfect in every respect. The Pacific Cat Show which will be held in conjunction is already an assured success and a full and minute report of it will be made in the same issue.

COMMENDABLE WORK

THE Fish Commission and Protective Associations of this State are to be as highly congratulated on the energy and conscientiousnes of their individual components as they are for the effective work which they have done and are doing. Every man in the Commission, as in the State and county associations, from the highest official down, has his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, figuratively speaking, and is enlisted for the whole war. To tneir personal efforts must be attributed the very satisfactory reversion of feeling which now characterizes classes whose opposition heretofore has constituted the greatest obstacle to the cause. Everywhere is there being developed a healthy new sentiment in favor of game protection and to these gentlemen above named is the credit largely due. As an interesting example of the popular change of heart we refer our readers to President H. T. Payne's letter in our official department, which makes very good reading and embodies an object lesson which should be studied by every citizen of this Coast.

A VALUABLE AUXILIARY

THE necessity and value of game preservation is sharply accentuated by the great interest which is being displayed by the Federal authorities in this connection. The national government has now a representative at Los Angeles whose mission is to se-

lect locations for national game preserves which are intended to supplement the good work already being done by the State authorities. Mr. Alden Sampson of the U. S. Biological Survey, the representative above referred to, in a recent interview thus outlined the Federal policy:

"To afford zones of absolute safety from hunters for native big game, where wild animals now fast being decimated may live and propagate, will be the purpose of these reserves. Animals soon learn in what locality they are not disturbed and will gather on the reserves in goodly numbers. Before long the natural increase will overflow these limits and afford good hunting, while the nucleus of game is preserved. The venture will not entail much expense at first, as the reserves will be under the supervision of the rangers already employed. I am about to begin in this part of the State an inspection of forest reserves for this purpose, which will cover the Pacific Coast, and after I have prepared my report to the department I will be better able to state just where the work will be carried on."

The sportsmen of this Coast will gladly welcome the auxiliary aid so opportunely extended and feel the more encouraged in the prosecution of their good work by knowing that "Uncle Sam" is at their backs.

CONGRATULATIONS

EVEN though Truth does proverbially lie at the bottom of a well we are sure to ultimately arrive at it if we keep up the bailing process with any degree of prodigality. In the short-sightedness of this age and people our game supply has always been regarded as an inexhaustible well spring, despite the wanton and reckless drafts upon it, and not until the fount has been almost dried up by our foolish extravagance does the real ghastliness of the conditions affright us. Then, when it is almost too late, we rush frantically into reform, trying to save drops where we once squandered bucketfuls; it is the lamentable truth that civilization evolves only through its mistakes. It is characteristic of the American people that they never economize until opulence has dwindled to indigence and there is scarcely anything left to save. Still, as wisdom comes better late than never it is in a measure consoling to note that at the eleventh hour conversion inevitably ensues, and that the States are gradually being forced into an adoption of radical game protective laws which should have been enacted decades ago. The two most notable recent accessions to the fold are Colorado and Arkansas, both passing sensible and timely non-sale laws and the former in particular gloriously redeeming itself by a thorough and complete reversal of its past folly, actually closing the season on all big game for four years and thereafter only permitting an open season so limited in its conditions that it practicallly approximates to an extension thereof. In addition to this it has adopted other drastic provisions for game protection too numerous to present here, of which we can only mention a resident and non-resident license clause. In congratulating the people of these two States we venture the prediction that inside of five years every State of the Union will have taken similar action. The gospel is being effectually spread and the conditions are everywhere verifying it. Experience is a good teacher if a rather costly one and we have all nearly learned our bitter lesson. Arkansas had its market hunters; Colorado had its game hogs. May California profit by their example.

AN INVITATION

WE most cordially invite contributions from everybody on matter scoming within the province of this publication. It is not imperative that contributions should be erudite and polished in order to be acceptable; we want the meat of the nut rather than its burnished shell and will attend to its garnishment in this office. Don't be afraid to write just what you think. It is both our business and pleasure to make minor corrections.

NATURAL HISTORY

THE FISHES WE CALL BASS

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

ORIGINALLY the word "bass" was spelled "barse" in the middle ages and old English. It referred to the common perch in England, and it is so locally used in Westmoreland to-day. The same word with identically the same meaning is also variously spelled in other languages and dialects, but it is not necessary to enter upon this question here.

In this country we apply the name "bass" to nearly a dozen different kinds of fishes belonging to a variety of genera and being the representatives of very different groups. This has given rise to very considerable confusion, especially to the anglers throughout the country who, in the vast majority of instances not being familiar with the technical names of the fishes meant, are generally quite at a loss to know what particular species is indicated. In the present article it is my object to throw, if possible, a little light upon this subject, and in so doing may bring out a few points of interest.

The particular fish called a bass in England is a species belonging to the order *Acanthoptergii* and the family *Percidae* (perches). It was known to the Greeks as *labrax* and to the Romans as *lupus*, and is now the *labrax lupus* of Cuvier and the *Perca labrax* of Linnaeus. It is a marine percoid species found off the coasts of Great Britain. It is called a "sea-dace" at Ramsgate, and is considered a good food fish. The nearest relative that we have to this European or British bass in this country is the species we commonly call the "rock fish" or, more properly, the "striped bass" (*Roccus lineatus*). The striped bass, then, is one form of fish we call a bass, but in addition to it, as above noted, we have many other fishes so-called and, as in the case of the striped bass, they are generally distinguished by a qualifying prefix. Thus we may have sea-bass, large and small-mouthed black-bass, white-bass, calico-bass, brass-bass, red-bass, grass-bass, Oswego-bass, rock-bass, channel-bass, and not a few others in restricted localities also called "bass."

For example, in some few places along the Pacific coast of the United States the black rock-fish (*Sebastichthys melanops*) is called a black- bass, while our widely known large-mouthed black-bass (*Micropterus salmoides*) is called the Oswego or "green-bass." Indeed in still other places both this fish and its cogener, the small-mouthed black-bass (*M. dolomieu*) are called "mast-bass." (See Fig. 1.) "Bayou bass" is another name also applied to the large-mouthed black bass, especially in its more southern habitats.

The striped-bass (*Roccus lineatus*) has a near relative in its own genus, in the fish called the "white-bass," "striped lake bass" or "white lake bass" (*Roccus chrysops*), a species generally confined to the waters of the Great Lakes and those of the upper Mississippi and Ohio valleys. Again a closely related genus to the genus *Roccus* just mentioned is the genus *Morone;* now *Morone Americana* is the common white perch of the Atlantic coast of the United States, its streams and ponds, but in that genus there is one other form, namely, *Morone interupta*, and this particular species is called a "yellow-bass," and also "brass-bass." It is so called from its bright brassy color, tinged with blue on the back and marked on the

sides with from seven to nine large interrupted black bands. It attains the size of the common white perch referred to above, and inhabits the fresh waters of the Mississippi Valley.

The family to which the white perch, white bass and striped bass belong is called the sea-bass family (*Serramidae*). In it we find another genus not especially closely related to either *Roccus* or *Morone*, known as the genus *Polyprion*. It contains but one species, namely *P. Americanus*, and this fish is called a "stone-bass." According to Dr. Jordan, only "A single young specimen [of this fish] has been taken in the deep waters of the Gulf Stream by the United States Fish Commission, but there is no other record from America."

We find also in this same sea-bass family *Serranidae*, another genus to which the name *Paralabrax* has been given. This genus also contains a fish designated as a bass; it is the "rock-bass" or "cabrilla" (*Paralabrax clathratus*), a very common fish on the California coast from San Francisco to the Cerros Islands.

Next to the genus *Paralabrax* in the sea-bass family Dr. Jordan places the genus *Centropristes*, which was established by the great French naturalist Cuvier to contain the black sea-bass group. We have in our American fish fauna two fishes that we call bass; there is first the black sea-bass (*C. striatus*), and the rock sea-bass (*C. philadelphicus.*) The black sea-bass is one of the most common food fishes of the East, it being a marine form occurring on the Atlantic coasts of the United States from Cape Ann to Northern Florida. It is especially abundant to the northward.

Passing to the fish called the "white sea-bass" in California, we meet with a species that belongs to an entirely different assemblage of fishes. They belong in the family *Sciaenidae*, or called "croakers." In this family it is found in the genus *Cynoscion*, it being the *C. nobilis* of science. As a food fish this is a most valuable species, its flesh being rich and firm. Specimens have been taken weighing as much as 80 pounds. It occurs all along the coast of California, where it is well known to the fishermen. Confining ourselves to the same family, we meet with another genus in it known as *Sciaenops;* it was created by Gill to contain the Red Drums. Now the red drum is also

FIG. 1. LARGE-MOUTHED BLACK BASS (*Micropterus Salmoides*)
One-half natural size. Photographed from life by the author

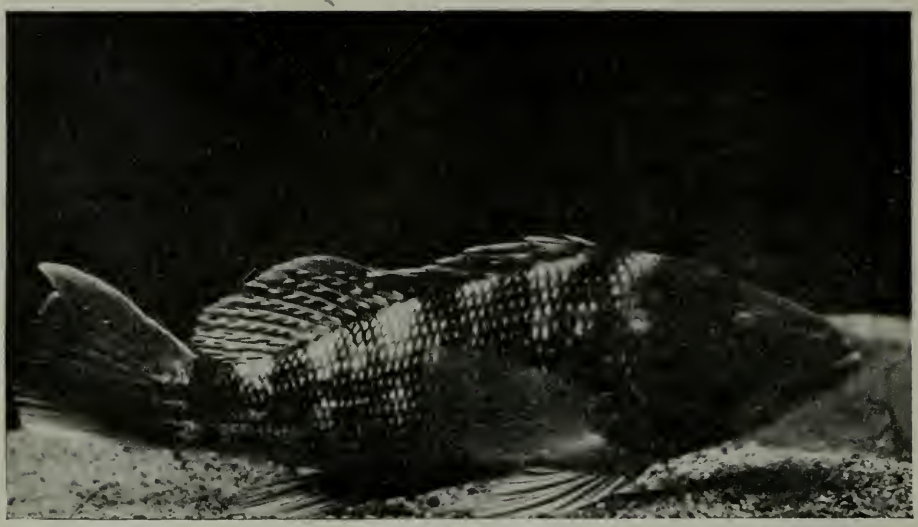

FIG. 2. THE BLACK SEA-BASS (*C. Striatus*)
Two-thirds natural size; young. Photographed from life by the author

known as the "channel-bass" (*S. ocellatus*), a large and important food fish of the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States, from New York to Texas. Nearly every fisherman is familiar with the common red drum when he sees it, and a good many of them call it the "red bass."

Some of the family *Centrarchidae*, containing the great group of sunfishes, have been especially blessed in the matter of having been called various kinds of "bass." To this group belong the Crappies of the genus *Pomoxis;* the genus *Centrarchus*, which, by the way, contains a number of fishes sometimes called "round bass"; and further the genus *Ambloplites* or the "rock-bass"; the common rock bass (*A. rupestus*), also called the "red-eye" and "goggle-eye," is a very gamy food fish found in fresh water from Vermont to the Great Lake region and Manitoba, thence southward to Louisiana. It is said to be very abundant west of the Alleghanies.

Three different kinds of bass epithets have been applied to one of the species of Crappie alone. This is the common "-barfish" (*Pomoxis sparoides*), which in various localities has been called "calico bass," "grass bass" and "strawberry bass." This is not only a very handsome fish but also one highly valued as food. Dr. Jordan informs us that it is found in the waters of the "Great Lakes and upper Mississippi Valley to New Jersey, and southward to Florida, Louisiana and Texas; chiefly in lowland streams and lakes, where it is very abundant." It frequents principally the cold, clear waters, being rarely found in the muddy bayous. The related species called the Crappie and numerous other names, I have photographed from life in the aquaria of the United States Fish Commission at Washington, D. C., and one of these results is given as an illustration to the present article.

The other illustrations to this contribution were also taken by me about the same time and at the same institution. Scientifically the Crappie is known as *Pomoxis annularis*, and it is truly a very interesting fish. Dr. Kirkland also informs us that the calico bass has also been called in certain quarters the "bank lick bass," (Fig. 3), but just in what part of our country I cannot at this moment say. I give it upon the authority of Dr. Goode, who so stated in his "Fishing Industries of the United States," on page 406. From the same authority I learn that the common white fish (*Coregonus Clupeifounis*) is also called the "Otsego bass," but that is a local name applied to the species about Otsego Lake, New York. The late Ludwig Kumlein makes the same statement. Goode also claims that in Indiana the large-mouthed black bass is called

the "moss-bass," but I fail to find any other author who quotes the name.

When speaking in a former paragraph of the "round bass" of the genus *Centrarchus*, I should have mentioned that a very closely related genus, namely *Acantharchus*, contains in this country a single species which has been called a bass, the "mud bass" (*A pomotis*). It is also known as the mud sunfish in some places. Usually they do not get to be any bigger than six inches long and are of little or no value as food. They are found in sluggish streams near the coast from Southern New York to South Carolina, and are especially abundant in the Delaware River.

Dr. Goode in his work upon "The Fishery Industries of the United States," a volume I have referred to above, has left us some interesting notes about the wood "bass," and in speaking of the name as applied to the red fish or bass of the south (*Sciaena ocellata*), a species I have remarked upon above, he says: "This fish is very much in need of a characteristic name of its own. Its local names are all preoccupied by other more widely distributed or better-known forms which seem to have substantial claims of priority. In the Chesapeake and south to below Cape Hatteras it is called the 'drum,' but its kinsman, *Pogonias chromis*, is known by the same name throughout its whole range from Provincetown to Texas, and is the possessor of a much larger and more resonant musical organ. Some of the old writers coined names for it like 'branded drum,' referring to the brand-like spots upon the tail, and 'beardless drum,' but these are valueless for common use, like most other 'book names.' In the Carolinas, Florida and the Gulf, we meet with the names 'bass' and its variations, 'spotted bass,' 'red bass,' 'sea bass,' 'reef bass,' and 'channel bass.' Many persons suppose 'channel bass' to be a characteristic name, but this is a mistake, for the term is applied properly only to large

FIG. 3. THE CALICO BASS (*P. Sparoides*)
Two-thirds natural size of life. Photographed by the author

individuals which are taken in the channels of streams and sounds; wherever this name is used, the smaller fish of the species are called simply 'bass,' or 'school bass'; even if the word 'bass' could be so qualified as to be applicable to the species, there is an insuperable objection to its use for any fish of this family. It is a modification of an old Saxon word, 'bears,' or 'baers'; also found in German under the forms 'bars' and 'barsch,' from which 'perch' and 'bass' are both evident developments. This name should evidently be retained for the spiny-formed fishes of the perch tribe. I find in my note-book references to thirty-eight distinct kinds of fish called by the name of 'bass,' with various prefixes, all of which are justly entitled to bear the name." (p. 372.) He mentions one more of these when he writes about the Moon-eye family (*Hyodontidae*) in the same work, and he says: "Three species of this family are known by the name of 'moon-eye' (*Hyodon tergisus* Le Seur), 'Toothed Herring' (*Hyodon alosoides* Raf J. and G.), and 'Silver Bass,' (*Hyodon selenops* Jor. and Bean). This is the only fish known to me called a 'silver bass.'"

Why we should confine the name "bass" to the "spiny formed fishes of the perch tribe," as recommended by Dr. Goode, it is difficult for me to understand. The scientific ichthyologist is surely not responsible for the barbaric vocabulary of vernacular names that have in so many cases been bestowed upon our fishes, nor has he any control over them. They came from the people. Moreover, the name "bass" is not now confined to the spiny-formed fishes of the perch tribe, for example, as I have already pointed out, the red fish (*S. ocellatus*) is called a channel bass, and so forth, and it belongs to the family *Sciaenidae*, which is not in the great group *Percoidea*, that contains all the perch-like fishes. I dare say there are other instances outside of the *Percoidea* where fish have been called some kind of a "bass," with a prefix attached to the name. However, as has been shown above, the vast majority of fish so named are within the limits of the perch tribe, as in the case of the Crappies; the Round Bass (*Centrarchus*); the Mud Sunfish (*A. pomotis*); the Rock Bass (*A rupestus*); both of the Black Bass (*Micropterus*); the Sea Bass (*Serranidae*), including the white, the striped and the yellow bass; the black sea bass (*Centropristes*); and perhaps some few others that may or may not have been mentioned in the foregoing paragraphs of the present contribution.

FISHIN'

LONG about this time o' year,
  Like to go a-fishin'.
Been awaitin' 'round for months,
  Longin' and a-wishin';
Never like to take my line,
'Till the weather's nice and fine,
Sky all clear and sun all shine.
  Then I go a-fishin'.

Bill and me knows every hole
  Where the bass is stayin',
Where the big 'uns feed an loll,
  Where they flip a-layin'.
Bill and me's about the same—
Cranks on fishin' ain't no name—
An' you bet we get the game
  When we go a-fishin'.

Ain't no sport on earth to me,
  Nothin' so entrancin',
As a-fishin' 'long the creek,
  Watchin' cork a-dancin';
Now she goes clean out o' sight,
Then you pull with all your might,
Eat your hot black bass that night;
  When you go a-fishin'.

Don't know where I'm apt to go,
  When I quit a-livin';
Hope to reach the shinin' sho',
  To'rds which I have striven;
Anyway, hope me and Bill,
When we climb the golden hill,
Run across some creek or rill:
  Then we'll go a-fishin'.

—*Edward K. Beeks.*

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S. D. Merk, Paso Robles; W. W. Richards, San Francisco; E. A. Mocker, San Francisco.

Local and County Organization Members.

Name and Location Secretary. Address.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.
Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.
Auburn Fish and Game Club—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.
Chico—* * * * Sec., Chico.
Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.
Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.
Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.
Fresno—H. Palmer Black, Sec., Fresno, Cal.
Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.
Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.
Humboldt—Julius Jenssen, Sec., Eureka, Cal.
Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.
Kern County—E. A. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.
Kings County—S. S. Mullin, Sec., Hanford, Cal.
Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport.
Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.
Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.
Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.
Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.
Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.
Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.
Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Nevada City, Cal.
Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.
Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.
Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.
Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.
Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.
Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.
Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.
Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.
Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.
Redlands—* * * * * Sec., Redlands, Cal.
Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.
Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.
San Rafael—Mr. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael.
Santa Ana—J. E. Vaughn, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.
Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.
San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.
Santa Clara County—R. S. Kooser, Sec., San Jose, Cal.
Santa Cruz—Mr. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz.
San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.
Santa Maria—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.
Santa Rosa——— Mullen, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.
San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.
Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.
Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.
Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.
Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.
Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.
Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.
Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.
Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.
Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.
Visalia—* * * * Sec., Visalia, Cal.
Watsonville—Ed Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.
Willitts—Chester Ware, Sec., Willitts, Call.
Woodland—W. H. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.
Yreka—F. A. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

THE PROTECTION OF GAME

By Frank H. Mayer.

(THIRD PAPER.)

THE short sightedness of sportsmen referred to in my last paper is perhaps best exemplified by their indulgence in spring shooting of ducks and other waterfowl. If there be a spring shooter in this wide world who can offer one valid excuse or elucidate one redeeming feature of this most suicidal practice, I will gladly throw the pages of this magazine open for his demonstration.

There is no man of ordinary intelligence who will stultify himself to the extent of hatching up a sophistry that will pretend at a justification of the senseless and prodigal slaughter of a mother bird, full of impregnated eggs, en route to her nesting place. Why, the thing is as illogical and absurd as would be the practice of destroying all the seed corn on earth and then hoping for a continuous and uninterrupted crop to spring forth presumably from the unseeded ground.

Aside from this idiotic destruction of the very foundation head of the sport, the birds killed in the spring months are naturally unfit for food, owing first to their gravid condition and second to their leanness and

general debilitation. Their flesh at this time is not only insipid and unpalatable but it is actually unwholesome as well and in every way repugnant to all palates save those who, for instance, would revel in bob veal or an unborn pig. Man as a rule is a gross feeder and not overnice in his choice, but even savage stomachs revolt at some things, and all over the world there is a season of abstinence dictated by nature—the season of gestation in mammals and nidification in birds.

Those who are honest in their thoughts know that by spring shooting they violate the laws both of nature and common sense —a violation for which nature will exact heavy penalties. I am inclined to think that ignorance, backed with selfishness, is mainly to blame for this pernicious practice, however, and that when sportsmen become better educated and less egotistical, reform in this connection will follow. The only "argument" (?) that can be advanced in palliation—not defense—of this foolish indulgence is that ducks are more easily killed at this time, and that if one man does not shoot them another will. Such an attempted vindication is too puerile and ridiculous to refute. Other excuse there is and can be none. The wise stockman does not increase his herds by killing the cows with embryo calves; the fish propogator knows better than to expect a replenishment of his stock by killing off "breeders" ready to spawn. No man, in short, can formulate one single tenable apology for the senseless and wanton extravagance of spring duck shooting and I am glad to note that the people of at least eight States and Territories have confirmed this by legislation, while those of three others have come very near to decency by closing the season on February 1st. Some day when it is everlastingly too late, and our present great flights of waterfowl will have dwindled to a mere fragmentary reminder of the legions that were, our people will awake to an appreciation of what they will have lost by the folly of this age.

Speaking of duck shooting brings me to the consideration of one phase of practical game protection which is largely misunderstood, and consequently much reviled, by the very classes who actually derive the most benefit therefrom. I refer to private game preserves which are rapidly augmenting in number all over the Union.

At first blush it seems a little hard upon a fellow who has shot and fished at will over a large territory to be suddenly deprived of that privilege by having some wealthy sportsman or sportsman's club buy up his stamping ground and fence him out. We are apt in such cases, while fully admitting the legal right of the fencers in the premises, to dilate aggrievedly upon the moral wrong done the people—the people who own the game and who therefor should not be debarred from full enjoyment of it." (I am quoting from a letter recently received). As a rule it does not occur to us that—speaking specifically of the individual grumblers alone—we never did have any absolute "rights" in the matter.

What is actually but a mere conditional privilege we have, through years of long and unbridled enjoyment, come to regard as a vested perpetual right, and when some sportsman or club buys up and fences in some favorite hunting ground, and stocks it with game which is cared for and preserved at enormous expense, we fellows who have hunted and fished over it at will for a half life time free, gratis, for nothing, suddenly discover that we are being jobbed defrauded, imposed on and otherwise outraged by the "favored few" who are really, after all, only paying their good money for that which we got for nothing so long! It has never occurred to us to spend a cent for the propogation and preservation of the game—we were all too busily engaged in doing just the other thing, killing it off as rapidly as our time, opportunity and skill permitted; but we howl just the same, and the "yellow" journals help to swell the chorus for private reasons of their own. We overlook the fact that, instead of wasting our breath in useless maledictions, we ought logically utilize it in giving thanks for having been permitted to enjoy the blessed privilege so long.

There is not today a private preserve in this land which is or which can be made proof against leaking. No one will for a moment assert that wild birds of any kind can be fenced in; and even furred and haired game will break the bonds of the strongest confines and overflow into the adjacent country. The claim that ducks, etc.,

"are kept inside the fences by baiting and that they are thereby slaughtered outrageously," is sheer nonsense. The preserve-owning sportsman cannot by law, and does not, kill one bird more than his fenced-out derogator is legally permitted to kill, and usually pays about twenty times more for every head bagged.

As to baiting, I have but to say that one market shooter on Elkhorn Slough put out more bait last season in unpreserved waters (which, however, he kept watch over with a gun, bitterly reviling all other shooters whom he called "poachers"), than did the two largest clubs in this vicinity. And this is true of every successful market shooter in the country. In my opinion the private preserve system is the best hope and support of game preservation for the above and a hundred other cogent reasons which I have no space to enumerate.

Who killed off the buffalo, elk, deer, antelope and prairie chickens of the mid West? Who almost exterminated the passenger pigeons, ruffed grouse, woodcock, quail and squirrels of the far East? Who cleaned up the big game and are now cleaning out the quail and waterfowl of our own beloved Coast country? Was it the private preserve owners or the landless game hogs who never spent a sou in their preservation or propogation? And are not the private preserves the only places today where these species are preserved from utter extinction?

To those who may be disposed to accuse me of unnecessary heat in these declarations I have a humiliating admission to make. I write out of the knowledge and convictions of a regretful experience for, shamed as I am to confess it, I was a market hunter for nearly a decade and participated in the prairie slaughter of 1870-80. I plead naught in extenuation other than the radical conversion which succeeding years has brought about. My self reproach is punishment enough and I write in all earnestness that other men may fall not into our error of those barbarous days, and so be spared the sorrow that will not pass. In thirty years I have seen the hills and plains, the streams and forests, depopulated by man's insensate greed and folly until scarcely a tithe of their primal life and grandeur remains. Even the gentle confiding little songsters have gone the way of the rest, and the sheltering forests which were their abiding places are no more known of men. Thousands of miles of virgin country once teeming with life are silent and desolate; where once the stately wild bands, flocks and herds roamed there is now no animation save the sinister whirr of the loathsome rattlesnake and the querulous plaint of the prairie dog. The forests are falling and the streams drying up before Man's blighting advance and the encroaching curse of a ruthless "civilization" is on the face of God's land.

I am pleading not for this age and people, but for posterity. There is yet plenty of game left and the supply can be perpetuated if we will all learn the good lesson of moderation in its pursuit. I am glad to see that a better spirit is growing among sportsmen, and that the camera often replaces the gun and rod on our trips afield. Some day, God willing, there may come a new Messiah who will preach the gospel of Repression. In that hour men will learn to hold their hands from wanton slaughter and Nature will smile again.

A GENUINE SPORTSMAN

By the untimely death of Fred H. Bushnell the cause of game protection suffers an incalculable loss. Although among the most ardent and enthusiastic devotees of gun and rod, he was always a clean, manly and consistent sportsman of the highest type who ever exercised a commendable moderation in his sport and his memory is spotless and without reproach in this respect. Personally he has done as much for the elevation of outdoor sports as any one other man of our acquaintance, and his influence, which was great, was always exerted in the proper direction. A successful and prosperous business man; a boon companion afield; a lovable man in all respects, his 42 years of strenuous life constitutes a career to which all Pacific Coast sportsmen point with reverence and pride.

A GOOD MOVE

President Barker of the Santa Clara County Fish and Game Association, has appointed a committee of three to draft a resolution requesting the Board of Supervisors to shorten the open season on deer. It is pro-

posed to make the latter July 15 to October 1. The committee will also endeavor to secure the co-operation of Santa Cruz and Monterey counties in fixing the same time, as the interests of the three counties are considered identical in this respect.

MUST BE STOPPED

The pollution of the waters of our bay by the oil refineries who have for a long time been dumping their poisonous refuse therein, to the disgust of fishermen and the prejudice of our best food fishes, will be effectually discouraged in the near future if all the signs be right.

A petition to Governor Pardee and the State Fish Commissioners has been presented by a committee of prominent sportsmen, asking for quick and decisive action against this evil, and the result has been that Attorney Cook, representing the State Commission, has prepared an injunction against the refineries and action will be legally begun against the offending parties. Commissioner W. E. Gerber and his deputies have secured sufficient evidence to convict the offenders and will push the matter to conclusion.

AN INTERESTING REPORT

George Neale, county game warden of Sacramento county, is evidently the right man in the right place, as the following excerpt from his recent quarterly report to the Board of Supervisors evidences:

"During the past three months I have patrolled almost the entire county and have posted in conspicuous places 250 copies of the Game and Fish Laws printed in cloth. I find the laws generally observed. During my travels in January I met many people who were ignorant of the date of the open and close season. For that reason I have posted the laws as stated, and find it gives much satisfaction to many who wish to protect the game and fish. Thinking it may be of interest to many and at the same time show the partial value of one variety of game alone to Sacramento county, from statistics obtained by me I find there were sold in the markets in this city, for the season of 1902-1903, 41,500 ducks, valued at between $13,000 and $14,000, nearly all of which were obtained in this county, besides thousands of ducks which were secured by private sportsmen and many shipped to San Francisco markets, which shows the necessity of protecting this game during the close season.

"I have established an understanding with several responsible persons in various parts of the county whereby I am placed in telephonic communication in regard to violations coming under their observation, which will be of benefit to me, as I will be subject to call at any time or place in the county."

A CHEERING CHANGE OF HEART

Editor WESTERN FIELD: Interested as you are in all that tends to the better preservation of our game and fish and the progress that is being made in the development of a higher and better sentiment in favor of their conservation, a word in relation to one of the recent additions to our State organization will, I feel assured, be appreciated.

Recently I was requested to visit Hot Springs, Tulare county, to confer with the people regarding some action to be taken for the better protection of the game and fish of that section of the State. Hot Springs is about thirty-six miles in and up the mountains from Porterville, and on my arrival at the destination of the stage I was considerably surprised to find only a post-office, a bath house and a hotel. These were in the midst of a fine deer country and by the side of a beautiful trout stream, but where were the people with which to form the association? Time was, and in the very recent past, too, when no one could have been enlisted in the cause of game protection except the sportsmen of our larger towns and cities, but knowing the change of sentiment that is rapidly taking place in the minds of the rural residents of the State, I was not wholly unprepared to learn that this association was to be composed entirely of the ranchers and farmers of that section who, recognizing the value of their game and fish, were determined to put a stop to their illegal killing and the even more destructive practices of the game and fish-hogs. As soon as they could be notified the residents of the mountains came together and a fine association was consummated. This done, a subscription was raised and several hundred cloth notices ordered printed at Porterville, offering a reward of $25 for any evidence leading to a conviction of anyone violating the fish and game laws.

Of course this is nothing new among the farmers of the older States, but it is the first of the kind in this State, and as such it is worthy of note. It is the first brightening of the horizon, the first evidence of the passage of that long night of wasteful slaughter, the first herald of the dawn of a brighter and a better day. The farmers of California have been slow to realize that they are the largest beneficiaries of a good supply of game and fish. They have been slow to realize

that every pound of game or fish that they put upon their tables gives them just that many more pounds of some of the products of their soil and labor to send to the market. But the awakening has commenced; I see it and feel it every day in my journeyings over the State. The transformation may not be as rapid as we might wish it, but it is progressive and sure.

Thanking you in the name of the California Game and Fish Protective Association for the advanced stand you are taking editorially on the subject of game protection, I am sincerely yours, H. T. PAYNE.

FIELD NOTES

Spence Switch, Monterey Co., has a new gun club, the "Sycamore," comprising the following gentlemen: F. Blohm, J. Riley, W. Blohm, J. Frates, D. S. Thompson and J. Brady.

* * *

The Ocean Park Country Club announces that it will hold the first annual Pacific Coast championship blue-rock tournament on its grounds at Ocean Park, Los Angeles, May 15-16-17. Aside from special daily features, prizes and trophies, there will be $300 added money. Sunday, May 17, there will be merchandise and pool shooting, and the first of an annual series of events for the championship of the Pacific Coast. A full Coast competition is invited.

* * *

Contra Costa County sportsmen have organized at Livermore a very good club, among which are enrolled the following well known devotees of the scatter gun: Chas. Brewen, Henry Buhrfind, H. R. Crane, Dewitt Dutcher, Harry Morrill, George Crane, L. McKimish, Wm. Hoffman, J. F. Collins, H. Seeband, Jos. Twohey, Chas. Hanson, Wm. Hobler and Ed Carroll. Henry Buhrfind was elected president and Chas. Brewen secretary. The club will shoot on the grounds south of Wagoner's winery.

* * *

The newly elected officers of the Union Gun Club for the year 1903 are announced as follows: President, C. A. Miller; vice-president, Martin Burnell; secretary-treasurer, Thos. L. Lewis; captain, Harry Hoyt. The club announces a particularly inviting programme to be shot on the San Francisco trap shooting grounds, Ingleside, March 15 to September 20, 1903, inclusive. The grounds are reached by transfers to the Fourteenth and Guerrero street car line.

* * *

The remainder of the San Francisco Fly Casting Club's contests for the season of 1903 will, as usual, be held at Stow Lake, Golden Gate Park. The classification re-entry scores can be made up on May 23 and 24. Following will come six class contests. The re-entry casting will take place September 26 and 27. Ties will be cast off October 3 and 4. There will not be any regular contests of the club during July. Among the many other records held by this famous club's members is the world's record for accuracy, 99 per cent, made by P. J. Tormey at New York, March 2. The event was open to all, no restriction on weight of rod or length of leader. Five casts were made at buoys distant 50, 55 and 60 feet.

* * *

THE OAKLAND COUNTRY CLUB.

An event of unusual interest to sportsmen was the incorporation, recently, by a number of the Coast's most prominent representatives, of what promises to be the finest sportsman's club in Western America. According to the articles of incorporation the purposes of the club are varied. It is intended to promote social intercourse, to furnish pleasure, health and recreation to its members; to encourage all outdoor and indoor sports, such as golf, tennis, baseball, football, la crosse, steeple chasing, hare and hounds, bowling, polo, trap shooting, riding, driving and all kindred sports and pastimes, and for that purpose intends to purchase and improve grounds and to erect and maintain a suitable club-house and the necessary courts, links, etc.

The site selected and upon which an option has been obtained is a tract of land consisting of about 125 acres, situated near Oakland, so that a view is obtained that is almost unrivalled for its beauty. The entire Bay of San Francisco, the Golden Gate and the cities about the bay can be seen. Protected by the hills as this property is the climate is unsurpassed.

As the property selected contains a larger acreage than is necessary for the purposes of the club, it is proposed to set aside about twenty-five acres for building sites. This acreage will be sub-divided into lots and sold (under certain conditions) to the members of the club, who shall have the privilege of erecting dwellings there.

The number of life memberships has been limited by the board to twenty-five, at a subscription of $1,000 each. The list has been completed and consists of the following persons: Edwin Goodall, Wm. Pierce Johnson, A. Schilling, F. S. Stratton, F. C. Havens, F. M. Smith, P. E. Bowles, F. W. Van Sicklen, Benjamin Bangs, A. S. Macdonald, William C. Henshaw, Phœbe A. Hearst, A. L. Stone, Whitney Palache, Thomas Addison, Geo. W. McNear, Jr., Thomas Prather, C. M. Goodall, Wm. A. Magee, J. H. Chanslor, Louis Titus, Edward M. Walsh, Geo. C. Perkins, H. J. Knowles, Wm. Letts Oliver.

With a view to obtaining 300 regular members, a secret committee was appointed to go over the list of eligible names in Oakland and San Francisco and send invitations to join the club. Blank invitations are now being sent out by the secretary. The prospectus recites that the directors of the club are: Edwin Goodall, Frank M. Wilson, F. W. Van Sicklen, P. E. Bowles, Wm. Pierce Johnson, George W. McNear, Jr., and Sam Bell McKee.

* * *

FOR CONSOLIDATED EFFORT.

The first regular meeting of the new California Rod and Gun Clubs' Association was held in this city April 8th. Permanent organization was carried out by the election of a board of officers and the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. The officers elected were: President, F. V. Bell; first vice-president, M. H. McAllister, second vice-president, John H. Schumacher of Los Angeles; secretary, J. B. Hauer; American National Bank, Treasurer.

The following clubs were represented at the meeting: Casa del Mar, Country and Anglers, Empire, Mayhew Gun Club, Teal Gun Club, Alameda Sportsman's Club, Goodyear Gun Club, San Francisco Fly Casting Club, Schellville Rod and Gun Club, Union Gun Club, Los Angeles Gun and Fish Association. Fifteen other clubs are affiliated.

Representation in the club will be as follows: For clubs of not more than ten members, one delegate; for clubs of ten and not more than twenty-five members, two delegates; for clubs of twenty-five or more members, three delegates. The object of the organization is the concentration of the various sportsmen's organizations to the end of fish and game protection, the securing of proper legislation for such protection and preservation, for the encouragement of good-fellowship among the members and generally to promote the welfare of sportsmen and secure a unity of action in matters of interest to sportsmen.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE Tiburon draw-bridge, which had been raised nearly five months before to permit the yachts to enter the lagoon, was raised again on Sunday, March 29th, to let them out into the waters of Belvedere Cove. A few minutes before noon, with the tide still flooding, a span of horses was hitched on to the draw, spectators were warned to stand clear, and the central part of the creaky bridge went up into the air. The yachts were already close up to the opening and in a minute or two the little sloop Rambler had passed out from her winter quarters. After two or three boats had gone safely through it was seen that the masts of some of the big boats, especially the mainmast of the yawl Frolic, would not pass under the telephone wires, so a lineman went up aloft to cut them. The yachts came out in the following order: The sloops San Souci and Neptune, the yawl Spray, the sloops Dixie, Truant, the yawl Frolic, the sloops Wawona, Merope, Peerless, Juanita, Diana, Presto and Villain. Commodore E. F. Sagar's sloop Edna was next in order but her forestay fouled the upturned draw and she had to back away. A little while later she passed through without difficulty, as also did the sloops Genesta, May, Nada, Amigo and Aeolus; the yawl Royal, the sloops Stella, Freda, Fleetwing, Mischief, the yawl Naiad, the sloops Emma, Harpoon, Ruby and Mignon. The ark Atlantis and the big sloop Clara were last to leave the lagoon. Tom Jennings' launch Vino and J. Hawkins' launch Caroline rendered excellent service in towing the vessels to their moorings.

Nearly all the craft named are enrolled in the Corinthian fleet, except the yawl Royal and the sloop Juanita, which belong to the San Francisco Yacht Club, the sloop Dixie of the California Club, and one or two which do not sail under the burgee of any of the clubs.

The fin-keel sloop Discovery remained in the lagoon but will be brought out later with mast unstepped. Frank Bartlett bossed the job of getting the yawl Spray out, though he no longer owns her, having recently sold her to a syndicate of half a dozen young men, who will keep her at moorings of the Arctic Oil Works. She sailed down to her new anchorage the same afternoon.

All the time that the work of getting the yachts

Inkersley Photo

RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND

W. C. Gibbs Photo "CLARA"

Inkersley Photo "GENESTA," FLAGSHIP CAL. Y. CLUB

Inkersley Photo FRANK BARTLET AT WHEEL OF HIS YAWL "SPRAY"

towed out to their summer moorings was going on, a steeping rain fell, but this did not deter many enthusiasts from watching the whole performance. Everything passed off without mishap or hurt of any kind. When the yachtsmen had safely moored their boats, they came ashore, where they found a welcome meal of hot clam chowder, beans, brown bread, cookies and coffee, prepared under the direction of Port Captain John H. Keefe in the Corinthians' own kitchen.

Some months ago subscriptions to build a boat with which to challenge for the San Francisco Perpetual Cup were called for among the Corinthians. Twenty-one members promised one hundred dollars each, but this sum is not large enough to design, construct, equip and race a boat. It is considered that at least three thousand dollars are necessary for the purpose, and this sum has now been made up by subscriptions of smaller amounts. Ex-Commodores J. W. Pew, A. J. Young and H. D. Hawks, the committee having the challenger in charge, have sent to W. Starling Burgess for a set of plans for a thirty-foot boat. W. S. Burgess is a son of the late Edward Burgess, the well-known nautical designer of Boston, and is following his father's profession. The challenger will be a center-board boat of considerable beam, shallow and capable of carrying a great deal of sail. If the plans are approved by the committee and accepted by the members of the club, the construction of the boat will begin at once. The Corinthians, while knowing that all they had to do to win the cup back from the present holder was to challenge in the 25-foot class with the fin-keel sloop Discovery, decided to contend for the trophy in the class in which it was won by the San Francisco Yacht Club. This is sportsmanlike behavior and deserves the respect of the yachtsmen of the bay. The trial of speed between the Challenger and the new craft will be the most interesting that has ever taken place among the local yacht clubs, and its outcome will be eagerly looked for. The fact that the two contending craft will embody different ideas of designing a boat simply for speed will only serve to intensify the interest.

On April 18th the California Yacht Club held its opening jinks at the club-house on Oakland creek, and on the following day the first regular cruise of the season of 1903 was taken. On April 25th the Corinthians held a reception and dance at the club-house in the afternoon for the benefit of the ladies, and at night the men "took in" in the jinks. Next day the opening cruise cleared the cobwebs from the sailors' eyes. On May 2nd the San Francisco Yacht Club will open the season with a jinks at the club-house, to be followed next day by a cruise in company with the Corinthian and California fleets along the city front.

The season of 1903 will be a good one. The clubs have plenty of members, and programmes providing for jinks, dances, cruises, clam-bakes, nautical sports and several races have been prepared. So far as can be seen, not a cloud darkens the amateur mariners' sky.

MODEL YACHTS

By R. R. L'HOMMEDIEU.

MODEL yachting in San Francisco has at last become a recognized pastime. For years the lovers of the minature craft have had a hard fight for recognition but by persistent work they have caused a feeling in their favor that has made it possible for a club to be formed that will bear comparison with any in the United States.

For years there have been devotees of the model craft in this city. At one time Oakland Creek was the scene of the races, but the distance from the city was a handicap and most of the time was spent carting the boats to and fro. At that time the model yachts were built on the deep body plan and carried a small load of lead, and in many cases wagons had to brought into service to take the boats over to Oakland or Alameda. Then when the yachts had to be overhauled a special trip had to be made over the bay. With busy men it was weeks before they could get a chance to put them in condition.

Finally this proved too much and the sport on Oakland Creek was given up. For a long time nothing was heard of model yachts until one winter, some ten years ago, James V. Coleman, Dan O'Connell, McGee and Commodore Gutte came out with four chopping bowls which they had rigged up as yachts and sailed them in Richardson's bay off of the "Barons" place at Sausalito. About this time Fred Cook and a few of the other yachtsmen of the Corinthian Club built models and sailed them in the cove at Belvedere. Both of these attempts proved unsatisfactory as those sailing the models had to follow them in row-boats, and when it was blowing this was no easy matter for they seemed to accumulate speed that was never displayed at other times. Many a hard row was taken to overtake them as they sailed for the water front as the object point.

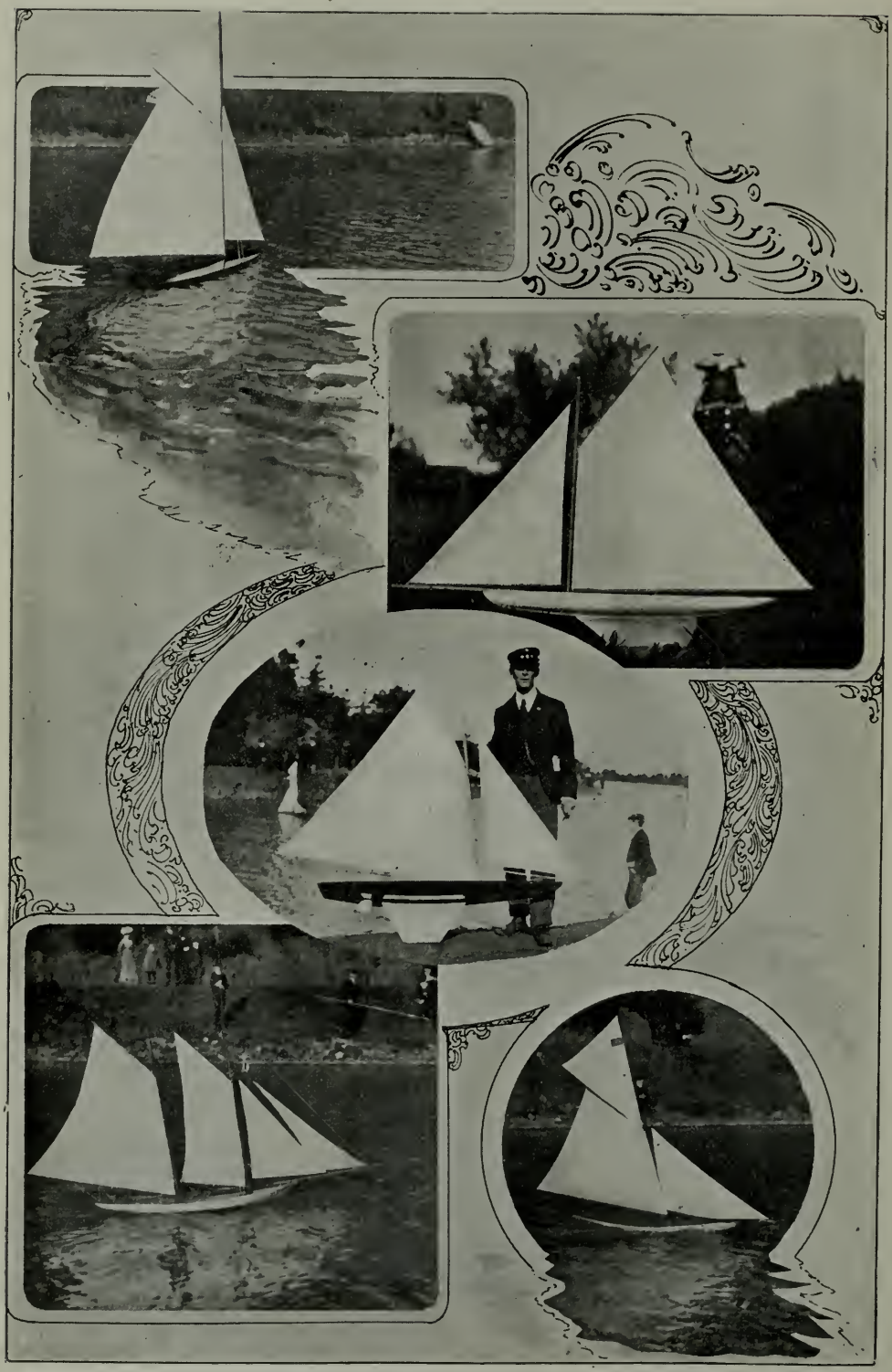
With the filling in of the waterfront off of the Fulton Iron Works the local followers took up the pastime again. The sea wall made quite a lagoon and it was here, Sunday after Sunday, they would wade out and race their yachts. In a little while coal tar commenced to make its appearance, and it was not long before the white sides and snowy sails were covered with blotches of this disagreeable substance, which is the bane of the yachtsmen both large and small, Slowly but surely the attendance began to decrease, until at last only a mere handful would come down to the water. These races were at the foot of Fillmore street and as the improvement of the land continued the contractors commenced to dump rock to fill in the lagoon. It was but a short while before the model yachtsmen had to abandon the place and seek other water to sail in.

They turned their attention to the Stow Lake in Golden Gate Park. That body of water was being used as a rowing pond where the public could hire boats by the hour. Upon application to the Park Commissioners the model yatchmen were allowed to use the southerly and easterly end of the lake. Here, during the early part of last summer, they began sailing. When the first notice was made of the races the public thought that they were but toys and many were the jokes told at the expense of the men who sailed them. But as time wore on and it became known that about every vessel on the lake was the outcome of thought, and that they were not built haphazard but on scientific lines just like the largest vessel that plys the waters of the ocean, the interest of the public in the contests began to increase. Now the banks of the lakes are lined on Sundays with people who watch the little boats as they work to windward.

On August 13, 1902, the San Francisco Model Yacht Club was organized by nine members. They were: Commodore, J. E. Genung, Vice-Commodore, H. London, W. C. Roeckner, B. Jurgens, W. Woenne, M. C. Hencken and A. Hartridge.

The fact had hardly been made public before the membership began to flock in until now there are one hundred and thirty-four names on the roll, with a fleet of forty-eight yachts that can be sailed, sixteen laid up, and twenty in construction.

Towards the end of the year a movement was started for a lake which would be exclusively for the use of model yachts. After



MODEL YACHTS

"SKATE" "AMAZON" "LARK" "ISABEL" "IMP"

appearing before the Park Commissioners at several meetings the Commissioners, and especially A. B. Spreckles, the chairman, favored the petition and shortly afterwards they decided to build a lake. The construction on the same began about the first of last March, and Superintendent McLaren, who has charge of the building, thinks that it will be finished about the first of October.

Judging from the plans the lake will bear comparison with any in the United States, there being lakes devoted to this pastime in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago and about every other large city in the country.

Several of the fast big yachts of the bay have been built upon the lines of these model craft. Two of particular note in racing attainments are the "Harpoon" and the "Discovery." Both of these yachts hold the championship in their classes and up to the present time have not been beaten. The "Harpoon" lost last year to the "Challenger" but she had been forced out of her class to defend the Challenge Cup and the defeat cannot be counted against her.

Every known ideal in yacht designing can be seen any Sunday on the lake.

Besides the standard water line classification it can be said that these models are also classified as "deep" and "shallow" models and it remains to be seen, as yet, as to which model is the most satisfactory for all weathers. Of course the "scows" or extreme light draft boats with their immense spread of canvas can do more effective work in our light winter winds, but in a heavy norther it was demonstrated that the semi-shallow type, such as the "Isabel," J. G. Daisley, and "Kiddie," Commodore Genung, are very satisfactory. Of the deeper models Vice-Commodore London's "Imp," is perhaps the most satisfactory boat sailed on the lake, as her work has shown that she will hold her own with almost any of them. At this time it is impossible to give a classification of all the boats in the club fleet, but of those seen on the lake they can be classified as follows:

Extreme beam and depth—

Sloops, "Jess," L. E. Gande, and "California," C. A. Ross.

Moderate beam and depth:

Sloops: "Imp," H. London; "Austral," B. Jurgens; "Comet," O. L. Seavey; "Meteor," O. L. Seavey; "Sirona," M. F. Hay; "Active," G. W. Hey; "Dixie," H. D. Baldwin; "Elaine," Schmitt; "Mascot," H. G. Parish; "Challenger," G. Susovich; "Grace," J. E. Genung; "The Bulletin," J. Gurgens; "Nixie," M. C. Hencken.

Schooners: "Wanda," Commodore Genung; "Independence," Wm. Roeckner; "Isil," W. C. Rosemond; "Etta B.," E. Beckman; "May R.," J. Foster; "Amazon," Captain Smitten; "Examiner," Bernhard Brothers.

Beamy, light draft models:

Sloops: "Kiddie," Commodore Genung; "Isabel," J. G. Daisley; "Don," H. S. Brindle; "Jessie D.," Carlton Davis; "Lady of the Lake," J. G. Daisley; "Flirt," Collier Brothers.

Extreme beam and very shallow, "freaks:"

Sloops: "Lark," Genung and Parent; "Annie," Wm. Roeckner; "Hertha," Todd and Adams; "Skate," Hay and Adams; "Hobs," Wm. B. Collier.

Narrow beam, moderate draft:

Schooner: "Boy Blue," H. D. Parent; "Edna," W. A. Tracy.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE third annual competition for the Mens' Amateur Championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association took place on the Presidio links on March 11, 12, 13 and 14. The first two days were reasonably fine. On the third day there was a heavy downpour, while the last day was moderately fair. The competition was the most successful that the Association has held and a good deal of excellent golf was played. Of the five golfers (Walter Fairbanks, C. E. Maud, C. E. Orr, R. H. H. Chapman and J. W. Wilson) who came up from Southern California all were among the sixteen who qualified, and three won their way into the semi-final round. The real contest for the championship came in the semi-final round, when C. E. Maud of the Riverside Polo and Golf Club was matched against Walter Fairbanks, holder of the championships of Southern California and the Pacific Coast. After a very close and most interesting struggle, C. E. Maud beat his formidable antagonist 1 up. In the final round Northern California was represented by H. C. Golcher and Southern California by C. E. Maud. The earlier rounds of the contest were over eighteen holes, but the final round was over thirty-six holes. As C. E. Maud had met H. C. Golcher the day before in the team match, and had beaten him 3 up on eighteen holes, the outcome seemed almost certain, and Maud won 8 up 7 to play. His victory was well received, it being felt that he has had hard luck in never having won the championship either of Southern California or of the Pacific Coast, though he has been exceedingly near to both of them. Mr. Maud is not only a brilliant player, but he has done much to help the cause of golf in California. He carried away the gold medal of the P. C. G. A., and the silver trophy emblematic of the championship will be held for a year by the Los Angeles Country Club, from which his entry was made. H. C. Golcher won the silver medal and the bronze medals went to Walter Fairbanks and C. E. Orr.

Twenty-six players entered the qualifying round of the championship contest of 1903. Of these twenty-one represented Northern California, while five upheld (and right worthily) the honor of Southern California. The representatives of the San Francisco Golf Club were, naturally, the most numerous, as the contest took place on their home course. They were J. W. Byrne, S. L. Abbot, Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, Dr. T. G. McConkey, H. C. Golcher, L. O. Kellogg, W. E. Lester, John Lawson, R. G. Hanford, J. H. Mee and George E. Starr. The Oakland Golf Club was represented by E. R. Folger, W. P. Johnson, J. O. Cadman, Frank Kales, A. H. Higgins and Dr. W. M. Carpenter. From the San Rafael Golf Club came R. Gilman Brown, E. J. Hooper and D. E. Skinner. R. A. Macondray was the only representative of San Mateo, Burlingame, Menlo Park and the sporting region to the south of the county line. The Southern California players were Walter Fairbanks, C. E. Maud and R. H. H. Chapman, who entered from the Los Angeles Country Club; C. E. Orr of the Pasadena Country Club, and J. W. Wilson of the Redlands Golf Club. The qualifying round over thirty-six holes, medal play, took place on Wednesday, March 11th, the scores being as follows:

Competitors.	1st Rd.	2d Rd.	3d Rd.	4th Rd.	Total.	Pl.
Walter Fairbanks	43	42	39	42	166	1
John Lawson	42	43	40	46	171	2
C. E. Maud	41	43	45	43	172	3
C. E. Orr	43	46	42	43	174	4
W. P. Johnson	42	47	43	44	176	5
H. C. Golcher	46	49	43	41	179	6
R. G. Brown	47	47	44	44	182	7
Lieut. J. S. Oyster	49	45	44	46	184	8
J. W. Wilson	47	46	45	48	186	9
Dr. W. M. Carpenter	45	46	50	46	187	10
J. W. Byrne	44	51	48	45	188	11
L. O. Kellogg	53	45	44	46	188	12
R. H. H. Chapman	45	49	50	47	191	13
E. J. Hooper	45	51	50	46	192	14
Frank Kales	47	49	46	50	192	14
G. E. Starr	55	47	48	46	196	16
D. E. Skinner	48	46	47	55	196	16
W. E. Lester	51	55	45	46	197	18
Dr. T. G. McConkey	47	49	48	53	197	18
J. H. Mee	52	51	50	47	200	20
R. A. Macondray	53	47	52	54	206	21
J. O. Cadman	53	52	54	56	215	22
A. H. Higgins	*					
E. R. Folger	*					
S. L. Abbot	*					
R. G. Hanford	*					

*Made no returns.

In playing off the tie for sixteenth place, G. E. Starr beat D. E. Skinner. S. L. Abbot and E. R. Folger made scores which would have secured places within the first sixteen, but as they could not spare the time necessary to play in the rest of the competition they did not hand in their cards. As shown in the above table, the best score for nine holes was turned in by Walter Fairbanks, who made the third round in 39. For the first eighteen holes the best score was made by C. E. Maud, 41, 43, total 84; though John Lawson's second and third rounds, 43, 40, total 83, beat this by one stroke. For the first eighteen holes John Lawson and Walter Fairbanks tied with 85. The opening match play round over eighteen holes was played on Thursday morning, the players being matched against each other according to the rule of the United States Golf Association: 1 against9, 2 against 10, 3 against 11, 4 against 12, 5 against 13, 6 against 14, 7 against 15, and 8 against 16. The object of this rule is to keep the strongest players from meeting early in the contest, when one would knock the other out from further participation. In the first round W. P. Johnson and R. H. H. Chapman played a very close match, being all even at the seventeenth hole. John Lawson won by the retirement of his competitor, who felt himself hopelessly beaten. H. C. Golcher beat E. J. Hooper 2 up 1 to play.

On Thursday afternoon the second round was played, the survivors, all of whom won their matches by ample margins, being Walter Fairbanks, C. E. Maud, H. C. Golcher and C. E. Orr. In the semi-final round on Friday evening, a very wet and stormy day, C. E. Maud defeated Walter Fairbanks and obtained a good grip of the championship.

In the afternoon a match over eighteen holes between teams of five men representing Northern and

Southern California was partly played for the trophy offered by J. W. Byrne two years ago. The four matches played on Friday resulted in a tie, but on Saturday morning J. W. Byrne defeated J. W. Wilson 2 up and won the trophy for Northern California.

The final round over thirty-six holes for the championship was played on Saturday in showery weather, C. E. Maud winning easily, 8 up 6 to play. The details of the competitions are shown in the tables:

Team match—Northern vs. Southern California, March 13 and 14.

Northern California.	Up.	Southern California.	Up.
John Lawson	1	Walter Fairbanks	0
H. C. Golcher	0	C. E. Maud	3
W. P. Johnson	*	C. E. Orr	*
S. L. Abbot	2	R. H. H. Chapman	0
J. W. Byrne	2	J. W. Wilson	0
	5		3

PACIFIC COAST GOLF ASSOCIATION: MEN'S AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP, 1903

First Round	Second Round	Semi-final Round	Final Round	
Walter Fairbanks J. W. Wilson	Walter Fairbanks 5 up, 4 to play	Walter Fairbanks 8 up, 7 to play	C. E. Maud 1 up	C. E. Maud—8 up, 6 to play
W. P. Johnson R. H. H. Chapman	W. P. Johnson 1 up			
R. G. Brown Frank Kales	Frank Kales 7 up, 6 to play	C. E. Maud 5 up, 4 to play		
C. E. Maud J. W. Byrne	C. E. Maud 5 up, 4 to play			
John Lawson W. M. Carpenter	John Lawson ——	H. C. Golcher 3 up, 2 to play	H. C. Golcher 3 up, 2 to play	
H. C. Golcher E. J. Hooper	H. C. Golcher 2 up, 1 to play			
Lieut. J. S. Oyster G. E. Starr	Lieut. J. S. Oyster 3 up, 2 to play	C. E. Orr 4 up, 3 to play		
C. E. Orr L. O. Kellogg	C. E. Orr 5 up, 4 to play			

PARTICIPANTS IN THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

The competition for the Council's Cup for men of the San Francisco Golf Club, the qualifying round for which was played on the last day of February, went on at intervals during the month of March, the winners in the first match play round being S. L. Abbot, John Lawson, Dr. J. R. Clark and H. C. Golcher. All these matches were won by good margins. In the second or semi-final round S. L. Abbot and John Lawson had a keen struggle, Abbot being 1 up on the first nine holes. At the sixteenth hole Lawson was dormie 2. Abbot won the seventeenth and halved the last, thus losing the match 1 down. Lawson's medal play score was 83 and Abbot's was 84. In the final round John Lawson and H. C. Golcher were the contestants. In the last competition the same two golfers reached the final round, but Lawson was in excellent form on that day and won by the ample margin of 6 up 4 to play. On this occasion the struggle was a much closer one. Early in the match H. C. Golcher in making a drive wrenched his back, but he still limped bravely round the course and seemed to play better than before. In the second round he made three 3's, overcoming his opponent's lead and being 1 up at the seventeenth hole. The eighteenth was halved and the match was Golcher's. This is the second competition for the handsome trophy that Golcher has won, and a third victory will give him the permanent possession of the cup. The next contest, which will take place in the fall, will be unusually interesting, as S. L. Abbot also has two victories to his credit, though his name, through the slackness of one of the committees, appears only once on the cup, which ought to pay a visit to the engraver's. The details of the contest are shown in the table:

SAN FRANCISCO GOLF CLUB: COUNCIL'S CUP FOR MEN, MARCH, 1903

First Round	Semi-final Round	Final Round	Winner
S. L. Abbot J. H. Mee	S. L. Abbot 8 up, 7 to play	John Lawson 1 up	H. C. Golcher 1 up
John Lawson Dr. T. G. McConkey	John Lawson 3 up, 2 to play		
Dr. J. R. Clark Lieut. J. S. Oyster	Dr. J. R. Clark 5 up, 4 to play	H. C. Golcher 3 up, 2 to play	
H. C. Golcher J. W. Byrne	H. C. Golcher 5 up, 4 to play		

Marceau Photo C. E. ORR.

During the month of March the ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club were not very active—at least not on the links. On Monday morning, March 23, the first half of a thirty-six hole home-and-home tournament between six representatives of the Ladies' Annex of the San Francisco Golf Club and an equal number of women members of the Oakland Golf Club took place on the Presidio links. Miss Alice Hoffman was captain of the San Francisco six and Mrs. P. E. Bowles led the Oakland team. On the morning's play the San Francisco ladies, through the overwhelming victory of Miss Edith Chesebrough over the Oakland skipper (to use a nautical term), gained an advantage of 6 up, as is demonstrated by the table hereto annexed:

Oakland vs. San Francisco, Ladies' Home-and-Home match.

San Francisco.	Up.	Oakland.	Up.
Mrs. J. R. Clark	0	Mrs. H. H. Sherwood	7
Miss Chesebrough	15	Mrs. P. E. Bowles	0
Miss Alice Hager	5	Miss Violet Whitney	0
Miss Alice Hoffman	0	Miss Jacqueline Moore	6
Miss Florence Ives	0	Mrs. W. P. Johnson	1
Mrs. Leroy Nickel	*	Miss M. Deane	*
	20		14

*All square.

After the match the two teams and several visitors sat down to luncheon in the ladies' room of the clubhouse, and in the afternoon four scores were played. The second half of the match was set for Monday, March 30, but bad weather caused its postponement to Thursday, April 2.

On Saturday, April 4, the first half of the second home-and-home match of the present season was played on the Presidio links between teams representing the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs, the second eighteen holes being played on Saturday, April 11, on the Adams Point course. The teams consisted of twelve men each.

On Saturday, April 25, the annual competition for the amateur championship of the Northern California Golf Association was played on the course of the San Rafael Golf Club.

Some time in March, while playing in a three-ball match with R. D. Girvin and J. W. Byrne on the Presidio course, Robert Johnstone, the San Francisco professional, established a new record of 34 for the links, missing an easy put for a 33. His score by holes was as follows: 5, 4, 4, 2, 4, 3, 3, 4, 5.

Conducted by A. T. Noe, M. D.

IN TAKING up this department of the Western Field, I feel that I owe to all my readers the obligation to help them obtain health and strength and to develop a well-formed and active body. If they would pledge themselves to a few moments each day, to follow out the directions given, we would soon form a combination for good that could not be easily overcome by the ills mankind is heir to. One would be surprised if he could realize the immense amount of benefit to be derived from a few moments carefully used, and I only ask that you try the directions and advice given, knowing you will soon see that what I say is true.

PURPOSE

I shall use this department for instructions for exercise, eating, breathing, bathing, etc. I will endeavor to cover the principal points that pertain to daily life; and these remarks are for all classes of people, young and old, men and women. I shall be glad to answer all questions on this subject through these columns.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

Physical development for health does not mean excessive muscular tissue or the enlargment to massive proportions of those very useful parts of the body. To produce such large muscles, heart, lungs and kidneys are strained to their utmost and sooner or later will show the wear and tear. This is wrong; such development is not to be desired unless one wishes to be a prize-winner; even then it is well to hesitate.

Is the goal worth the race? Do a few months of glory pay for the many years of preparation and the consequent strain and effort? Very few people can stand the enormous drain of energy required by such feats.

The world is full of broken down athletes. We hear every day of some well-known athlete dying of consumption or heart trouble. What wonder? They train and work to break a record, but they forget that the body has organs and nerves as well as muscles, and find when too late that muscle alone does not mean health. Perfect physical development is health and strength, not excess. To be able to use all your muscles at will, to have your nerves at your control, to be master of your organic and mental life—this is the true athlete. Leave out the abnormal; be well-developed, not over-developed.

MUCH TIME NOT NECESSARY

What the average man or woman should be, is keen, active, well-built and strong. One may be all this without strain or a large expenditure of time. Do not feel that you must spend hours a day in order to obtain the control of your body; this is a mistaken idea; a little time used to advantage will bring far more surprisingly good results than hours of exhaustive training and its attendant reaction. What need has a lawyer, doctor, clerk, or any business or professional person with very large trunk muscles and immense biceps? It is like putting a draught horse in a little light buggy, and expecting speed from him when he is fitted only to draw a heavy load. Spend the time you would take for extra development in carefully training all your body, nervous and mental as well as muscular. Use judgment in this direction, and do not blindly rush into exercise without knowing what you are doing or what will be the result.

BREATHING

I shall devote this article to breathing, as that is the first thing to know, for the breath is life; a dead body is full of muscle, bone, and blood, but not breath. It is therefore of the first importance to know how to use this all-potent life-factor. I dare say

many will resent the idea that they do not know how to breathe properly, but a long experience has taught me that not one in a hundred understands how to handle and control the breathing apparatus. It is a simple function, yet so abused that it has become necessary to teach what should be common knowledge and as natural as the beating of the heart. Many vocal and physical culture instructors teach their pupils to draw in the abdomen and lift the chest at the same time when inhaling, and the reverse when exhaling. There never was a greater falsity; this manner of breathing is positively wrong and injurious. In the first place, when you raise the chest and draw in the abdomen, you pull up the diaphragm into the cavity that should be filled by the lungs when they are fully expanded by a breath. This naturally restricts the lungs, thereby preventing their full development, and in this unnatural position of the diaphgram the lower parts of the lungs are apt to be left without their proper supply of air.

Fig. 1.

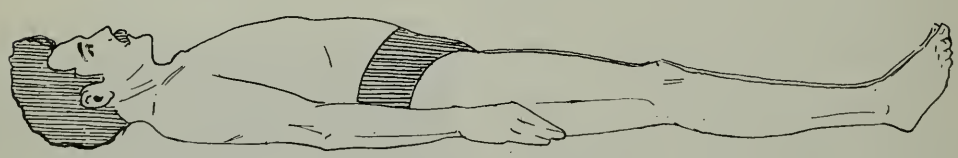


Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.—Exhaling. Fig. 2.—Inhaling.

A NATURAL FUNCTION

If you will lie flat on your back and breathe without effort you will find that the abdomen rises when you inhale and falls when you exhale; you will also find, if you take the trouble to observe, that young children and all animals breathe in this way. Habituate yourself to breathe correctly; draw a deep full breath, allowing the muscles to expand naturally, hold a few seconds, then slowly exhale; repeat this several times night and morning while lying down. Draw deep breaths whenever you think of it and soon you will have acquired the habit and will breathe in no other way.

Always breathe through the nose; never through the mouth. The nose is provided with the means of cleansing the air as it passes through the nostrils, also warming it; so when it reaches the lungs it is of a proper temperature to be taken up by the blood and carried through the system. But when the breath is taken through the mouth, all sorts of dust particles are drawn into the lungs, and many forms of lung troubles have their foundation in this manner.

VALUE

When you have taught yourself to breathe, expanding chest and abdomen, filling your lungs to the utmost, you will find yourself feeling light, free and buoyant. You will not tire easily, and as your lung capacity increases you will be more vigorous and full of life. It will improve the circulation and aid the digestion. So breathe deeply and correctly, and you will find for yourself the truth in this matter. Again I say I shall be glad to answer questions on this subject.

EVOLUTION IN AMMUNITION

By M. J. White.

MANY years ago scientists made a number of experiments with a wild species of flora in the hope of extracting therefrom some kind of medicine. In this line their efforts were not successful, but they succeeded in producing a rather pretty vine and a bright red berry, to which florists gave a Latin name a yard long and sentimentalists called "love apples." None dared to eat of these love apples, which were said to be poisonous. Then the horticulturists took a hand with the vine and produced a vegetable which they pronounced to be nutritious, declaring, moreover, that it never had been poisonous. Now the vegetable is consumed by thousands of tons. Such is the history of the common tomato.

This story is told because it parallels the history of smokeless powder. The first of the low pressure brands turned out by the manufacturers were handled with fear, although scientific men had made innumerable experiments and pronounced them safe to use under certain conditions. When Dupont's white low pressure powder, made to be used in the old black powder firearms, first appeared on the local ranges the majority of the marksmen figuratively took to the brush, and once a sort of indignation meeting was held for the purpose of prohibiting the use of the stuff on the range. When at last it was seen that there were no "busted" rifles and no necessity for having an ambulance ready for a hurry up call, confidence was restored. The excellent cleaning properties of smokeless powders were soon demonstrated and little by little they were used for priming and cleaning purposes. Then followed the semi-smokeless and smokeless in full charges, until it is safe to say that every rifle and revolver shooting club has almost as many cartridge charges and combinations of the same as it has members. Like the tomato, smokeless powder has come to stay and it is only a matter of time when its use will be almost exclusive on the ranges. It is true there are still a large number of "charcoal burners" and they will continue to make the air blue with the fumes of sulphur and saltpeter to the end of their days, but the younger generation will endeavor to keep pace with the times and the efforts of the manufacturers. Among the revolver shooters there are but few, indeed, who load with black powder. The majority were weaned away from its use by the introduction of King's semi-smokeless, which in turn gave way to the products of Laflin & Rand's mills. Now the special brands of Hazards is experimentally taking their place among the shooters. Some of the high pressure grades have been successfully used in reduced charges, but this is not to be encouraged because of the liability of getting too much of a good thing between the primer and the bullet.

And what does all this signify? Are the marksmen more proficient to-day than in former years? Yes. The improvement in powders is due to the enlightenment of the marksmen. The manufacturers have kept pace with the age and at times they are a little ahead of it. No new brand of powder should be condemned until thoroughly tested by marksmen under the same or similar conditions as those under which it was brought into existence. After all, target shooting is the sporting end of self and national preservation. The man behind the gun in times of peace makes it tropical for the man in front of the gun in times of trouble. A country that has no marksmen is dangerous to itself and is always the prey of unscrupulous outsiders. Though the citizen who is an enthusiast in target shooting may be termed a "crank" when no foe is in sight, he quickly becomes a hero when danger threatens, and the reason for the change is because he has been a factor in the evolution of ammunition and firearms.

* * *

NEW HIGH VELOCITIED WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. announces that it is now able to furnish through the regular trade channels, high velocity low pressure cartridges, .25-20, .32-20, .38-40,. 44-40, .45-70, .45-90, and .50-110 calibers, loaded with smokeless powder and soft point metal patched bullets, for Winchester Model 1892 and 1886 rifles. These cartridges, although they give high velocity and great muzzle energy, develop only relatively slightly increased initial pressure. By their use, owners of Winchester Model 1892 and 1886 rifles of the calibers mentioned can greatly increase the power of their guns. For fine shooting, a slight alteration of sights may be necessary when these cartridges are used. When ordering new rifles in which it is intended to use these cartridges, it should be so stated in the order, so that the proper sights may be fitted.

The advantages of the .25-20, .32, .38 and .44 Model 1892 high velocity cartridges are increased velocity, flatter trajectory, greater striking power and better mushrooming of the bullets. The .45 and .50 caliber high velocity cartridges are desirable for the same reason, and also because their energies at 200 yards are practically the same as those of the small caliber high power cartridges. An additional advantage is that the results they give are obtained with bullets of large cross section, which make these cartridges unsurpassed in striking and killing power at the distances at which most big game is killed. A feature of all the high velocity cartridges is that they can be used by persons who dislike the high power small caliber cartridges on account of their great range. For literature showing tabulated data of velocity, penetration, trajectory and other interesting details address A. Muller, Pacific Coast Agency, 127-135 First St., San Francisco.

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A very cordial and gracious welcome was that extended by the Coast trade to Mr. J. A. Haskell, President of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., who recently visited this section. Mr. Haskell, while a most methodical and conservative man of business, as naturally befiting one in his high station of industrial responsibility, is conversely one of the most enthusiastic and well versed riflemen in this country. He has a large and vital interest in everything pertaining to the rifle and seasonally visits the great shooting ranges of the East where his presence has come to be expected and where his observations of the work done by the guide are shrewdly utilized in the subsequent production of improved explosives better adapted to modern requirements. To his personal experiments and investigations is due a great deal of the signal success which has attended his company's efforts in this connection, and Western riflemen will be glad of the assurance that he is looking after their personal interests.

H. L. BETTEN, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

THE TRAINING OF THE FIELD DOG

[This the first of a series of articles, relating to the selection, training and care of field dogs, which we are confident will prove of great interest to all sportsmen.]

SELECTION OF A PUPPY.

DATING from the earliest history of the breeds, the pointer and setter have always held a high place in the esteem of sportsmen devoted to upland shooting, but it is only within the past forty years that their training in this country has been conducted in a manner suited to bring out the best qualities and instincts of the field dog.

Previous to the advent of field trials, the training of the field dog was usually conducted by the owner himself or by some market hunter or local celeberity whose success as a hunter was erroneously accepted as positive proof of his ability as a trainer. While in the hands of such a trainer the dog was never required to do much more than point unsteadily and flush the birds to order, so that no degree of staunchness was likely to be observed or required.

Miss Pearl Coutts Photo — A TRAINER AND HIS CHARGES

"LORENZO," F. R. ATKINS, OWNER

Retrieving was rarely taught with a proper regard to the condition of the bird when delivered by the dog to the shooter, and the education of the animal was conducted in such a slovenly manner as to be hardly worthy the name of training, the education of the dog being subservient to the success of the gun.

In the selection of a pup the old time sportsman was handicapped by a lack of knowledge as to the lineage and capabilities of the family of dogs from which his puppy had descended, and in most instances the history of the dog's ancestors did not extend beyond his sire and dam which, while they might be worthy individuals, did not perhaps possess to any marked degree the prepotency which is handed down in remarkable regularity in purely bred pointers and setters.

The organization of associations for the purpose of holding field trials gave an impetus to the breeding of dogs possessing to the highest degree the qualities sought after in the ideal field dog, and the importations of choice specimens from various

sources quickly raised the standard of our field dogs to a point which has never been surpassed in the history of the breeds.

Naturally enough, the increased interest in field sports which was noticeable soon after the introduction of breech loading weapons led to a more general use of field dogs and of patronage to field trials, so that more attention was paid to the breeding of dogs as well as to registration. Sportsmen soon became conversant with the blood lines of the best performers and as a consequence were enabled to make intelligent selections of individuals from which to breed so that the general standard of excellence was greatly enhanced. At the present time it is exceptional to find a pointer or setter of totally inferior blood lines and a large majority of our field dogs trace directly to individuals noted for field quality, so that the sportsman who uses any degree of intelligence in the selection of a dog is not likely to purchase an animal of inferior or doubtful breeding.

As to the merits of the various breeds suited for field work the pointers and English setters take first rank, and although the admirers of these two breeds are inclined to advance claims of superiority for their respective favorites there is, as a matter of fact, little to choose between good performers of either breed and individual tastes, and the nature of country over which you are likely to hunt must determine your choice. The pointer, owing to the shortness of his coat, does not gather burrs and shows a decided superiority over the setter when working over territory where cockle, hoarhound and other weeds abound. On the other hand, he is more susceptible to cold and dampness and does not take kindly to briers such as are often met with when working dogs on scattered birds.

"FLEETWELL," W. B. COUTTS, OWNER

Babcock Photo

"DETROIT JOE," OWNED BY W. W. VAN ARSDALE

The characteristics and instincts of the two breeds are very similar though as a rule the setter shows more dash and style in his actions and is more likely to improve with age. The pointer as a rule is easier to train and retains his training better, but lacks the courage of the setter and when overworked is likely to lost interest in hunting and will not work to the full extent of his capabilities. This is especially true where the dog has been started abruptly to work without conditioning.

In the matter of care the pointer causes by far the less trouble, and owing to the shortness of his coat it is an easy matter to keep him free from wood ticks, vermin and skin diseases, which in the setter cause great inconvenience in eradication. Many fanciers adhere to the fallacy that pointers show a marked superiority in hot, dry weather and can run longer without water, but this has long since been disproved. The fact is that neither dog performs at all well under the above conditions and the records of field trials run on the hot praries are positive proofs of the equality of the two breeds.

In addition to the pointers and English setters there are two other breeds of setters, the Irish and Gordon, which are occasionally

"HARRY H," CLINTON F. WORDEN, OWNER

met with, but neither may be said to possess to a marked degree the characteristics which have made the English setter so popular with sportsmen. Occasionally one meets with an Irish setter which might compete on an equality with English setters or pointers, but as a rule they are inferior to the above mentioned and likely to deteriorate still further unless breeders will use proper discrimination in the selection of individuals from which to breed a continuance of this once popular breed. Gordon or black and tan setters, which were once fairly numerous on this Coast, are now seldom met with, and the few individuals that remain are mediocre performers in the field and lack in breeding, many of them being cross bred setters without any semblance of a pedigree.

Necessarily, then, the choice of the majority of sportsmen will be either a pointer or English setter, and in selecting a puppy it is well to bear in mind that in the majority of cases blood will tell. You may perhaps have been told that there is a sharp distinction between the so-called field trial dog and the dog best suited for shooting purposes, but you may rest assured that the animal best suited to accompany you afield is the one which has descended from a line of high class performers. In making a selection the

Dodge Photo A WELL-BROKEN PAIR

average sportsman should pay particular attention to the disposition of the prospective purchase and attempt to select a puppy which shows to a marked degree boldness, a lack of nervousness and a level headedness —which latter is closely allied to common sense in human beings. There are certain dogs possessing great brilliancy which are of such a disposition as to make their handling an unsolvable problem when under the care of any but an experienced and gifted handler, and unless the amateur possesses unusual patience and discernment his attempts to develop such a dog will result in its ruination.

At the present time it is no difficult matter to secure well bred puppies at most reasonable prices, as the kennels on this Coast are rich in the best blood and individuals now to be found in America, and numbers of puppies are bred each year. In the majority

"CAVALIER," H. L. BETTEN, OWNER

of cases sportsmen will have no difficulty in securing satisfaction when trusting to the honesty of the breeder for suitable selections, and the breeding of field dogs is in the hands of men whose standing is such that they never would be guilty of perpetrating a fraud.

In addition to the disposition of the prospective purchase, markings and sex are to be taken into consideration. Some fanciers object to any colors but liver and white in pointers and black, white and tan in English setters. This is merely an absurd fancy which has worked immeasurable harm to the breeds, and the sooner our sportsmen cast aside their prejudice in regard to markings the better it will be for the field dog at large. Liver and white, lemon and white, black and white and black, white and tan markings are recognized as legitimate colors in pointers, while black and tan, black and white, orange and white, liver and white, lemon and white, and pure black are allowable markings in English setters. As to sex, a bitch is in every way the equal of a dog in field work and is, besides, more cleanly and affectionate, while the slight trouble caused while in season is more than offset by virtues not possessed by the dogs.

Photo by F. R. Atkins SPORTSMEN AT LUNCH

The age of a puppy best suited to commence work in the fall ranges from 10 months to 18 months, although as a matter of fact younger or older youngsters can be handled with equal facility provided intelligence is used in applying the training. Above all bear in mind that the best obtainable specimen is none too good for your purposes, so do not select an inferior specimen simply for the sake of saving a few dollars on the first cost.

WATCHING THE DOGS

CHAMP. "PITTI SING," THOS. JOHNSON, OWNER

THE IDEAL FIELD DOG

KENNEL EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: In answer to the question, "What, in your opinion, is an ideal field trial dog?" one might generalize by saying "The one that gets the most points for his handler." Furthermore the dog should do this in an attractive manner and his action and appearance should be pleasing to the eye, as this will often succeed in carrying him into the next series when, for lack of opportunity of birds he might have been dropped.

A dog to win in California must be able to accommodate himself to many varying conditions and must be equally proficient on bevies or singles. He must be able to handle birds by sight as well as by scent and when he has once located a bevy he must "stay with it" under the difficult conditions of fast running birds, poor scent and sparse cover. Such being the case, the dog with but the one idea: to find a bevy and point, will never win a Californian field trial. He must range wide and fast, for he has a large territory to cover, passing by all such ground as gives little promise of birds, but hunting out thoroughly all likely places. There is a rare quality possessed by some dogs, of going almost directly to birds. This is aided by experience to a certain extent, but that it is due largely to instinct one can have little doubt after following such a dog through a training season, and the more of this trait a dog possesses the surer he will be of winning.

While the field-trial dog should give his handler as little inconvenience in keeping him in view as the character of the ground will admit, he should above all other considerations find the birds, but many a dog has been penalized for bolting when, if it were possible to have seen his work, he would have been worthy of the highest commendation.

There are many opinions in regard to the manner a dog should approach a bevy when he has found himself to be in its vicinity, but it is my belief that these are only different stages in a dog's experience or education, and that the real finished performer gives little sign of being near birds until he suddenly snaps to a point. He has known, as well as the carefully drawing dog, that birds were near, but having perfect confidence in himself has gone boldly on and located the bevy, while his more cautious brace mate is in the rear creeping up stealthly for fear of a flush.

As a general rule, the dog that either points or flushes and does it quickly will have as few flushes to his discredit as the dog that approaches in an undecided manner, and he will locate more definitely. The bevy having been scattered, the dog must be able to make the best of his opportunity on singles, as it is unlikely that he will find another bevy during a single heat. The ideal dog, in doing this will take full advantage of the wind, accommodating the range to the full extent of the territory in which the bulk of the birds are scattered, and quarter systematically up wind, being careful not to make small inroads among the birds as, in that case, the steps must be retraced and he must either make fresh start or work back down wind. If the dog does not quarter wide enough it has the additional disadvantage of soon placing him in the center of the birds and as they then will flush in different directions they can not be located by proceeding on the course.

The dog should maintain a fast speed on singles and, while he takes a general direction from his handler, should not allow the orders received to distract his attention from the birds in the least degree. A very important feature in a dog is what is termed "sharpness on birds," and while this is to a certain extent a natural quality, it can always be intensified by training and conditioning; and a trainer's success in a great measure depends upon his ability to have his dogs sharp when they are cast off. A dog when in perfect condition in this respect will hunt faster, stay better, never trail, misses no opportunities on birds, and snaps to his points in a manner that catches the crowd—and the judge!

C. H. BABCOCK.

Del Rey, Cal.

KENNEL NOTES.

T. J. Blight is taking a string of twelve dogs through the Northern show circuit. Among those in his charge are the well known St. Bernards, Grand Master II. and Gypsy Lee II.; the Cocker Spaniels Plumeria Flo and Plumeria Beau II.; Fox Terriers Wandee Mayse, Wandee Revelry, and the Bull Dogs Ivel Damon and Lady Bethel. Three other Fox Terriers and the Great Dane Carlotta are also in the string.

The Cocker Spaniel Little Dorrit was to have gone, but through some misunderstanding on the part of the express company she was left behind. With such a string of dogs as the foregoing Mr. Blight should bring back to San Francisco most of the valuable cups and trophies offered to these breeds.

* * *

Among those who will visit the Victoria, Seattle and Portland shows are Chas. R. Harley, E. C. Plume and J. H. Dorian. Of these Messrs. Harley and Plume have already left for the North.

* * *

Fanciers wishing to test the efficacy of the Canine Distemper Vaccine as prepared by Dr. Phisolix may now obtain same from the San Francisco agency at No. 519 Mission street, San Francisco.

* * *

Many new and costly cups and trophies are offered for competition at the coming San Francisco show, and as all of them are for dogs owned on the Coast, the entry should be even greater than in former years. In most breeds, however, our local dogs can hold their own with the best of the Eastern cracks.

The Titus-Hoover Kennels place in the stud the well known winner Count Whitestone, who is already the sire of a number of winners, also Marse Ben, a winner in four trials, who is very strong in the noted Gleam blood.

* * *

In addition to the noted winners, Cuba of Kenwood and Sams Bow, Stockdale Kennels offer the services of Cuba Jr., a winner in eight field trials, where he met and defeated many of the most noted performers in America. These kennels also offer for sale some splendid pointer puppies ranging from six to four months of age, all bred from field trial winning stock.

* * *

California Kennels breed nothing but the best and their success is evidenced by the number of field trial winnings placed to their credit during the past four seasons. In order to reduce their stock and make room for puppies whelped this season they offer for sale puppies by such sires as Dr. Daniels, Counts Mark, Llewellin Drake and Bell Boy; also a grandly bred field trial winning bitch.

Quite a number of Northern fanciers have signified their intention of showing their dogs at San Francisco this year. It is understood that Geo. Tinto and E. F. Willis will bring good strings from Portland and Seattle.

* * *

Dr. C. E. Wilson advertises the services of Clipper W., a grandly bred son of Ch. Maries Sport and a winner in five field trials. Clipper W. should mate particularly well with high strung bitches and impart to his progeny the bird finding qualities for which he is famous.

* * *

The services of Thos. Plimley's good setter Llewellin Drake should be in demand by fanciers who favor breeding to straight bred Llewellins. Drake was imported direct from Llewellin's kennels and in addition to the fact that he comes from a noted family of winners has already demonstrated his value as a sire.

Fanciers' tastes differ and many there are who dote on felines. Those desiring to breed to White Persians can hardly afford to overlook "Cherub's" advertisement.

* * *

Mr. Plimley is somewhat overstocked and offers for sale two grand bitches by Llewellin Drake-Zola Montez. These are litter sisters to Lola Montez (winner of the last P. N. W. Derby) and like her possess splendid field qualities.

* * *

"Spratt's Patent" is a familiar by-word wherever well bred dogs are owned, and the goods manufactured by this up-to-date firm are always of the highest quality. They supply everything needed in the care of a dog in health or sickness and their dog cakes are considered to be the standard the world over. Thos. Banks, their coast agent, is always ready to supply needed information concerning their goods, and sportsmen will do well to consult him.

THE VICTORIA, B. C., BENCH SHOW

By Our Special Correspondent.

THE Victoria City Kennel Club second annual dog show opened its doors to the public Wednesday afternoon, April 1, under very happy circumstances indeed; all preliminary arrangements had been completed beforehand, and judging commenced promptly at 2 o'clock. Dr. Wesley Mills of Montana judged all classes and was probably the most painstaking and careful judge ever seen at a Victoria show; he sorted his classes thoroughly and reviewed them from every possible point of view, going over all competitors carefully, and made but very few mistakes. Of course there were some disappointed exhibitors—we have such always with us—but taken as a whole Dr. Mills gave the very best of satisfaction.

Judging was done in a fine large grassy lot adjoining the hall, and as the weather was beautiful, with bright sunshine, it was quite an improvement on indoor judging with its very poor light and cramped quarters. The judging ring, too, was an improvement on former ones; in place of being round it was a large rectangle about 40x80 feet and the judge had plenty of room to put all the dogs through their paces and put out those not qualified for the work for which nature intended them. This was particularly noticeable in the larger breeds and sporting classes, when many old time favorites and winners at past shows met their matches and went down to defeat.

Dr. Mills' conception of a dog from your correspondent's point of view was first, general symmetry of appearance, good body formation, properly balanced, clean cut, expressive eye and well characterized head. The professional handlers got very little encouragement after their months of hard labor training their dogs in the very questionable art of posing, as Dr. Mills passed them by and took each dog as he would see it naturally on the street. Altogether there were 223 dogs benched, with 359 entries, and as is usual at Victoria dog shows, the majority of the dogs benched were of the very highest quality and hard to judge without clashing with some too confident exhibitor's ideas of how they should be placed.

Cocker Spaniels this year headed the show with the largest entry, there being 44 benched, with 58 entries, some of them with large sale figures of $5,000 tagged on, and coming from all over the Coast, as far south as California, and with a few from Oregon and Washington, the majority being benched by Victoria exhibitors. English setters had the largest entry, with 34 shown of the 54 entries, and as a class were the finest ever seen in Victoria, and by the way, it is a generally admitted fact that Victoria for its size (28,000 inhabitants) has the finest lot of English setters anywhere in America, and outside exhibitors usually consider themselves lucky if they get a mention, to say nothing of the ribbons. This year's winners kept the majority of the exhibitors guessing, the judge finally picking Real John, a fine upstanding blue belton dog by Real Egbert and Wall-Eyed Bess, for the winner. He is very good in body, legs and feet, nice coat of fine quality, good skull, good ears nicely set on, and splendid action, his only fault being a bit thick in head and lacking somewhat in muzzle.

The judge placed his own Ch. Roy Montez, who has had an unbroken series of wins at all the important shows for the past two years, and who carried off the title of both Canadian and American championships in the remarkably short time of one year. The judge scored his dog's puppy on his lack of character and dull appearance. Real John, the winner, was bred by Joe Lewis of Greenwich and imported by T. P. McConnell, who sold him to his present owner, Ben Bogart of Ballard, Washington. Victoria Belle II., the prize winner in bitches, was a beauty by Rod L.-Twilight Furness, owned by the secretary of the club, T. P. McConnell; she is a pure white and blue tecked bitch about 42 pounds in weight, with a body true to standard and plenty of character. She was shown in elegant shape, with beautiful long silky coat of the first quality. In fact the judge remarked that she was the most symmetrical bitch he had ever seen, and gave her the special for the best setter in the show, also special with her class mate, Rosalind, for best pair in the show.

The next largest class was fox terriers, 25 shown, with 40 entries, all of good quality and shown in fine condition. Fox terriers were closely followed by Irish setters, 16 benched out of 18 entries, the special for best in the show going to Hector, probably the second best Irish setter in America, owned by Dr. Garesche of this city. Pointers come next, with 13 dogs and 22 entries, quite a showing for Victoria, as in past shows but three or four have held the benches. This year most of them came up from Oregon, the home of many good ones, and Mr. Zeigler carried off practically everything in sight with his very fine string.

Collies had 14 dogs and 2 5entries and were a very even lot indeed, but mostly lacking in coat, otherwise as pure a lot as one would find anywhere. Irish water spaniels had nine dogs benched with 15 entries; taken generally they were a fair lot only and very much lacking in coat. St. Bernards had seven benched, premier honors going to Grand Master II., a beautiful animal owned by the Nairod Kennels, San Francisco; his bench mate, Gypsy Lee II., carrying off everything also in winning bitches. Mr. W. F. Hall showed a very fine puppy in His Highness, winning in all classes, and with care the dog will class with the highest company next season.

Great Danes had seven up, a beautiful spotted black and white bitch, Cunningham's Carlotta, owned by J. L. Cunningham, San Francisco, winning for best in the show. Anedate terriers, a new class on the Coast, had six entries of good quality, and as a class created quite an interest, as few people in Victoria have seen one before.

The following gives the exact number of the differnt breeds benched: Cocker spaniels 42, English setters 34, fox terriers 25, Irish setters 16, Gordon setters 7, pointers 13, field spaniels 5, retrievers 3. clumber spaniels 4, Irish water spaniels 9, collies 14, English sheep dogs 2, Irish terriers 4, Airedale terriers 6, bull terriers 6, bull dogs 3, greyhounds 3, Boston terriers 3, Daschund 2, Scotch terriers 1, Newfoundland 1, Great Danes 6, St. Bernards 7, Japanese spaniels 1, Chesapeake Bay dog 1, poodle 1, black and tan terrier 1.

THE AWARDS

ST. BERNARDS.

PUPPY DOGS—1, His Highness, W. F. Hall, Victoria; 2, Mascott, A. Rusta, Victoria; 3, Nero, S. York, Nanaimo.

NOVICE DOGS—1, His Highness, W. F. Hall, Victoria; 2, Mascott, A. Rusta, Victoria.

LIMIT DOGS—1, His Highness, W. F. Hall, Victoria; 2, Nero, A. F. Barber, Vancouver; 3, Mascott, A. Rusta, Victoria.

OPEN DOGS—1, Grand Master II., Nairod Kennels, San Francisco; 2, His Highness, W. F. Hall, Victoria; 3, Nero, A. F. Barber, Vancouver.

PUPPY BITCHES—1, Gemma, C. W. Duck, Victoria.

LIMIT BITCHES—1, Gipsey Lee II., Nairod Kennels, San Francisco.

OPEN BITCHES—1, Gipsey Lee II., Nairod Kennels, San Francisco.

WINNERS, DOGS—1, Grand Master II.; 2, His Highness. Bitches—1, Gipsey Lee II.; 2, Gemma.

GREAT DANES.

NOVICE DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Remus, Geo. W. Seymour, Vancouver; 2, Bobs, John Holland, East Wellington, B. C.

LIMIT DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Cunningham's Carlotta, J. L. Cunningham, San Francisco; 2, Remus, Geo. W. Seymour, Vancouver.

OPEN DOGS AND BITCHES—Cunningham's Carlotta; 2, Remus.

WINNERS, DOGS—1, Remus. Bitches—1, Carlotta.

GREYHOUNDS.

NOVICE DOGS AND BITCHES—Flora, J. W. McMorrow, Vancouver.

LIMIT DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Flora, Dr. G. L. Milne, Victoria; 2, Jeff, Dr. G. L. Milne, Victoria.

WINNERS, DOGS—1, Jeff. Bitches—2, Flora.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

OPEN DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Judy C., F. O. Elerlich Sedro, Wooley, Wash.

POINTERS.

PUPPY DOGS—1, Oregon Lad, W. F. Zeigler, The Dalles, Ore.; 2, Shot, W. T. Willowburn, Vancouver.

NOVICE DOGS—1, Gnome, E. V. Holman, Portland, Ore.; 2, Shot, W. T. Willowburn, Vancouver.

LIMIT DOGS—1, Minnesota Joe, H. F. Zeigler, The Dalles, Ore.; 2, Gnome, E. V. Holman.

OPEN DOGS—1, Minnesota Joe, H. F. Zeigler; 2, Gnome, E. V. Holman.

PUPPY BITCHES—1, Queen Beaut, V, H. French, The Dalles, Ore.; 2, Gipsey L., G. C. Leonard, Vancouver.

NOVICE BITCHES—1, Duchess, F. A. Futcher, Victoria; 2, Gipsey L., G. C. Leonard, Vancouver.

LIMIT BITCHES—1, Printer's Wasco Queen, H. F. Zeigler; 2, Duchess, F. A. Futcher.

OPEN BITCHES—1, Printer's Wasco Queen, H. F. Zeigler.

WINNERS, DOGS—1, Minnesota Joe, H. F. Zeigler; 2, Oregon Lad, H. F. Zeigler. Bitches—1, Printer's Wasco Queen, H. F. Zeigler; 2, Queen Beaut.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

PUPPY DOGS—1, Rex Montez, C. W. Minor, Victoria; 2, Colonel Shog D., Davies Bros., Victoria; 3, Pilot Rodfield, Davies Bros., Victoria.

NOVICE DOGS—1, Real John, Ben Bogart, Ballard, Wash.; 2, Diamond, C. F. Banfield, Victoria; 3, Ventor, T. Astle,, Esquimalt.

LIMIT DOGS—1, Real John, Ben Bogart, Ballard, Wash.; 2, Victor L., H. H. Jones, Victoria; 3, Blue Rock, Miss W. M. Davie, Victoria.

OPEN DOGS—1, Victor L., H. H. Jones, Victoria; 2, Ch. Roy Montez, C. W. Minor, Victoria; 3, General Roberts, Dr. L. Hall, Victoria.

PUPPY BITCHES—1, Countess May, Davies Bros., Victoria; 2, Drake Flossie, T. P. McConnell, Victoria; 3, Molly, Dr. Fagan, Victoria.

NOVICE BITCHES—1, Duchess, J. C. Quine, Nanaimo; 2, Lady Dot, J. Irving, Cedar Hill; 3, Fleet's Sal, R. M. Palmer, Seattle.

LIMIT BITCHES—1, Victoria Belle II., T. P. McConnell, Victoria; 2, Zola Montez, C. W. Minor, Victoria; 3, Duchess, J. D. Quine, Nanaimo.

OPEN BITCHES—1, Victoria Bell II., T. P. McConnell; 2, Zola Montez, C. W. Minor; 3, Duchess, J. D. Quine, Nanaimo.

WINNERS, DOGS—1, Real John; 2, Victor, H. H. Jones. Bitches—1, Victoria Belle II.; 2, Zola Montez.

IRISH SETTERS.

PUPPY DOGS—1, Micky Green, A. Fairfull, Victoria; 2, Tasso, R. A. Creech, Victoria; 3, Micky, Miss R. Hancock, Victoria.

NOVICE DOGS—1, Patrick, W. A. Ward, Victoria; 2, Nipper, Miss M. Lettice, Victoria; 3, Doc, Fred G. Maynard, Victoria.

LIMIT DOGS—1, Hector, Dr. A. J. Garesche, Victoria; 2, Laddie, J. R. Jennings, Victoria.

OPEN DOGS—1, Hector, Dr. A. J. Garesche, Victoria; 2, Mike, Geo. Jay, Victoria; 3, Faro, R. J. Russell, Victoria.

LIMIT BITCHES—1, Nellie, S. Creech, Victoria.

OPEN BITCHES—2, Una, S. Sea, Jr., Victoria.

WINNERS, DOGS—1, Hector; 2, Patrick.

GORDON SETTERS.

OPEN DOGS—1, Sport, R. Porter, Victoria; 2, Sport, Fred Caselton, Victoria.

OPEN BITCHES—1, Heather Nell, S. W. Bodley, Victoria; 2, Queen, Bog Sangster, Victoria.

WINNERS, DOGS—1, Sport; 2, Jerry. Bitches—1, Heather Nell; 2, Queen.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

OPEN DOGS—1, Tim D., Geo. F. Dunn, Victoria.

LIMIT BITCHES AND OPEN BITCHES—1, Burrard Rowdy, C. M. Rolston, Vancouver.

WINNERS, DOGS—1, Tim; 2, Murphy. Bitches—1, Burrard Rowdy; 2, Norah.

FIELD SPANIELS.

LIMIT DOGS—1, Judge, F. J. Sehl.

OPEN DOGS—2, Jack, H. Stallard; 3, Duke, A. Lineham.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.

NOVICE DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Change, H. J. Dunn.

LIMIT DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Chico, H. J. Dunn; 2, Turk, F. B. Pemberton.

COCKER SPANIELS.

PUPPY DOGS—1, Waverley, R. Ross, Monro; 2, Douglas, C. A. Goodwin.

COCKER SPANIELS, BLACK.

NOVICE DOGS—1, Douglas, C. A. Goodwin, Victoria.

OPEN DOGS—1, Black Victor, Portland Cocker Kennels, Portland, Ore.; 2, Old Flag, A. K. C., Daniels & Litchfield, Victoria.

OPEN BITCHES—1, Little Dorritt, Mrs. C. A. Goodwin, Victoria; 2, Hampton Duchess, Daniels & Litchfield, Victoria.

WINNERS, DOGS—1, Black Victor; 2, Waverley II. Bitches—1, Lady Iris; 2, Little Dorritt.

IRISH TERRIERS.

NOVICE DOGS—1, Nipper, R. Cecil Hall, Victoria; 2, Mickey Free, T. P. Patton, Victoria; 3, Paddy, G. C. Anderson, Victoria.

LIMIT DOGS—1, Nailer, R. E. Hanson, Victoria.

OPEN DOGS—1, Nailer, R. E. Hanson, Victoria.

NOVICE BITCHES—1, Nelly, A. W. Rolston, Ladysmith.

LIMIT BITCHES—1, Nelly, A. W. Rolston, Ladysmith.

OPEN BITCHES—1, Nelly, A. W. Rolston, Ladysmith.

WINNERS, DOGS—1, Nipper, R. Cecil Hall, Victoria; 2, Mickey, P. T. Patton, Victoria. Bitches—1, Nelly, A. W. Rolston, Ladysmith.

AIREDALE TERRIERS.

PUPPY DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Lady Marvel, Gilbert & Palmer, Seattle; 2, Olympic Oweenee, W. W. Beaton, Seattle.

NOVICE DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Waterside Duchess, E. F. Tucker, Portland, Ore.; 2, Nipper, E. F. Tucker, Portland.

LIMIT DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Waterside Duchess, E. F. Tucker, Vancouver; 2, Nipper, E. F. Tucker, Vancouver.

OPEN DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Lady Marvel, Gilbert & Palmer, Seattle; 2, Olympic Oweenee, W. W. Beaton, Seattle; 3, Nellie, T. P. McConnell, Victoria.

WINNERS, DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Lady Marvel.

RETRIEVERS.

PUPPY DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Sailor, T. Astle, Esquimalt; 2, Victor, T. Astle, Esquimalt.

OPEN DOGS AND BITCHES—2, Bruno, J. W. Speck, Victoria.

WINNERS, DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Sailor.

ENGLISH SHEEP DOGS.

NOVICE DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Bobs, W. H. Anderson, Vancouver.

OPEN DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Bobs, W. H. Anderson, Vancouver; 2, Whips, W. Braid, Vancouver.

WINNERS, DOGS AND BITCHES—1, Bobs; 2, Whips.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best St. Bernard in show, Grand Master II.

Best Great Dane in show, Cunningham's Carlotta.

Best pointer in show, Zeigler's Minnesota Joe.

Best English setter in show, McConnell's Victoria Belle II.

Best English setter owned by a member, McConnell's Victoria Belle II.

Best English setter bitch owned by a member, McConnell's Victoria Belle II.

Best team of English setters, McConnell's Victoria Belle II. and Rosalind.

Best English setter dog owned by a member, Victor L.

Best English setter puppy owned by a member, Rex Montez.

Best Irish setter in the show, Hector.

Best Gordon setter in the show, Sport.

Best Irish water spaniel in the show, Burrard Rowdy.

Best field spaniel in the show, Zulu.

Best Clumber spaniel in the show, Change.

Best cocker spaniel, any color, in the show, Lady Iris.

Best cocker spaniel owned by a member, Lady Iris.

Best team, cocker spaniels, in the show, Lady Iris and Little Dorritt.

Best cocker dog owned by a member, Portland Dick.

Best black cocker spaniel, Portland Dick.

Best any solid color other than black, Plumeria Flo.

Best parti-color in show, Miss Pepper.

Best collie, tri-color, Liddie.

Best collie other than tri-color, Kildare Sunshine.

Best bulldog, Jock Damon.

Best bull terrier, Walter.

Best Boston terrier, Boston Girl.

Best smooth fox terrier puppy bred in Victoria, Warburton's Actor.

Best smooth fox terrier dog owned by a member, Gen. Buller II.

Best smooth fox terrier bitch owned by a member, Reminiscence.

Best fox terrier in show, Reminiscence.

Best smooth fox terrier, Reminiscence.

Best W. H. fox terrier, Regal.

Best Irish terrier, Nipper.

Best Airedale terrier, Lady Marvel.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head, at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTED—Pointer or setter puppy. Must be well bred. Give price and full particulars in first letter. H. R. Ellis, 670 Upshur st., Portland, Ore.

* * *

WANTED—To exchange new Marlin safety rifle, with case and belt, for second-hand Luger or Colt's automatic pistol in good condition. Address 307 Stuart ave., Redlands, Cal.

* * *

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Unmounted live game and other pictures, 5x7, $1.50 per dozen; 6½x8½, $2.50 per dozen. Bromide enlargements of live elk, 14x17, $5.00 each; all postpaid; satisfaction guaranteed. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

WANTED—A thoroughbred pointer or setter pup, Llewellyn bitch preferred. Price must be reasonable and breeding good. Address with price and full particulars in first letter. J. S. Dewey, Cedarville, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Highest grade Sharps-Borchardt target rifle, extra fine pistol grip stock, full target sights shutter, extra good R. R. lens, etc., for sale cheap (windgauge, level, vernier, etc.), just recut by Geo. Schoyen and fitted with false muzzle, special bullet mould and starter, lubrication pump, etc., complete. In heavy sole leather case. Never fired except for target proof. Phenomenal shooter. Just right in dimensions. Cost $165. Have no use for it and will sell cheap or exchange for approved value. Can be seen at WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

WANTED—A well bred pointer or setter, thoroughly broken on quail, price limit, $100. Give full particulars. W. R., 164 Golden Gate Ave.

* * *

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A new graphophone with 30 disc records. Perfect condition. Cheap for cash or exchange for fine tailoring. E. K. D., 424 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

* * *

FOR SALE—Winchester, single-shot, .25-37-77; Ideal adjustable reloading outfit; 50 shells; Lyman sights; O. K. condition; $12. Address Wm. I. Wallace, M. D., Hemet, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Best grade Mannlicher repeating rifle, 8 m-m caliber, all improvements, fitted with fine telescope sights, improved hair (double) trigger. Perfect condition; killing range two (2) miles. Cheap for cash. Will accept Luger or German model Colt's automatic pistol in part payment. "Mannlicher," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

FOR SALE—A fine Bullard single-shot target rifle, Swiss butt, Vernier sights, etc., extra fancy stock, embossed action. Recently recut by Geo. Schoyen from .35 to .38 caliber. Tools, etc., complete. Cheap for cash or might trade. Want a good duck boat, decoys, etc. "Gunner," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

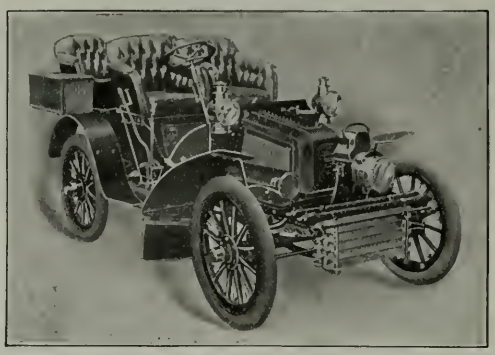
A FEW days before the meeting of the Automobile Club of California held in this city on April 1, President F. A. Hyde issued a circular letter to the members. In this he stated that it is now two years since automobilists were permitted to use the South Drive of Golden Gate Park and the Ocean Boulevard, and that it was believed then that all restrictions would soon be removed. Yet at the present moment the automobolists of San Francisco are more likely to lose some of the few privileges they have than to be permitted the free use of the roads and driveways of the Park. It is impossible, as things stand, for an automoblist to drive in his car to the Cliff House and return by way of the South Drive or to go out to the ocean through the park and return home along Point Lobos avenue. Between the foot of the hill near the Cliff House and the commencement of the Ocean Boulevard there is an interdicted strip. The military authorities of the United States have never placed any restrictions upon the use of the splendid roads of the Reservation by mobilists, probably thinking that soldiers and their horses should know no fear. But recently notices have been posted at all the entrances to the Reservation warning automobilists to drive at a moderate rate of speed.

In Marin County, the roads of which are more beautiful than any others accessible to San Francisco, motoring is rendered impracticable by an ordinance restricting speed to ten miles an hour and requiring that an automobile be brought to a standstill whenever it is within a hundred yards of a passing vehicle drawn by any domestic animal. On this principle a donkey-cart, a child's wagon drawn by a goat, or a perambulator pulled by a dog, is empowered by law to compel an automobilist to come to a full stop. A succession of bullock-carts at suitable intervals might keep a motor car standing for hours in the same place.

Ordinances not quite so palpably absurd as the Marin county one (which seems to have been prepared by livery-stable keepers) but severely restricting the freedom of the motorist, are in existence in Alameda, Santa Clara and San Mateo counties.

The hardships and disabilities to which the automobilist is subject are attributed by Mr. Hyde to the reckless conduct of a few young men, who make a habit of driving high-powered cars of the gasoline type at undue speed and without proper consideration for the comfort and safety of others. They pay no attention to timid horses and frightened drivers and are fond of traveling along mountain roads, where the dangers to persons in horse-drawn vehicles are much greater than on city streets or level country highways. These ill-behaved, ill-conditioned cads fan the prejudice existing in the minds of many people against the automobile, and encourage county boards and other legislative bodies to pass severely restrictive enactments. In San Francisco they are specially noxious, for the two principal pleasure-grounds for motorists—Golden Gate Park and the United States Military Reservation—are under the control of men of almost unlimited powers within their spheres. If the new commanding officer of the United States Military Post should issue an order barring all motor cars from the Presidio, the most beautiful drive open to the San Francisco motorist would be cut off. And the privilege once lost would be very hard to regain. Military officers are "harbitrary coves" and very much given to standing by their decisions, even though they may be shown to have been erroneous.

With the view of striking terror into the hearts of these "bounders on boilers" and of bringing them up with a round turn, a committee on law and order was appointed, con-



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If, after 30 days' use you are not thoroughly satisfied, return it and get your money back.

If your dealer does not have the Sanitary Brand send us your order with price (P. O. Money Order or San Francisco Exchange) with name of your dealer, and we will see that it is delivered to you free of any further cost.

SANITARY

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sisting of E. Courtney Ford, C. C. Moore and C. A. Hawkins. This committee is to ascertain the identity (already pretty well known) of the offenders and to take means to restrain them from their evil courses.

Meanwhile, President Hyde urges the members of the Automobile Club to "exert their personal influence to create a sentiment in favor of moderation and kindness to others and obedience to the law in the use of automobiles." He says that "if each member will do this, the public will understand that the automobile scorcher is a common enemy and the hostility to automobilists in general will be mitigated." Every owner of an automobile and every one who expects to own one should unite in the effort to secure recognition for automobilists and to prevent harsh restrictive legislation. The Automobile Club is working for "protection and the right to enjoy the public highway in a proper way without official and officious interference."

Mr. P. G. Gow, who was arrested in San Rafael for violation of the Marin County ordinance, met with an adverse decision in the Superior Court of that county. The case, however, has been appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. This is much better for automobilists than if Mr. Gow had won his case in the Superior Court. Hitherto there has been no case before the Supreme Court of California in which the rights of automobilists have been brought in question, and it is hoped that, if the case is well presented, the justices may be induced to make a somewhat full statement of the grounds of their decision and to define the rights of automobilists with some care and accuracy. It is hoped to secure a decision which will restrain the boards of other counties from passing ordinances which would not be upheld on appeal to the court of last resort.

The chief grounds of complaint against automobiles are the noise of the machinery and the trail of gasoline vapor and steam. As these objections cannot be made against electric machines, it is thought that the Park Commissioners may be induced to permit the free use of the drives of Golden Gate Park to electric rigs. When these have been admited and found unobjectionable, then the privilege may be extended to machines using other motive powers.

The process of gaining increased rights in the Park has proved so slow that some of the automobilists are urging an appeal to the courts. As is always the case, the man who knows no law is much more sanguine as to the results of an appeal to the courts than the trained lawyer. The President of the Automobile Club is a lawyer and has consulted other lawyers. His own knowledge, fortified by theirs, renders him slow to invoke the aid of the law, and so long as his word has weight with the members, the Automobile Club will make no move in this direction. It is quite within the bounds of possibility, however, that some automobilist may drive over the main road of the Park, get himself arrested, and so bring the matter into the courts. Automobilists were excluded from Central Park, New York, just as they now are from Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and violated the rule of the Commissioners in order to make a test case. The outcome was the admission of automobiles of all kinds into the Park without restriction.

It is intended to hold one regular outing of the Automobile Club each month during the summer, and possibly to have one short run on a moonlight night as well. The first outing of the season was to Haywards on Sunday, April 19, taking the 9 a. m. boat in the morning, and returning by the 4 p. m. boat of the Oakland Creek line.

The people who drew up the Scovel Bill, just passed by the New Jersey legislature, came to the strange conclusion that a locomobile is not an automobile, for the opening clauses of the Act speaks of "automobiles, locomobiles and all other vehicles," etc. The bill is remarkable as being the first in which speed is indicated by minutes and not by the hour. The ordinary practice is to speak of 10, 15, 20 miles an hour, but the New Jersey Act speaks of a speed of one mile in six minutes, in four minutes, in three minutes. The bill was prepared by members of the Automobile Club of New Jersey, assisted by other automobilists, and was passed with only one amendment upon the original draft.

"All vehicles propelled otherwise than by muscular power, excepting the cars of electric and steam railways and other motor vehicles running only upon rails or tracks,"

must be registered and must take out a license, for which the fee is one dollar. The owner is required to make a sworn declaration that he is competent to operate the machine. The Act includes motor-cycles and traction engines as well as what are ordinarily termed automobiles. Non-residents as well as residents of New Jersey must register their machines and get licenses. The number of the license must be conspicuously shown on the back of the vehicle whenever it is operated on a public highway. The figures must be separate, Arabic numerals not less than three inches high. At night the number must be displayed on the sides or fronts of two lamps. The license gives the owner the unrestricted right to go upon any public road, parkway or other place in the same manner as other vehicles used for pleasure. No city, town or municipality in the State has the right to restrict the use or rate of speed of motor vehicles. Racing or attempting to break speed records on any road in New Jersey is punishable by fine not exceeding fifty dollars or by imprisonment of not more than twenty days. Failure to stop when signalled to by the driver of a restive horse, driving at too high speed, and other faults of omission or commission are punishable by fine. The money paid as fines by the reckless automobilist are paid to the overseer of the poor.

An automobile bill passed by the legislature of Indiana was vetoed by the governor, who said that the measure was class legislation and therefore unconstitutional, because it provided that the driver of an automobile on a country highway must turn to the right when meeting other vehicles, but made no similar provision about city streets.

About 7 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, March 25, Mr. William B. Hurlburt of Detroit, made an attempt to drive a Cadillac touneau up the broad flight of steps leading to the Capitol at Washington. He had got more than halfway up when a halt was called by a policeman. He backed down and, on reaching the foot of the steps, was placed under arrest and compelled to deposit ten dollars to insure his appearance in court. The ten dollars was forfeited and was repaid to Mr. Hurlburt by Mr. W. J. Foss, who had made a bet that the machine would not get halfway up the steps before the police would interfere.

The Lefever Arms Co.'s new catalogue is the best, in our opinion, so far issued by this concern. The illustrations are particularly fine and the text embodies a great deal of practical information for shooters. Lefever guns have achieved on this Coast a large popularity, which could be enormously increased if the home office was a little more enterprising in the way of assisting its local agents by judicious supplementary advertising.

THE NEW BAKER LINE.

S. O. Cundy, the genial traveling representative of the Baker Gun and Forging Co., paid this office a very pleasant call recently. He informs us that his company is now putting out an entirely new line of high grade guns in addition to their former offerings and that a strong effort will be made to introduce them in this section. From a personal experience with Baker guns we can subscribe to their excellent wearing and shooting qualities and therefore predict a great success if the proper effort is made.

DAKE'S AGENCY MOVED.

The E. C. Dake Newspaper Advertising Agency has moved from the Merchants' Exchange, where it has been located for the last twenty-three years, to the Eyre Building, 124 Sansome street, new and larger quarters. This is the leading agency of the Coast, is reliable in every particular, and it places advertisements almost anywhere, and by telegraph if necessary. This agency is now known as one of the solid institutions of the West, and many who wish to do business through a reliable source hunt up Dake's agency when wishing to place advertising.

THE INDOOR RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The greatest event during the indoor shooting season in the United States is the annual competition for the indoor rifle championship. This event brings together the expert riflemen of the country in the keenest competition. The event this year proved to be the most exciting of any yet. It opened at the famous Zettler Rifle Gallery, New York City, on February 28 and closed March 7. The conditions called for 100 shots at 75 feet, position offhand, and on the German ring target. The championship was won this year for the second consecutive time by L. P. Ittel of Pittsburg, Pa. Not one of Mr. Ittel's 100 shots was placed outside the bullseye, and his score of 2,457 points was a remarkable piece of marksmanship. Mr. Ittel used in this contest Peters .22 caliber short cartridges. This ammunition has now won the championship for six consecutive years, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903.

In addition to this victory this ammunition won first in every other contest of the tournament and a large number of perfect scores were made with it.

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Canvas Goods to Order at Factory Prices.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A REMINGTON HAMMERLESS GUN

GRADE K MADE WITH REMINGTON BLUED STEEL BARRELS
Guaranteed for Nitro Powders

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A BAY SKIPPER

WESTERN FIELD.

Vol. 2. JUNE, 1903. No. 5.

AN ASTONISHING ECHO

By John W. Gwilt.

TO BE perfectly truthful, I may as well say at once that what I do not know about hunting would fill a good sized book. However, I have always given myself credit for knowing a few things and hate to feel that a country boy would actually "do me up," for I know a rifle from a shotgun, and at times when I have dropped into a shooting gallery I have always run the bell often enough to keep me interested and — shooting.

One day business took me to Corvallis, that charming little town up in Oregon in the very heart of the great grain district of the Willamette Valley, and there I ran across an old boyhood friend who had been living near the little city for years. He wanted me to stay over a day and go hunting Chinese pheasants.

"Finest sport in the world," said he.

"Pshaw," said I: "I couldn't hit the side of a barn unless I was inside and the door was shut."

But the outcome of it was that I spent the night with him and the next morning we started bright and early for game. He gave me a shotgun which he said would scatter a good deal and told me to shoot every time I saw a bird and I would be sure and bag some of them.

Near Corvallis, and in fact for miles in every direction therefrom, stretch immense wheat fields which are cut up by innumerable canals or creeks which in the wet season are filled with water but when the grain is harvested are dry. In these natural gutters the underbrush grows very thickly and it is almost impossible to pass through, making the finest of hiding places for the Chinese pheasants. We hunted along these canals, one on either side, always within speaking distance and generally within sight of each other, with the dogs working back and forth between us.

I can imagine that for a hunter the Chinese pheasant would be a joy forever. Strong, powerful, active; they always seem to me to rise unexpectedly and with incredible rapidity dart away. According to orders, when the first bird flew out on my side I pointed the gun in its direction and fired, and great was my surprise to have the dog bring me the pheasant. After that I seldom missed a bird and soon began to think that shooting Chinese pheasants was mere child's play after all and in fact related to my friend a few instances where I had shone as a fine shot.

Gradually I became less excited, and soon discovered that I could shoot and keep my eyes open at the same time. It really did not make much difference though, for the shot scattered so that the bird always fell anyway.

My spirits rose; my hat felt rather tight in the band and the pockets of the hunting jacket I wore were filling with splendid birds, when I noticed that every time I fired my shotgun there was a distinct echo. Not the resounding kind that goes vibrating off through the hills until it becomes an indistinguishable roll, but a quick short snap.

"Ernest," said I, "what is the cause of the echo?"

He assured me that it was the formation of the ground, the stye of the gun I used, and several other things which I do not remember, but there gradually crept into my mind a suspicion which, like a certain

famous ghost, would not down. After I had become so cool and collected that I could really see the bird when I pulled the trigger, I for once, quite intentionally, neglected to pull it. The quick, short snap came immediately and the bird fell.

"Ernest," said I, "you are a cheat. I have discovered that it is the echo that kills. Now I want to know exactly how many birds I have killed."

He swore solemnly that the last bird was the only one he had shot. Then I got behind some brush and proceeded to open some of my loaded shells. There was not a shot in the whole lot of them.

"Ernest," said I, later, "where do you expect to go when you die?"

"Darned if I know," said he, "same place you do I guess. But to tell you the truth those dogs of mine are too valuable to be filled with bird shot, and now when you go back, you can tell the folks, not only what good shooting you had, but exactly the number of birds you bagged, and I guess its about time to call it off for to-day anyway."

JUNE

NOW drones the beetle o'er the sun-laved mead
And whirls on amorous wing the burnished dove;
The purling streams from Winter's bondage freed
In sensuous haste to Sea's embraces speed—
Babbling their secrets like a girl in love.
The modest primrose shyly hangs her head
Trembling with pleasure at the zephyr's kiss;
And frail anemones on dew-gemmed bed
Waste their short lives in languorous dreams of bliss.
All Nature tingles with a chaste desire
And bares her breast in innocence. The hours
Chime their soft flight upon the bells of flowers
In soft accord with love's omniscient choir.
All things that live a tender mood confess
And yield, like wantons, to each chance caress.

—*Montezuma.*

FISHING STREAMS OF THE SISKIYOUS

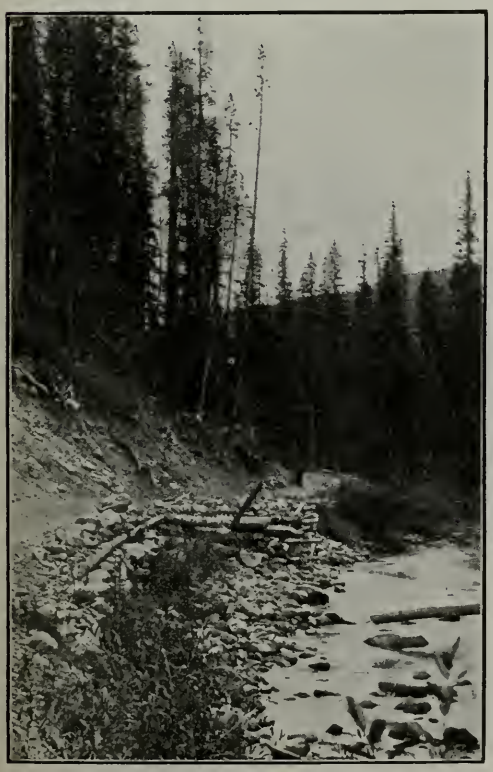
By Sherman Powell

THOSE who have had experience in swift water fishing, and know they must go well back in the high ranges for first-class sport, agree that there can be no mountain stream better adapted to the use of rod and reel than the upper Sacramento River, where the fish are as lively as the current is swift, and where the willows and alders that so frequently line the banks of mountain streams—and into which the hook is as prone to fly as sparks to fly upward—are noticeably absent.

Indeed, there are but few places along the river above Redding from which the line can not be cast with ease.

When, at the beginning of the summer season, the waters farther down the stream to which the trout emigrated in the fall become too warm, they head up stream, fighting their way through rapids after rapids and more rapids until they rest in countless numbers in the cool dark pools and shady shallows that they left the year before. And there they lie through the middle of the day, slowly waving their gauzy arms and lazily waiting for the bug or fly which may hide an unpalatable piece of steel.

"THE SHADY SHALLOWS."



"WHERE THE FISH ARE LIVELY."

In the morning, however, when the first glint of sunshine strikes the riffles or in the early twilight, the speckled beauties (a worn out term, but none other seems to apply one-half so well), go darting up and down the winding stream, now under a great boulder or bunch of broad leafed saxifrage, now flashing in open stream or out of sight in a mass of spray.

One almost forgets to fish in watching the swift flow of water, gliding along in a solid volume of green.

> "As if the bright green of the herbs at its brink
> Had given their stain to the waters they drink."

Spreading over great flat rocks in shining sheets of silver; spurting through tangles of driftwood or gathering its forces and charging upon some breastwork of stone,

through which it breaks in half a score of streams which soon join again and rest a moment before tumbling over the rapids and scaling the great boulder that almost blocks the narrow channel.

Cast the hook now at the foot of the rapids where the water backs up against that old weather-bleached log. There is a flash in the depths below, then the line cuts the surface as back and forth dashes the struggling shiner. Out comes the hook at last but its silver burden flashes but an instant in the sunlight, then drops back into the stream and you recast in the midst of the foaming rapids. With a rush the hook is taken and you almost lose hold of the rod. Another quick pull at the line, away goes the fish, taking the hook with him and you put on a fresh fly and try the deep pool just below the giant boulder. Scarcely does the fly touch the water when the line tightens and the quiet pool is churned into bubbles and froth; but you have hooked him well this time and struggle, twist and turn as he will, you land him, a dripping gleaming beauty, but so gamey to the last that you hardly dare call him yours until the cover closes over him in the basket.

Another try at the same pool! Vainly the tempting Royal Coachman skips over the surface, sinks a bit, then glides gently from one side to the other. There will be no more trout caught from that pool at present and you move down stream and cast where the current is deep and swift.

Again the hook is grabbed and carried down stream. The fish, aided by the strong current, pulls until your pole is bent almost double. With an extra tug you raise him just far enough for the saucy fellow to give you the laugh as he turns a summer-set into the water and your hook rakes the needles from an overhanging pine. Undiscouraged you try again, for the sport of fishing is not all in the catching any more than the sport of hunting is in the killing.

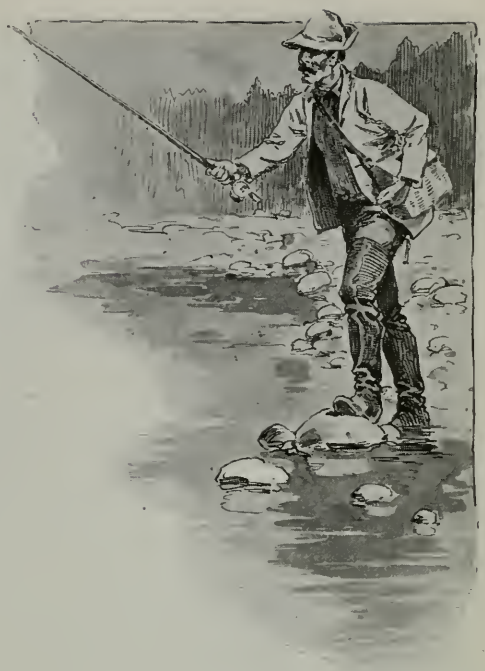
A few rods below is a peaceful basin, only a few feet across and so clear that every pebble in its rocky bed is seen as through a well polished magnifying glass. The columbine and anemones on its banks nod to their doubles below and not a ripple disturbs its perfect quiet. You peer into its shallow depths and around its green fringed border. Not a living thing can you see. But the first of the tiny wavelets that chase each other from your hook has scarcely reached the bank when you see as

perfect a half pound trout as ever tantalized a hungry fisherman playing cautiously around your black and yellow fly. Another anxious moment and you have him firmly hooked. The water is so clear and every move of the beautiful fish so plainly visible, that you are tempted to play him and do not resist. Down the stream he goes until the line pulls taut, then back again, darting now to this side and now to that, now under a smooth white boulder and now into a tangle of watercress, so gracefully and yet so swiftly that the eye catches but a curve of silver here and a gleam of light there, as he doubles, twists and turns in the shallow basin.

Ah! Who would not rise with the sun and pit his skill against the cunning of the mountain trout, in a spot where the air is filled with the songs of birds and fragrant with the balsam of the pines and where, if one sees anything that is not altogether lovely, he must look within.

But the fishing of this location is not confined to the Sacramento. A day's drive east from Sissons is Butte Creek, which will yield a basket of trout more quickly, perhaps, than any other stream in the Siskiyous—large ones, too, a three pounder being no uncommon catch. Still farther east rises another trout stream. It, too, is easy of access, and many a Mecca seeking sportsman would be delighted to whip Antelope Creek for trout and hunt the neighboring hills for the black-tail deer. To the north, and nearer Sissons, is Shasta Creek. It is during such years as this, when the snow lies deep on grand old Mt. Shasta, that the fishing is at its best from the tulle banks and grassy bars of this rushing little stream. The fishing on the McCloud River has always been above par, while those who desire quality as well as quantity take the stage at Sissons for Fall River, which is second to none in that particular.

One can but feel grateful to those progressive minds, who, in the face of seemingly unsurmountable geographical obstacles, opened up this wonderfully beautiful and healthful region of Northern California; who made it possible to pass, in a few hours' time, from the strenuous life of the city to the peace and quiet of a country



where Nature has done her best to make man forget that there are such things in the world as offices and banks and stores and commission houses, with their monotonous routine of care and perplexity!

The man in the city who takes the car for a two blocks' ride will, on the upper Sacramento, feel like scaling Mt. Snasta before breakfast; who, ordinarily by dieting and the liberal use of soda mints and bromo can manage to exist, will here eat anything the hotel or camp table offers, and with a good drink of Shasta water right from the spring, cease to realize that he has a stomach; that man who in the city goes from one place of amusement to another in search of something new under the sun with which to drown his doleful ennui, here climbs to some sightly point and as his eye roams back and forth from snow-capped Shasta, over the rich green of the fir-clad slopes down to the dainty banks of ferns over which the water tosses and tumbles into the picturesque river below, experiences a sense of satisfaction and contentment such as has not once been his since—how many years ago!—he "played hookey" to go fishing.

HURKALEM THE HUNTER

HURKALEM the Hunter, old and dying, sought the ground
Where wan light, where green light made weird a sunken dell;
The red deer leapt before him joyously, the quail around
Whirred in their ranks. The Fate had closed her forfex—all was well.
O white locks o'er the shoulders. O faint knees on the sward
That bent so lowly thrice his lips might kiss his parent earth;
Might thank with blue up-lifted eyes his bending patron Lord
Who, with the forest-spirits wild, kenned all his bosom's worth.

Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle,
Hasten, ye elfins, ere he dies
Spread immortal glories 'fore his mortal eyes.
Faeries from each flower and gray gnomes from each cell,
Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle.

"Hurkalem the Hunter sends his praise, his thanks to Thee,
O Thou to whom Thy watcher calls from Nature's world of green,
Whatever runs or flies or creeps Thou gavest unto me:—
I kept the huntsman's faith, O God, in this Thy vast demesne!
Never I slew but 'twas for Thee a votive sacrifice;
A worship pure as Abraham's soared upward with the blood—
Ye winds that blow my breath aloft, how turn ye chill as ice;
Now bear my soul o'er Western seas from out the Western wood!"

Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle.
Howl and wail your deepest notes;
Throats of hair and fur and tuneful feathered throats,
Mourn his death, besing his life, for he hath loved us well!
Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle.

Hurkalem the Hunter's head bent slowly to the grass
That spread its richest mantle for his pall, of asphodel—
Quivered the trees with plunge of wings—thus did his spirit pass,
Who died without a sigh—without a candle, book or bell.
For Hurkalem the Hunter the wildwood life is o'er
In the dim regions of his rule. Here God his soul accept.
Pale scytheman, Mighty Hunter, thou hast proved his conqueror—
There sprang a blood-red flower and o'er his visage wept.

Break a branch of cyress—a spray of immortelle.
Rock with grief your branching heads,
Tufted trees and towered trunks; bloom, flowers, from your beds!
Deck, ye lost and legioned leaves, our silent sentinel!
Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle.

—*Herman Scheffauer.*

S. N. Leek, Photo.

WAPITI WINTERING IN JACKSON'S HOLE, WYO.

AN INTERRUPTED TURKEY HUNT

BY CHARLES [illegible] R. MOFFATT

ELFIN figures of light from our camp fire blaze were dancing with the shadows in the gently swaying leafy alder branches arching the trout stream, to the music of the singing waters, and accompanied by the Æolian harps of the night, wakened to harmony by the soft summer breeze that came ladened with the balsam odors of the mountain firs.

We had enjoyed, as only hunters can, the bounteous supper provided by the rod and gun, and our pipes were filled with the soothing weed. It was the place and the hour for hunters' reminiscences, and when it came the old plainsman's turn, he said:

"Nearly twenty years ago my partner and I had a cattle herd in Arizona. Our ranch house was located on the Cherolon Fork of the Little Colorado River, at the mouth of the great 'box' cañon through which the Cherolon flows.

"Our cattle ranged between the Cherolon and Silver Creek from the Little Colorado on the north, southward to the foot of the Black Mesa, at the northwest corner of the Apache Reservation. At least, we attempted to keep them within the described bounds.

"It was several years before the final corraling and deportation of desperate old Geronimo and his blood-thirsty band of Chiricahua Apaches, and we were having almost continuous 'Indian scares.' It is true that the marauding Apache bands, escaping from the reservation, had invariably gone to the south and east, but we were always thinking that they would come our way next time, and the renegades from the very numerous Navajo tribe, which dwelt just to the north of us made the most of every Apache scare by slipping south of the Little Colorado to steal horses and cattle and have their depredations charged up to the Apaches. We tried to keep very close watch of our stock, and considered 'as good as gone' all animals that strayed over into the heavily timbered north portion of the reserve, or into the Tonto Basin, just to the west of the Apaches' land, where dwelt a mixed population of Indians and whites, particularly 'bad medicine' for the ranchmen's cattle.

"One of our trips to drive back cattle was in December. There had been a considerable fall of snow, followed by a thaw filling all of the 'tanks' with water and we got word that many of our cattle were well up to the reservation line.

"My partner was visiting his old home in California, so I took with me a Mormon boy in our employ, Jimmy L——, then about eighteen years of age, and went south, following along the eastern cliff of the stupendous gorge of the Cherolon, to make a camp at the foot of the Black Mesa and give our cattle what Jimmy called a 'whoop' homeward.

"The second night found us encamped under the low branches of a thick-topped piñon tree at the edge of a dense forest of scrub cedar and spruce. It was as lonesome a camp as I have ever made. We had seen numerous fresh moccasion tracks in the forest that day, and once had distinctly seen the smoke of several shots, though too far away to hear the reports, and prevented by an intervening rise in the ground from seeing the hunters; but we knew that there were Indians about, no doubt attracted by the uncommon abundance of game, for the forest was alive with deer and turkeys.

"There is something about an 'Indian scare' that is unlike the apprehension of any other sort of danger. The very air gets full of it. You show me a man who is 'not afraid of Indians,' and I will show you a man who has never been alone in a bad Indian country.

"As we sat there, in the still night, with only a very small sheltered fire which would not attract attention, our nerves were at a

painful tension, and when a coyote slipped up within six feet of us and howled as only a hungry coyote can, I'll acknowledge that I felt my hair raise, and that for an instant I thought of Indians and war-whoops.

"Jimmy got up from the opposite side of the fire and came and sat down by me, with his elbow on my knee, and said, in a low, weak tone:

"That settles it, brother! When they come right into your camp, 'an howl like that, you ha'n't no chance of havin' any luck. Let's get out of here!' The next night I thought Jimmy's speech was prophetic.

"'I was just goin' to tell you,' he continued, 'when that howlin' varmint scared it out of my head, that over in the east fork of the cañon, along which I went to-day, there is a big white pine that looks like it is the boss turkey roost of Arizona. From the sign I think there must be most a hundred roostin' there and, it bein' near Christmas, I was goin' to suggest that we make a killin' before we go home; but now I can't help but feel like somethin' goin' to happen.'

"I tried to re-assure him by saying: 'We would be great plainsmen, wouldn't we? to get scared out by coyotes!' and we soon rolled up in our thick blankets, in a dark place, and thanks to the vigor of a life on the plains were soon in dreamless sleep.

"The next morning was bright and beautiful, and having had strong hot coffee, flapjacks and venison steak, in bounding over the plains on our spirited horses in the bracing winter air we soon forgot all but the joy of being alive. We had good luck in finding our cattle that forenoon and started them on the home trail, and in the afternoon decided to locate Jimmy's turkey roost and 'lay for 'em' that evening.

"The great pine grew in a little patch of alluvial soil in the bottom of one of the shallow branches of the great Cherolon cañon—shallow only by comparison with the awful gorge of the main stream, for the nearly perpendicular, earthquake-riven and wind-carved walls were, even there, fully a hundred and fifty feet high, and the top of the cliff on which we stood was just about even with the big pine. About four hundred yards below we had noticed a place where the debris from the walls made a steep but possible passage to the bottom.

"The tree was a turkey roost, all right. 'Looks like it's the place for the general turkey round-up every night,' said Jimmy.

"We decided to hide and let the tree get full of turkeys before we began bombarding them. There was a jagged break in the cañon wall, nearly opposite the big pine, which extended down about fifteen feet, and at that level, from one side of the break, a mass of several cubic yards of rock had been shaken out and a smaller mass pushed to the front of the platform thus made, while a broad cap-stone roofed the cave. We got a small tree trunk, with a lot of stubs of limbs on it, and put one end down on the platform rock, and by being very careful, one going down and the other handing down the guns, we were soon in our 'blind.'

"I said to Jimmy: 'This is "out of sight!" not only in the meaning of your favorite slang, but literally.

"'You bet your boots!' he said. 'We'll just let that old tree get black with turkeys before we turn loose on 'em; an' it a'n't more'n seventy-five feet to shoot, an' we can't miss 'em. When we get through a pumpin' lead at 'em, we'll have turkeys to feed to coyotes.'

It looked that way, but

"'The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft aglee.'

"We waited until a few minutes before sundown, and then heard the 'Quit! quit!' of some of the birds and an old gobbler dragging the ends of his wings along the sandstone, directly over our heads. They were all on our side of the cañon and we could not see one of them, but kept our eyes on the top of the big pine, expecting every moment that the turkeys would fly to the roost.

"Suddenly there was a great commotion among the turkeys and we heard many of them fly back into the timber, while five or six flew to the other side of the cañon into the brush. One big fellow lit on a branch of the pine, just long enough to get a fresh start and with a cry of 'Quit! quit! quit!' was gone in an instant.

"'What in thunder done that?" whispered Jimmy in disgust. 'If it's them coyotes again, I'll feel like devotin' my life to killin' the pesky varmints.'

"We listened intently, and in a few moments heard a savage growl; then our horses, which we had left tied in the timber a few rods back, snorted with terror, broke away, and went crashing through the brush.

"Jimmy looked at me with startled eyes, and I whispered: 'It's not Indians nor your old enemies, the coyotes, that have done the mischief this time, Jimmy; it is a bear, and what is worrying me is that it is not the bear, but the men, who are caged. No man can climb that pole and carry his rifle, and if he could the bear would smash the head off a fellow before he could think about shooting.'

"The sun, which had warmed our side of the cañon, had now set, and it was rapidly getting dark and the winter wind blew up the gorge, making us shiver with cold. We could distinctly hear the bear walking about, at times directly over our heads—could hear it's long nails scratch on the sandstone. It had become aware that there was something near and several times sniffed and growled, but it could not see us. There was one place, on the extreme end of the point across the break through which we had come down, where we could see a few feet of the top line of the cliff, and much to our delight, just as it was getting almost too dark to shoot, the bear walked out there. We both raised our rifles and fired together, aiming back of the shoulder. The bear leaped into the air and went whirling over and over to the bottom of the cañon. The fall would have killed it if the shots had not.

"'Good enough!' said Jimmy, as we looked down into the cañon. 'But, as near as I could make out it's a cub, not more'n six or eight months old. Mighty small Injun to make such a stampede. Let's get out of here! I'm shiverin' the meat off my bones.'

"I handed Jimmy my rifle and climbed up the pole, stopping with my head just on a level with the top of the cliff; holding on with one hand I reached down with the other for the guns when I heard a growl and turned to encounter the gleaming eyes and snapping white teeth, and feel the hot breath of an angry bear in my face. One great paw struck at my head carrying away my hat, nearly hanging me with the rawhide 'hold-on' string under my chin, and getting sufficient hold of my hair to almost raise my scalp.

"'Now, we *are* in for it!' I said. 'We have killed that old bear's cub, and she has sure got us caged.'

"'I could have shot her,' said Jimmy, 'if I'd had my rifle loaded, an' if I'd been expectin' her, an' if your head hadn't been in the way.'

"'Three big Ifs, Jimmy. But, we must get out of here! We must do something!'

"It was now night; cloudless but without moonlight. Back under the cap-stone in our cave it was as black as a cellar, but by the starlight we could indistinctly see objects between the line of the edge of the cliff and the sky. I said to Jimmy: 'You shake the pole, and make as much noise with the top of it against the rock as you can, but be careful and do not throw it down into the cañon, for we will be in a worse fix if you do.' I aimed about two feet above the edge of the cliff, in line with the top of the pole, and Jimmy shook it. The bear made a rush and I fired at the blacker place in the blackness, bringing a snarl of rage and pain from the ferocious beast. Jimmy shook the pole again and again I fired, but this time made a miss and although we tried repeatedly the bear would not come to that snare again.

"Jimmy struck a match, and said: 'You hit her once. Here's a drop of blood on my hand and several on the pole. But she's sure good and live yet. Hear her rant!' And then before I could protest, he quietly climbed up the pole to within about two feet of the top of the cliff and whispered: 'Hand up my rifle!'

"He cocked the gun and held the muzzle out over the top of the cliff, scraping the barrel on the rock. The bear made a rush at it and Jimmy fired, wounding her slightly in the shoulder; but his experiment came near being disastrous. The bear knocked the gun out of his hand and nearly knocked Jimmy down into the cañon. The rifle fell to the rocks by my feet, the barrel bent and the stock splintered.

"'We must not try that any more, Jimmy!' I said. 'Too much danger of losing our guns. There doesn't seem to be anything to do but spend the night here. The bear may get tired and go away. At any rate we can certainly do better in the light.'

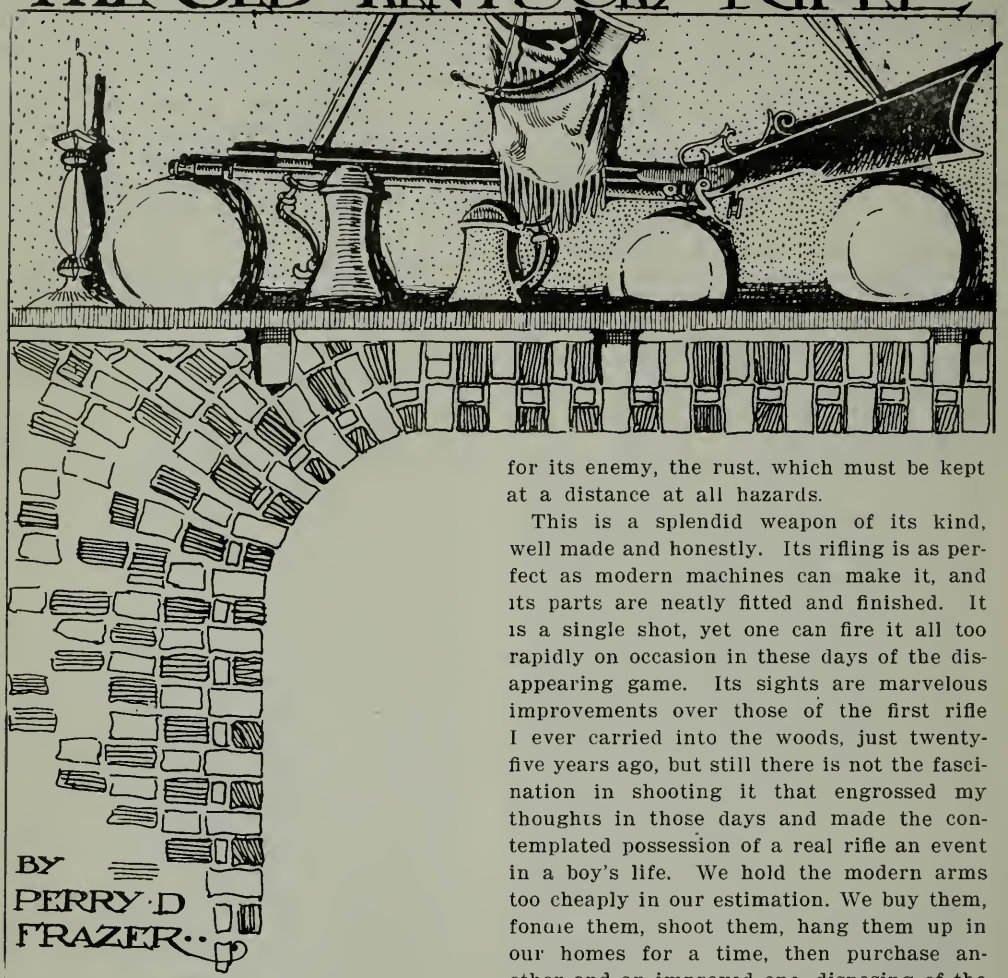
"We got back in the cave, and sat down on the damp rocks. I have tramped Alaskan trails in winter but I can't remember any other night that seemed as cold as that. About midnight Jimmy said: 'That pole would make a mighty good fire, an' I've got matches, but if we burn it how will we ever get out of here? Don't seem much chance to get out whole, anyway. Guess we'll have to draw straws to see who shall go up first. While the bear is eatin' one, maybe the other can kill her.' He laughed but it was a shivery laugh.

"Nearly all the remainder of the long night we beat our arms around our bodies and kicked our toes against the rocks to keep the blood circulating; but at times, near morning, we dozed. A few minutes after daylight I awakened and looked down into the cañon. There was the old bear by her cub. Sometime during the night she had found the place where the debris made a way to the bottom and had gone to her dead. I put my hand over Jimmy's mouth and wakened him, and we watched the old gaunt beast for a few moments as she pitifully fondled her cub. With one great paw she would gently turn it over, then put her nose against it's head and turn it over again with the other paw; finally she looked up our way and clanked her teeth. That brought the verdict and her sentence. I raised my rifle to a position to aim and Jimmy whispered: 'Let me shoot, too! My gun's so bent that I can shoot 'round the corner of a house with it; but I'll hold about ten feet to the right and maybe I'll hit her, too.'

"The bear turned with her head from me and I aimed at the back bone, just back of her shoulders; when we fired she dropped in her tracks but we had to give her several more shots before she would keep still. We lost little time in getting out of 'cold storage,' as Jimmy called it, and made our way by the incline of debris to the bottom of the cañon and got the bear skins. Then we went back to camp and hot coffee straight, finding that Jimmy's enemies, the 'coyote varmints,' had pulled down the deer we had left hanging in the piñon.

"The trail of our frightened saddle horses showed that they were on their way to the ranch, and as they had an all-night start we packed our blankets and other camp outfit on our remaining horse and tramped it home, about sixty miles."

THE OLD KENTUCKY RIFLE.



BY PERRY D FRAZER.

THE rain is falling steadily, driven by the strong easterly wind. Pedestrians are hurrying homeward, struggling with their parcels and their umbrellas. Even the group of sparrows sitting on yonder curbstone seem fearless of the small boy who with his curious sticks and stones often mauls them about as they search for food in the streets, but who is now nowhere to be seen. The prospect without is not pleasing to the eye fond of the woods, so I turn to other things, taking up a rod from its hiding place in the corner and noting that even now it is gathering dust, and the old rifle, hanging on its bracket, is taken down and its bright interior examined once again for its enemy, the rust, which must be kept at a distance at all hazards.

This is a splendid weapon of its kind, well made and honestly. Its rifling is as perfect as modern machines can make it, and its parts are neatly fitted and finished. It is a single shot, yet one can fire it all too rapidly on occasion in these days of the disappearing game. Its sights are marvelous improvements over those of the first rifle I ever carried into the woods, just twenty-five years ago, but still there is not the fascination in shooting it that engrossed my thoughts in those days and made the contemplated possession of a real rifle an event in a boy's life. We hold the modern arms too cheaply in our estimation. We buy them, fondle them, shoot them, hang them up in our homes for a time, then purchase another and an improved one, disposing of the other rifle to some friend who fancies it or trading it for something we do not need or want particularly. And the new one does not become a part of our being as did the old long muzzle-loader of our boyhood days, when a rifle was handed down from father to son and in all the countryside became as well known for its peculiarities as the most eccentric one of its owners ever did. This handsome bit of wood and steel represents so many dollars—less than a score—and while it is accurate it can be duplicated a thousand times by the firm that manufactured it. It represents little hand labor and toil. Still, when smokeless ammunition is used in it, its puny, spiteful snap seems ridiculous, yet it will send a bullet further and straighter than those old rifles we love

to speak of in low tones, as of a friend who has long since crossed the great divide whence there is no return in this world.

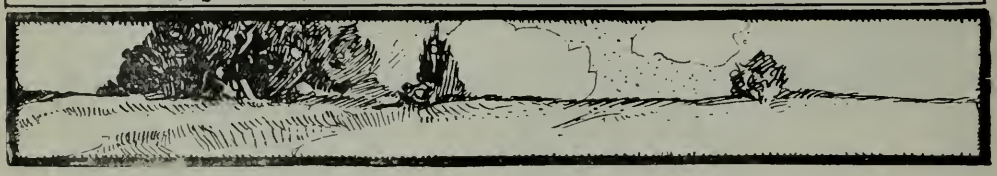
It is the stolen sweets that we remember fondly, and it is the stolen hunts with the old rifle that I recall with greatest pleasure. I was but ten years of age when the passion for hunting with the rifle instead of my bow and arrows would brook no refusal, and as my brother was the owner of the only rifle in our home, and he had told me time and again that I was too young for such things, there was no other way to get round the difficulty but to sneak out with the rifle when a favorable opportunity presented itself. To a small boy that long Kentucky rifle was no light burden, together with the big powder horn, the box of round bullets, the patches and the nipple caps, all of which must be remembered and stowed away somewhere. It was not surprising that, with the excitement incident to the escapade and the mad haste to put distance behind me, I should arrive on the scene of my hunting out of breath and be compelled to lean the rifle against a fence while I sat down to regain composure and map out a route least likely to take me near home, where the report of any shots might lead to investigation and discovery, with search for the missing and an application of the birch where it would do the most good. For this last I cared nothing, for was it not cheap to pay for a heavenly day's fun with a real rifle at a cost of a few moments of physical suffering? And—who knows—I might shoot a bear and take it home at night. Would that not prove to everybody that I was fully competent to carry a rifle?

There was no denying it, I would have to grow very rapidly if I were to convince the powers that be that I was not too small for such a big gun. It was a task to get it over the first high rail fence that I encountered and this necessitated another breathing time when a fallen log was reached. I had watched the operation of loading so often that no instructions were needed, and yet that barrel did seem terribly long when the hickory rod was pulled out of its thimbles and pushed down above the powder and the bullet in its bit of greased cloth. My hands trembled so much that the cap was dropped twice before it was finally seated on the nipple, and for a moment I was half sorry for the escapade, fearing the first report would bring the whole neighborhood down to see what I was about. Just then the squeak of a chipmunk among the rocks drove away all other thoughts and I slipped behind my log and became the mighty hunter in earnest. That chipmunk seemed as big as a fox as it peered out at me from its hiding place, but when the long barrel was balanced across the log and the knifeblade front sight drawn down into the tiny notch in the rear bar, the object grew surprisingly small. I must hit its head, though the distance seemed very great for such a shot—and perhaps it was for a beginner, for I missed—but a second chipmunk that made its appearance after the process of reloading had been accomplished was fairly killed and proudly stowed away in my pocket.

Proud? Indeed, that was a happy moment and it was enjoyed to the utmost as I reloaded the old rifle, placing the butt against the log and standing far from it in doing so, in order to reach the muzzle. It was a day in late winter when the melting snows had raised a branch of the Miami River to flood level, and toward it I turned in search of muskrats which the freshet had driven out of their homes. There were several smaller creeks in the low bottom land and along their banks I had taken many rats in steel and box traps for their furs, which in those days often brought as much as fifteen cents each. It was an old stamping ground and I soon made out a muskrat swimming down one of the creeks. It was impossible to hold the heavy rifle offhand, so a small tree was utilized as a rest; but it was not easy to get aim in that way and a miss was the result. Half the day was passed in this search for Br'er Musquash. There were many misses and some hits, but the score was not important. It was my first day's hunting with a rifle, and the results were satisfactory, for I hoped there would be no one to whom I would have to account. In this I was mistaken, but after all the punishment was not so severe as I had been led to expect it would be, and in the end the old Kentucky rifle became a loved companion until a happy day arrived when I was permitted to go to the woods with my old bob-tailed yellow dog, carrying a little gun which was a lighter burden and with which I often bagged several gray squirrels in a day's ramblings in those dear old beech woods.

DAY IN THE CHAPPARRAL

BY T. S. VAN DYKE



AS I look back over the long line of happy days spent out of sight or sound of man or any of his works, few shine more brightly than those passed in the vast tangle of evergreen that a few years ago robed the greater part of the Southern California hills. The chaparral of California has not its like in North America. That of the southern hills is far more dense and unyielding than that of the north, while the greater part used to be high enough for all practical purposes.

Nothing is more maddening than the attempt to find game in it when one is not familiar with the conditions, and large areas of it will forever defy all efforts to get much sport. Yet when you learn to thread its winding ways, to keep out of the bottoms of the gulches, become acquainted with the weak spots on the backs of the ridges, find out the openings, and know the various piles of rock from which you can command a good view of its shaggy depths, you will learn to like it. There may be times when a trip on hands and knees will make you wonder how you made such a miscalculation, and the southern sun falling through the clear, dry air in a close little pocket of the hills, about the time the land breeze of the night falls off and the sea breeze has not yet risen, will often cause meditation. Yet one will learn to love even the thorny arms of the rigid lilac or the deeper green of the wild cherry and buckthorn so closely interlaced with it, as well as the mountain mahogany that is helping in the struggle to impede your progress. You will find a charm even in the ragged arms of the *adenostoma* whose dark green solidity gives the velvet texture that rolls over miles of hill and dale, and in the smooth red limbs that shine afar along the hills where the manzanita mingles its living green with the others, all tangled, twisted and woven into a combination of which the deer and the bear alone know the key. For this jungle of the dry hills, so solid with small leaves that sparkle in a myriad points of light with shades so small that it often looks more like a soft blue haze than like the brush of eastern hills, is still so low that in many places one can see over it. The chosen home of the deer it is at certain times about the only place where he can be found.

In 1876 and for several years after I had a vast range of hill and dale all to myself. Not another hunter's track was ever seen upon it and there were none within many leagues that could interfere with me, even if they chose to leave their own preserves. I had all manner of open country: hill, dale and cañon all containing deer, with antelope on the plains near by. Yet for some strange reason I sought the chaparral more than any other place, though registering innumerable vows never to enter it again. Early in the season it is often the only place from which you can start a deer. When I first came here many deer spent the day out on open points or slopes, lying like cattle in the shade of the live oaks and sycamores well out in the low ground along some water course. But a little hunting soon made them stop this. Then, for awhile, many a one could be found under the sumacs or laurels that rose in brilliant green above a tissue of wild buckwheat, lucerne, artemisia, sage and chemisal, woven together with the orange floss of the dodder. Increase of settlement soon taught them that this was unsafe, so that now most of the hunting has to be in chaparral. But at all times it was a sure place for deer, with the deer generally holding a special lien on the "sure" part.

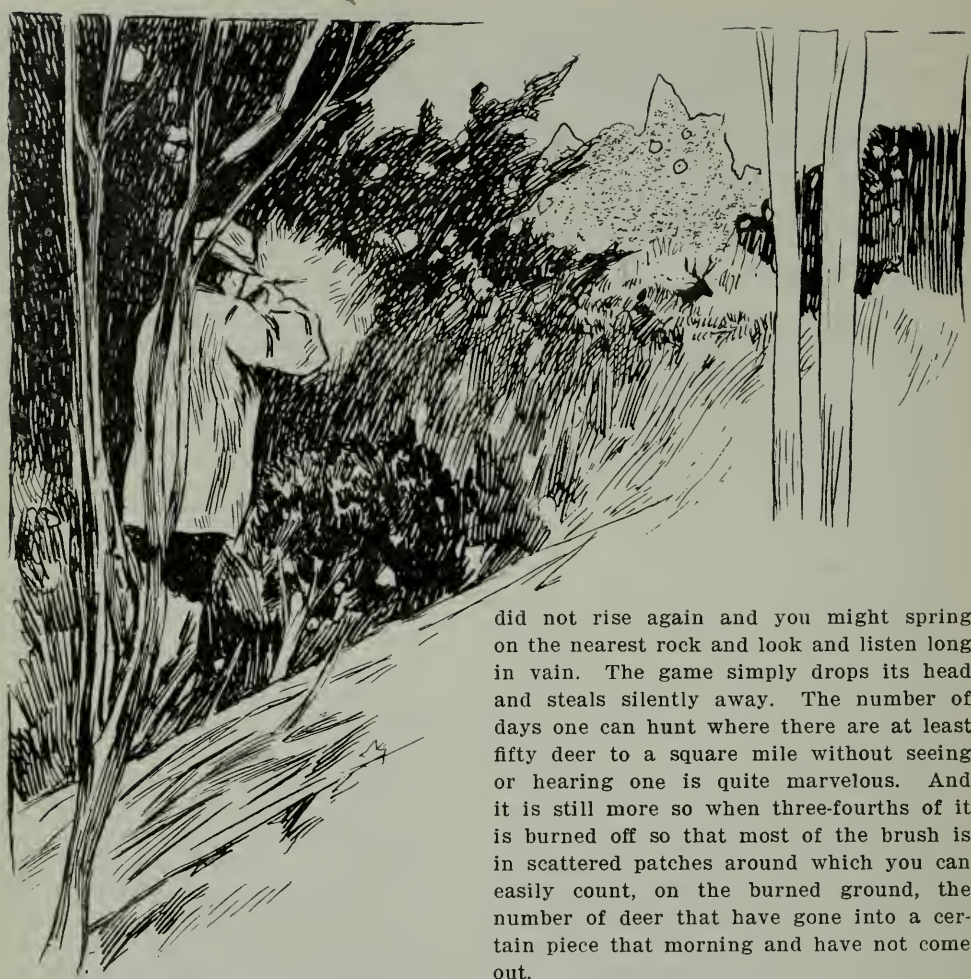
When one first begins to hunt in this he is surprised at the number of tracks that do not lead to a deer. No matter how well he may track or how patiently he may cling to the trail, how many deer made it or how fresh it may be, he goes on and on and on without seeing or hearing anything. No matter how many times he may unravel a tangle of tracks by circling it, he finds the tracks still wandering on. Beds of yesterday are here and there and possibly some of to-day, yet you may see no sign of hoof that shows they were vacated in haste. And all this may happen as well in brush so low that you can readily see over it as in brush that is above your head. And in time the tyro is quite amazed to find that it is often so in cover little over waist high. Especially is this the case when the moon is near the full. The number of fresh tracks one can then see without sight or sound of deer is often wonderful.

It takes many days of such experience to realize that those same deer may be all around you, moving no more than is necessary to sneak out of your way, knowing very well that you cannot see them. If you have had much experience you have been astonished at the way a big buck of the mule deer family can sneak out of sight in low brush when wounded. He seems to flatten himself to the ground as a wounded duck sometimes flattens itself to the water. But it is done mainly by dropping his head. As a deer is not half as high as the ideas of a deer you get from pictures, it is not much of a trick to get out of sight in very low brush. In thick chaparral, even where it is low, deer often lie perfectly still and let you pass within a few feet, but more often they rise when you are within a few yards and sneak out of your way. Time and again I have tracked deer into small patches of less than three acres, have followed them all around it, made all manner of noises, stood on the hillside above and thrown stones into it, without moving one into sight or sound. Yet a circuit of the open ground showed that none had gone out.

THE CHAPARRAL.

And what are you going to do about it? Well it is not easy to find any sure method for the early part of the summer. I found a bird dog trained to point the same as on birds the surest thing. Most any pointer or setter can be trained to it by ignoring all other game. They will point at long distances with head much higher than on birds and often rising on hind feet to get a sniff of the higher layers of scent. But if you trust such a dog to flush the game for you or to chase a cripple, he will soon conclude that he knows more about hunting than you do and that your ways are entirely too slow for this progressive age. If he could chase the deer long enough, like a hound, this would not be so bad. But he will follow them just long enough to run them out of your reach and then return with nose used up by heat and want of water and be worthless for the next hour or two. It is much the same with a slow tracking hound, collie or other dog. You can get great results out of them if you can bear the disappointment of seeing some game escape.

It is often of little more use to follow a deer around with such dogs slowly than to do your own tracking. The game will sneak away from you just the same. But as a rule you have little business hunting where the ground is nearly level, and on the greater part of the hunting grounds of this Coast the ground not only rolls enough to give you plenty of lookout places but has plenty of rock piles where you can sit and look down upon many acres of brush while the breeze plays in the nose of your dog so that he can often tell you in what direction to do most of your looking. And once in a while a deer will lie so close that the dog can take you directly to it. I have several times had deer jump within ten feet; while a rise so close that you can smell the dust thrown up by their plunging hoofs was not



uncommon in the days when deer were plenty.

But such a rise by no means implied venison. No matter how good a shot you might be, or how quickly you could whirl the rifle into place, it was often a second too late. If the brush were low enough you might see some glistening fur curve above the sun-lit leaves, like the dolphin above the sparkling wave and lasting just about as long. It might rise again in line with the former curve and then again it might not. Contingencies of this kind are like those of engineering — they generally continge. Even if it did rise in line again you could rarely get the rifle aligned until it was on the downward curve—and then you were quite apt to forget it was falling and to hold low enough. But quite as often it did not rise again and you might spring on the nearest rock and look and listen long in vain. The game simply drops its head and steals silently away. The number of days one can hunt where there are at least fifty deer to a square mile without seeing or hearing one is quite marvelous. And it is still more so when three-fourths of it is burned off so that most of the brush is in scattered patches around which you can easily count, on the burned ground, the number of deer that have gone into a certain piece that morning and have not come out.

The only remedy is patience. You want plenty of time with no telegrams to worry about and no haste to get back within reach of a telephone. In the most rugged hills there is many a little park where live oaks fringe some grassy glade where a deer is quite sure to show himself at dawn or dusk if the nights are not too bright with the moon. And so there is many a pile of rocks from which a keen eye can detect the tips of a pair of horns whose symmetry distinguishes them from the thousand ends of gray or brown branches that show through the green covert. And many a time the same eye can catch an ear or a patch of the shining fur in some opening, while many a hillside is steep enough to allow you to see through its brush from the opposite hillside. And when you have located a deer

that you know is sneaking away from you, if you can have patience he will often get tired and raise his head to take a look above the brush.

As the season advances, and the period of shyness and retirement of the deer passes away, they appear more in the openings, skirmish about more on the bare ground, remain longer on foot in the morning and rise earlier in the evening. This increases with the rutting or "running time" until there is a fair chance for success even when the moon is full. But whether you like it or not the chaparral is in most places to-day the most likely place to find your game, and when you learn its peculiarities you will find it far more pleasant then swamps, windfalls and other abiding places of the deer in other States, with deer about as easy to see when they are not skulking. All kinds of deer will skulk anywhere where there is dense enough cover, so that you are no worse off then you would be in many places containing even more game.

Even more if possible than the windfall will the chaparral test your shooting. Speed of fire is often your only reliance and if you do not kill the game pretty quickly you may never see it again. And there are few dogs that can overhaul a cripple in much of the heaviest brush. It is just stiff enough to throw back a dog yet too dense for him to twist around. The deer with his greater weight smashes through it at a pace the dog can rarely follow. Where it is well studded with bowlders and is about up to your shoulders the dog that can catch a deer with only three legs is something very rare: and if the ground is very rough, with

ON THE EDGE OF THE CHAPARRAL.

deep gulches and steep hillsides, you will stand a far better chance to get another shot by keeping the dog at heel and following the trail yourself. In either case your prospects are not very attractive. I found it cheaper to use an ounce round ball with seven drams of powder in a double-barreled breech-loader, loading from the muzzle like a muzzle loader where I had time so as to ensure extreme accuracy. I had a double rifle made to order for that purpose and when it hit anything I had little use for a dog. To-day I prefer the nitro rifles on account of their convenience and greater range but they are not as killing for all-around work as the big round ball with a brass shell full of the best powder behind it.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PECCARY

By F. W. Reid.

BURTON and I were in camp by the side of the Corentine, a lonely river flowing through the wildest part of the Guiana forest. We were out on a hunting trip and had shot a fine boar and two small pigs out of a herd of peccaries as they were swimming across the stream. One of our boatmen had extracted the boar's tusks and Burton was now handling them —a pair of small daggers, white as ivory and keen-edged as a butcher's knife.

"By Jove!" he remarked, passing his finger tips over the points, "they are ripping tools, and no mistake. If a fellow tripped and the pig rushed him, wouldn't they—" and he finished the sentence in expressive pantomine, drawing the tusk points across his ribs.

I was about to tell Burton, who was new to the colony, how dangerous it is for a hunter to attack a drove of peccaries on land, when my attention was diverted by a hail from the river bank. The next minute a short, thickset man, whose broad hat hid all of his face but a red nose-tip and an unkempt beard, pushed his way through the tangle of water-grass and climbers towards our camp-fire.

"Professor New-to-Science," I said to Burton. In the forest the only white men one meets are naturalists or gold seekers.

The newcomer was a collector of birds and insects—a jovial German, whom I had often met in the colonial capital. His real name was Herr Doctor Emil Neumann, Ph. D., of Marburg, but the men at the Georgetown Club, where his wonderful yarns made him a welcome guest, had christened him "Prof. New-to-Science," from the phrase that usually fell from his lips when displaying his most recent find.

After the usual greetings Neumann examined the boar's tusks with interest. I asked him whether he had ever seen a peccary marked, as the boar had been, with a white blotch on the forehead. The doctor stared at me for a second, and then replied with feeling:

"Two days ago I had a good view of just such a pig—a private view from an opera box in the crotch of a tree. There was a herd of them beneath, waiting for me to drop like ripe fruit, and if it had not been for a good fairy I should not be here today."

"Wha—at?" I cried, in astonishment, "a thorough bushman like you treed by a peccary! Tell us how it happened." And after supper, as we squatted 'round the fire on tin boxes, the German began:

"Well, you know, I don't hunt for what you call sport. My business is to collect specimens, new to science, if I can get 'em. But this trip I had bad luck. As I came down from the third cataracts, I got fever and ague; then a canoe capsized at the Boctora portage and half my provisions went to the bottom. So I was reduced at last to Indian grub; cassava bread and any wild birds my Arawak boys shot in the bush with their arrows. The dry meat did not

suit my stomach and I longed for a bit of fat. Day before yesterday, when I was collecting nine points above this—"

Reading the question on Burton's face, Neumann explained that in the forests where the rivers are the only roads, distance is usually measured by the number of wooded promontories the traveler passes.

"I came on fresh peccary tracks," he resumed, "and made up my mind to risk a shot for the sake of fresh meat. Spying a plump young pig that was rooting about alone under a carapa-nut tree, I slipped a buckshot cartridge into my collecting gun. I blazed away and bowled him over; and then ran in to give him the coup with my knife. The little devil was squealing 'murder;' and before I reached him I heard behind me—'pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat' a thudding on the ground. The herd was trotting up—and I had only a short knife and an empty gun.

"Well, I had not been such an owl as not to have looked out for a way of retreat. I had noticed that next to the nut tree grew a great ceiba, and from its lowest branch there dangled a turtle-step vine, thick as a hawser, within a few feet of the ground. I cleared the wounded pig with a bound, grasped the loop of the vine, and swarmed up it hand over hand till I got my leg over the stout branch of the ceiba. Then I lay back in the crotch, out of breath. I am not such a good Turner—gymnast, I mean—as I was at college; besides the fever had pulled me down.

"I looked below: The herd was led by a large boar who had taken up a position directly under me. There he stood, his bristles erect, his little fiery eyes gazing straight into mine. On his forehead was a round, white mark, as big as a dollar and this fascinated me. I had only an indirect perception of the rest of the herd for I could not keep my eyes off their leader. Then I began to feel drowsy—giddy—the trees seemed to waver and waltz—the boar to turn round"

"Fever?" I interrupted.

"Yes," he replied, "or the quinine and opium I had taken.

"I lurched to one side," he went on, "and only saved myself from falling by clutching at the bush-ropes—the woody climbing plants, Mr. Burton, which mat the forest together. The thought of my imminent danger roused me for the time. If I fell, I should be torn to sausage meat. But drowsiness gradually overpowered me again—I must have overdosed myself. However, while still half-conscious, I handcuffed myself with the coils of a bush-rope. Then things swam before me: the boar seemed to enlarge—to become a black horse; I was back again in the fatherland, at Cassel, with my old regiment, and called out before the troop for a reprimand by Under-Officer Kunze—'the spotted hog,' we called him. How I hated the fellow! A pock-marked, foul-tongued bully, with bristling black hair.

"From this vision or dream I was aroused by two fiery stabs; one on the shoulder, the other on the left wrist. My waking thought was that I had fallen, that the boar was tearing me. But, no; the bush-ropes held me up though I had slipped from my safe position. I recovered my seat. Though my wrist was throbbing with pain, my head felt clearer, the drowsiness having passed away. I had been stung by a couple of large black ants, and the acid they injected had aroused me like a powerful stimulant. One sting was on a vein of my wrist. I believe those ants saved my life." The Professor then took a pill-box from his coat pocket, and removing the lid, said:

"Here is one of the good fairies that rescued me." It was an ant, about two inches long, and armed with powerful, bulldog jaws.

"Ugh! Moniri," grunted Potaro, my head canoe man, who had come over from the men's camp to ask for orders. The natives justly dread the stings of this great ant, to which their naked skins are particularly exposed.

"Well, gentlemen," resumed the doctor, "the Moniri's stings quite cleared my brain. I leaned back against the ceiba trunk, dabbing my aching wrist and shoulder with some weak ammonia from the bottle in my wallet, and took stock of my situation. It was safe for the present; but the drowsy weakness might creep over me again. I was a mile from my camp. My two men are so used to my collecting till late, that I felt sure they would not miss me before dark. It was noon now. My

canoe was tied to the bank of a creek, three hundred yards away. The main river flowed at about the same distance from my tree, but in another direction. I might yell myself hoarse, but to what good? No natives travel the Corentine—marked in the maps uninhabited. I dared not drop and make a dash for my canoe because of the herd of peccaries scattered in a circle round the tree, rooting for carapa nuts. Unfortunately, the provender seemed plentiful, and the chances were that they would feed full and then lie down. The boar still stood sentry over me, occasionally whetting his tusks on the board-like root-spurs that struck out from the base of the tree.

"Then it flashed into my head that I might give the boar something to occupy himself with. If I could reach a cluster of oil-nuts I would fix him up a little bunch, nicely seasoned. My wallet contained my preserving powders and other 'dopes.' I always keep them there since old Maipuri, my best collector, nearly killed himself, taking sublimate out of my box for quinine. No nuts grew on my ceiba; but a carapa tree poked its boughs in amongst the ceiba branches. The trees, in fact, were lashed together by climbers as a ship's masts are connected by her cordage. I wrapped myself, like a sailor, along the stout limb which I straddled, till I could reach the carapa nuts. Gathering a few, I drilled them with my knife and doctored them.

"Meanwhile the boar had been attentively following my movements. He shifted his ground underneath the branch, as if impatient for me to tumble. He greedily snatched up the nuts that my pulling had shaken down from the carapa boughs. Using my best skill as a conjurer—those little eyes were steadily fixed on me—I contrived to let a couple of doctored nuts drop quite naturally. The bait took; one at least, I saw gobbled up.

Then a funny scene took place. You know how, in an opera, the ballet dancers follow the motions of their leader in the front of the stage. That's what the pigs did. When the boar stretched his neck—gave a gulp—shook his head from side to side and screamed, the whole herd shook their heads and yelled in concert. It was comical. Then the boar turned and bolted headlong for the river, his comrades following helter-skelter.

"As soon as the last tail vanished I let myself down from my perch, snatched my gun from the bush where it had lodged, and raced for my canoe. When I paddled out into the open river I saw the whole herd collected on a sandbank. The big boar was vomiting furiously. That was the last I saw of his tusks, unless the one you shot happens to have been the same. There was hardly enough of the stuff to kill him."

"What did you put in the nuts, Herr Emil?" asked Burton.

"Arsenic, an irritant poison that quickly inflames the gullet and makes the sufferer instinctively seek water for relief. The gypsies in my country use it to poison the farmers' pigs with."

THE STRIPED BASS IN PACIFIC WATERS

By Osmond Wilthew.

THERE are, perhaps, comparatively few people who realize the economic value connected with the transfer of fish and animal life from their indigenous localities, and their subsequent propagation in a new habitat. It leads to an increase of local resources for commercial purposes and a gradual widening, to some extent, of nature's prescribed distribution of valuable species. To the public, whose direct interest is primarily considered in the transfer of food animals, the science and experience required in their successful introduction into new areas is a subject rarely inviting an intelligent inquiry or appreciative expression. It is, oftentimes, equally lost on the trafficker, whose limited measure of acknowledgment does not even restrain him from encouraging violations of the law in the destruction of species planted within his reach and intended to supply him with increased resources of his trade. Among the more notable instances in Pacific waters, of a public's indifference and the trafficker's too frequent neglect of principle while engaged in his trade, is a thorough recognition of the great value of that splendid and delicious fish, the striped bass (Roccus Lineatus), whose transfer over the length of the United States from the waters of the Atlantic served one of the most successful and prosperous efforts in the history of the national and California Fish Commissions.

The striped bass, it is somewhere related in early history, was the choice morsel of the patrician palate and coveted by all whose means would permit them to secure it. It was frequently the distinguishing platter of the banquet as it was the select food-fish of the people, and history, revolving in its cycle of repetition, presents very similar conditions in this year of our Lord and on the Pacific Slope where the striped bass, attaining a marvel of commercial importance, ranks second only to the salmon.

SAN ANTONIO CREEK, PETALUMA MARSHES.

The acclimatization of the striped bass to the waters of the Pacific was first essayed in 1879, when the astute chairman of the California Fish Commission, Mr. S. R. Throckmorton, secured the aid of Mr. Livingston Stone of the United States Fish Commission, who in July of that year captured a collection of living fish in the Navesink River, N. J., for transportation to the Pacific. The collection numbered one hundred and sixty-two specimens of which one hundred and thirty-two were from one-half to three inches long and the rest of a somewhat larger size. Out of this consignment about one hundred and thirty-five survived the difficulties of their journey, and in a vigorous and promising condition were liberated at Martinez, in Carquines Straits.

It was six or seven months after their introduction that the first note of interest concerning them was brought to the attention of Mr. Throckmorton, and the story while not fully investigated by that gentleman, served to show the propensity of the striped bass to spread over wide areas, suggesting the future benefit to neighboring communities of a new food-fish;

he heard that off the Bay of Monterey, more than a hundred miles from the seat of their planting and in an open roadstead of the Pacific Ocean, some one had captured an eight inch striped bass. The character of the circumstances, however, was rather doubtful and Mr. Throckmorton made small effort to establish its truth. When, five months later, and about eleven months after the planting of the fish at Martinez, a bass measuring twelve and one-half inches and weighing one pound was taken in the Bay of San Francisco and brought to his hand, his revision of the first report of capture now assumed somewhat an aspect of probability and relative importance, by which could be favorably judged the adaptability of the fish to its new habitat and its promising indications of rapid growth, development and expansion.

Photo by Bushnell. THE RECORD BREAKER.

During this same year of 1880 the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners set forth in its report the capture of one of these pioneer bass which was brought to market and identified, and further stated the reported capture of a few specimens in the neighborhood of Alameda and Monterey. Thus it was seen that from the first rumor of capture submitted to Mr. Trockmorton, to the subsequent reports in the same year submitted to the committee, the yearling bass seem to have flourished over a wide extent of water, in whose variations of temperature, topographic nature of the variable bottoms and ample food supply, the discerning judgment and enterprising spirit of Mr. Throckmorton saw the prospect of establishing a valuable addition to the fisheries of the Pacific Slope. The second and only other plant of striped bass in Pacific waters occurred in 1882 and under the direction of Mr. J. G. Woodbury of the California Fish Commission. This transfer consisted of a collection of living fish taken from the Shewsbury River, N. J., numbering about three hundred, and each measuring from five to nine inches long, nearly all of which survived in good condition to reach Suisun Bay, where they were liberated at Army Point three miles distant from the seat of the first plant. Thus the transfer of two collections of living fish over a term of three years, resulted in the successful introduction of about four hundred and thirty-five young bass, the prolific,

OAKLAND ESTUARY—"THE SPILE POCKET."

and eventually far-reaching source of today's second greatest fishery of the Pacific Coast.

The striped bass began to appear in the nets of the fishermen, from time to time, about the year 1883, and continued to increase in numbers and in size with each succeeding year. A few of the interesting captures and incidents brought to the attention of the State Fish Commission during the first decade of years following the initial plant in 1879, may be mentioned in the general average weight of such bass as appeared in the market, in the reports of the first large fish, and notably, in the large captures of small bass that took place during certain periods, leading to the enactment of city and county protective ordinances.

For about the first half of the decade an approximate calculation of the general weight from such specimens as were recorded was about four pounds, and it was in the nature of a coincidence that the Bay of Monterey should have yielded the first large fish, as it was near there that the first bass was said to have been taken six months after his introduction into the Pacific. This fish was caught in September, 1883, and weighed seventeen pounds. The next came out of the Sacramento River the following month at sixteen pounds, and in March, 1884, one appeared in the market of San Francisco tipping the scales at eighteen and a half pounds. In 1887 several were taken over twenty pounds, culminating in a specimen at thirty-five pounds for that year. The first decade of years, in the record of large bass, is concluded with the capture of a beautiful specimen in San Francisco Bay on June 16, 1889, weighing forty-five pounds.

About five years after the introduction of the second plant it was learned by the authorities that thousands of young bass were being offered for sale in the markets, fish weighing from one-half to three-quarters of a pound. It induced an immediate alarm lest the Chinese nets operating over a wide extent of water should effect an appreciable diminution of them with serious consequence to propagation, more particularly as the young fry are disposed to school, thus rendering themselves liable to wholesale capture. It brought about the first enactment of protection in an appeal to the board of supervisors to pass an ordinance prohibiting the capture of striped bass under eight pounds. The petition was urged on the boards of supervisors of the neighboring bay and river counties, and so the first laudable effort of protection was made effective for a term of a few years, leading, in subsequent legislation, to the present permanent laws, and therein the collective influence of the angling clubs has recently striven to assert itself, and is steadily gathering strength and information from all sources with a view to exerting a better code of protection and broader recognition of the commercial value of the striped bass, whose history on this Coast should be generally interesting, and to the angler it should be inspiring, from an inquiry into the first enterprising efforts of Mr. Throckmorton, to the earliest and last anecdotes that relate to the thrilling song of the running reel.

ON SCHULTZ'S SLOUGH.

And where was it that the angler first felt the mighty strike of the bass and heard the song of the reel so welcome to the ear — its action so pleasing to the hand? It was probably Dr. C. O. Deane, who in May, 1890, captured a six-pound fish in Russian River with a minnow for bait. He was followed by W. R. McFarland, who took a small one in the "White House Pool" on Paper Mill Creek about a year later on a piece of chubb. A company of five, several years later, possibly about 1893, including the above gentlemen, A. W. Wilson and others, caught a few fish in the neighborhood of Tomales. Among the interesting incidents of that trip Mr. W. R. McFarland hooked a fish on an abalone shell spoon which at the time of the strike was lying inert on the bottom of the creek; and Dr. Deane captured another with the aid of a strip of card, placed on the hook for lure. About a year later a number of bass were taken in Suisun Bay slough, ranging from four pounds up. There were other attempts, no doubt, during this period, of which no record was made by the anglers. But prior to it the veteran A. W. Wilson had made exhaustive efforts to seek out the elusive bass along the shores of Marin County and Angel Island, where he essayed the methods pursued by Eastern anglers, casting with various baits from rocky points, but he did not succeed. He then relinquished this method in favor of trolling, and accompanied by others already mentioned, made numerous attempts with every variety of lure in the same region, but, again, without success. His failure, however, was eventually destined to evolve into success, when nearly twenty years later he introduced a lure whose efficacy improved on all former methods, rendering bass fishing more inviting and expert, and associated his name once more with the locality whose perfection of condition ranks it the first of any in the pursuit of striped bass—a locality given up because practically impossible with baits, during a protracted period, in which even the evolution of bait was slow in the discovery of more practical regions.

It was three years later, in 1897, that the first large bass was taken on rod and reel. He was captured in San Leandro Bay by a resident of Alameda, on a brass spinner and feathered hook. W. R. McFarland then prospected this entire bay with diligent persistency till the fall of 1898, with all varieties of spoons, but without a result. About this time it was discovered that the bass were in the Oakland Estuary, and he, accompanied by A. W. Wilson, M. E. Cross and J. C. Cracknell, in October, 1898, trolled the best part of the day with spoons, only to meet with the usual failure. But towards the end of the day, however, they turned their attention to bait and the result of several hours of still fishing was twelve fish the largest weighing sixteen pounds. The bait was clam, and it is just about this period that its use was first introduced, and the Oakland Estuary and San Leandro Bay for a year afterwards constituted the main and most convenient grounds for striped bass. The clam was now the regular bait on nearly every occasion, and with gradual expansion W. R. McFarland and "Parson" Jackson began the expeditions that led into the Petaluma marshes, where they fished Schultz's Slough and San Antonio Creek, thence extending the area of exploration, till almost all available places have become part of a wide area of angling ground, which includes Oakland Estuary, San Leandro Bay, the shores of Bay Farm Island and Alameda to San Leandro marshes, the San Mateo marshes into the Coyote River, thence through the Bay of San Francisco and up San Pablo Bay, Petaluma Creek, up the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers with their immense ramifications of sloughs, Carquines Straits, Port Costa, Vallejo, the Oil Works and Rodeo — all have been penetrated by the striped bass, and most of these places have been fished.

In the ten-year growth implied in the striped bass of forty-five pounds from a mite of one and one-half inches, the distribution of striped bass in a period of twenty years implied in their capture between the Columbia River, on the north, to Newport Bay, Orange County, on the south, and in the multiplication of striped bass implied by the capture of the last in a period of twenty years, by the records of commercial traffic in the San Francisco market alone, amounting to a possible million pounds — these are themes to contemplate. But to the angler, let him sport with his fancies and the problem: how big a bass swims the waters of the Pacific, and where is he likely to be found?

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE

BY HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT

"MY queerest experience?" asked the 'forty-niner, as he tilted himself back in his office chair and lighted a fresh cigar. "Well, I've had my share of them, all told, but the queerest one was opening up the Colorado Diamond fields, the year after the Overland went through.

He blew an aromatic cloud about his head and watched it dissolve, then he continued: "I was in the surveyor-general's office at the time, on a salary of — but that doesn't matter. The main point came in the form of a piece of paper that lay on my desk one morning. It requested my presence at a certain place during the day; for the rest, it was non-commital. I went. The office was as free from mystery as the August sunshine could make it but it's owner seated me in the full glare of the light and watched me for full two minutes before he spoke.

"'Can you keep your mouth shut?' he asked; 'and have a month or two leave of absence? You'll do. Get an outfit for a rough trip. The pay will be — twenty dollars a day and expenses, and you'll ask — no further questions, if you please.'

"A week later we had started. Two men met me at the train, and one was Alfred Rubery. You've heard the name, no doubt. From him I took my orders. I was to stop at Green River Station, and wait, a la freight, to be called for.

"The buffet and the Pullman diner were unheard of then, but the Southern Pacific had ploughed her first furrow of civilization across the plains, and a crop of young towns and eating-houses had sprung up like mushrooms beside the rails; we feasted on trout and prairie chicken.

"It was night when we reached Green River. I walked up and down the little platform till the last of the hangers-on had gone — till the lights went out around the station and the frayed, midsummer moon rose high above the cottonwoods. Still nobody came. At daybreak I was at my post again. The environment was not conducive to 'peace of soul.' A heap of debris was piled at one end of the platform and across it lay the claws and shaggy foreleg of a bear. A freight train was puffing on the side track. The half drunken brakeman eyed me critically, then swung off and came across.

"Say, partner,' he began, 'suppose you tell us what you're here for? N-o? Then I'll tell you. You're one of those d—— "spotters" sent out by the railroad, and by ——!' Then the agent and part of the train crew interposed.

"Meanwhile a team had driven up, and a lank, loose-jointed fellow was loudly inquiring if anything had been shipped there by a man named Roberts. I made my way to him. 'Perhaps I'm what you're looking for,' I suggested. He nodded. 'Climb in,' he said.

"Three silent miles and a bend in the road brought us upon a camp by the river. A band of horses and pack-mules were tethered in the grass; the breath of coffee was fresh in the air and a blue shirted man was stirring vigor into the smouldering embers.

OUR CAMP BY THE RIVER.

"All day long the boys arrived in ones and twos, by different trails; all day long the coffee steamed its spicy welcome. When the darkness came the pine logs blazed into a pillar of fire, and we, lying under a coverlet of stars, would wake to find a new man spreading his blankets. By morning there were thirteen of us. Then Rubery came and we were ready for the start.

"By that time I knew we were bound for the diamond fields. The papers had sung their glories for months. Europe and the East had concluded that our side of the Rockies held something besides grizzlys and gold.

"For three days we pushed our way up the right bank of the river. We crossed beds of moss agates; we dined on snow-rabbit, venison and antelope, and one morning I shook an eleven rattled snake from my blankets where he had warmed himself all night by my flesh. On the fourth day a curl of waking smoke led us to a trapper's cabin, where Sandy MacBrayne, the deaf and dumb guide, gaunt and weather tested as the crags themselves, was waiting. For another three days we followed him over the Cherokee trail.

"Talk about your modern Psychics! There was not a man in our whole party who had not from the first felt a living, breathing presence shadowing. It was not the Indians we feared, though there were traces of them all along the way. It was not the big silver-tipped bear, whose tracks measured 6x14 inches. Three times we had seen him; three times he had reared to his haunches with his own peculiar cry of battle. It was not the outlaws from 'Brown's Hole.' For their sakes we had camped, one night, with 'our loins girded,' while Sandy MacBrayne had flattened himself, like a gray sand lizzard, to a ledge of rock and watched with tireless eyes, the handful of bearded, sleep-drugged men in the ravine below. There was a danger menacing whose terrors far exceeded those. Some one was tracking us to the diamond fields. Some one would gather our harvest! Who they were—where they were, we could not conjecture.

"In vain we had watched for the tell-tale smoke; in vain we scouted by twos and threes in the darkness. Once we were sure we had found them, but it was only a herd of feeding elk. The men were becoming suspicious—were beginning to look among our own crew for a traitor. And so the climax came.

"A storm was brewing and the damp, murky twilight seemed to steep itself into our blood. It was the time of our first International Rifle Contest with England, and Rubery, standing straight and masterful in the fire glow, unsheathed his knife. He wet his thumb and tried the blade, then he offered to 'slice the heart' of any man

"ONLY A HERD OF FEEDING ELK."

who would dare to proclaim United States the victor in the coming contest. Some one slipped a revolver, a French self-cocking affair, into my hand. It's hard to tell what would have happened if Sandy MacBryane had not sprung to his feet. He threw back his head and sniffed at the air like a hunting hound. Then he waved us a caution and crept, velvet-shod, into the underbrush.

"For half an hour—an hour—we waited. Suddenly, unheralded as a panther Sandy was with us again. He beckoned and two of us followed. Not an eighth of a mile below, in a thicket of cedar, lay a row of sleeping men.

"We none of us turned in that night. Rations were divided, agreements signed and lots cast for the duty of decoy. We broke camp with the first hint of silver in the east. MacBrayne and Rubery, with five of us in tow, went on. The others, quite as a matter of course, sauntered into the camp of the enemy. Hunting the diamond fields? our men asked. We were too. It had been a false lead. The trail lay somewhere—over across the range. The entire outfit had better unite forces and make for Rawlins.

"So it came about that two companies of men and a pack train wound their way down the cañon while we went on rejoicing.

"Another three days, and Rubery, his eyes keen as an eagle's, began to read hieroglyphics upon the trees. Then—Sandy MacBrayne got his pay and his walking tickets.

A hard climb brought us to a wind-swept plateau. We staked our animals, cut a thatch of young cottonwoods and crawled under. In the morning there was a blanket of snow on the ground. It had melted by noon and Rubery led the way to a sheltered place in the rocks, and gave us two hours of solid diversion. Diamonds? Yes, sir, diamonds! Diamonds with curved faces—diamonds with flat faces, and diamonds with a diabolical green light inside. We picked them out of the ant-hills; we dug them up in the gravel; we found them in the crevices of rock. And did we know them? Did you ever hear a snake rattle and not know it? The snake has a sound in it's tail that you're bound to know. The diamond has a glare in it's eye, and you're bound to know that too.

"We gathered two hundred and eighty-five of them before Rubery called 'Time'! And that wasn't all. There were garnets, and rubies,, sapphires, and emeralds, too. The boys went wild, every mother's son of us. We saw ourselves thrice millionaires; we hugged the little crystals close, and then—why, then we gave them back to Rubery, of course.

"The rest of the day I spent over my transit. It had shaken to pieces pretty well on the trail. That night I took the variation of the star and was ready for business. We surveyed 3,000 acres, divided it into 150 twenty-acre lots, with a stake at each corner, a number and a location notice.

"Rubery was in a hurry. He urged the danger of a coming storm—shortness of rations, and a dozen things besides. Fifteen minutes after the last stake was in he was breaking camp for home.

"It had dawned upon two or three of us that there was growing a wonderful scarcity of gems. Was it a square thing, after all? We kept our mouths shut and our eyes open.

"At Reno we fell in with a professor from Washington, on his way to establish, by time, a meridian for the boundary line of California; and two men who were making a geodetic survey across the continent from east to west. They were red hot with news of the diamond fields. One of them came as far as San Francisco with us and nothing else was talked of on the way.

"Still, the cloud of suspicion, no bigger than a man's hand, grew and grew till it shrouded all my horizon. I got out my field book, one night and looked over my sketches; then I put on my hat and went up to the surveyor's rooms. 'Take them,' I said, putting my maps before him. 'We must get to the bottom of this. It's a clear case of conscience!'

"Another week and a little party of government men were tracking our old trail. They reached their Mecca and picked up a stone or two. One of them raised a diamond to the light, then he suddenly dropped it, stared absently at the ground for a moment and faced about to the rest. 'Look here!' he cried. 'Did it ever strike you that the same geological conditions in which this gem is found cannot mother an emerald, nor

a sapphire? We're duped! The field has been salted!'

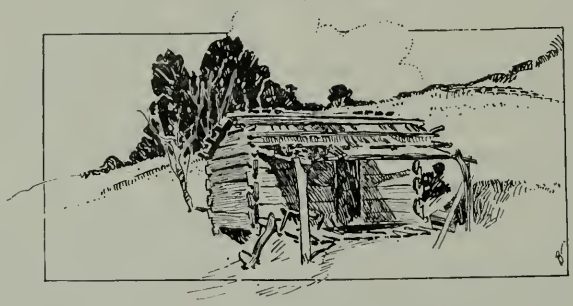
"Meanwhile, San Francisco was seeing lively days. Men jostled each other about the windows of the Bank of California for glimpses of the crystals. Women elbowed their way into the crowds and forgot the wailing babies in their arms. Diamond companies were formed—shares issued and placed on the market. Eastern buyers came to the Coast and gold stock was at a discount. Even the glories of Reese River and the Comstalk Ledge had paled.

"The fever was at frenzy point when the men of the Geodetic Survey came to town. By their request a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Diamond Company was called and it sat long with closed doors. When it adjourned the men looked haggard and gray.

"Who was the knave? A report came across the water one day that was afterwards verified. A fellow, Alfred Rubery by name, had invested $20,000 in London, in uncut gems just to show us what they looked like!

"And they caught him? Y-es, but did you ever try to hold quicksilver fast? You open your hand and find the mercury is gone! Some men are just like that!

"I never staked another diamond claim, and only hopes were ever built upon my twenty acres."



TO THE POPPY.

FLAMING like a fiery torch
'Midst tangled mass of noisome weed;
Deep crimson hued, as veins that bleed,
The very air thou seemst to scorch.

Scarlet wanton of waste and field,
Flaunting thy brilliant banner high!
In gairish pride, with haughty sigh,
Thy modest, humbler sisters hold;
To thee, thy place, and drowsy beauty yield.
Tho' springing from a common mould.

Oh Lethean Flower! thou hast a power,
More potent than deep-hearted rose;
Or minstrel's most entrancing lay,
Thy subtle bloods produce repose,
Oblivion's sleep; and the fleeting hour,
Dreamed in Elysean purple bower,
Seems gorgeous dream of yesterday.

—*J. Mayne Baltimore.*

HELODERMAS

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

NEARLY every one who has been through certain parts of southern Arizona and New Mexico, or the Sonoran region, has seen either a living or a dead example of the far-famed Heloderma, or as it is also commonly called the "Gila Monster." This big and interesting lizard is now on the road to extinction, but still on the more remote localities of its range it is yet to be met with, and it is by no means an uncommon occurrence to find one kept in confinement in the saloons in town or similar places. I have also seen as many as a half a dozen large living ones in a cage in the Reptile House at the National Zoological Garden at Washington. A good many years ago I kept a pair of helodermas alive for a long time, and made photographs of them, and finally used them as material upon which was based my memoir on the entire anatomy of the reptile, subsequently published with its illustrations by the Zoological Society of London. Over twenty years ago I was severly bitten by one at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., at a time I was employed in the reptile department. Although very painful at the time, the wound caused no very dangerous symptoms, and recovery followed it in a few days. Since then I have published a dozen or more illustrated papers on the helodermas, getting together all the information I could about them. There is but one genus of this family known to science, and it contains but two species. Our United States faun is the *Heloderma suspectum* of Cope and is restricted to Southern Arizona and New Mexico, as already stated above. The other species is *Heloderma horridum*, and occurs in Western Mexico as far south as the isthmus of Tehuantepec. So it will be seen as Professor Cope observes "that a wide interval intervenes between the ranges of the two species." The Gila monster found in Arizona varies a good deal in the pattern of its marking, and in fact I have never seen any two of them that were alike in this respect.

A large heloderma will measure about twenty-two inches in length when full grown. I had one in New Mexico that was twenty-one inches long and very handsomely marked. Of him I made several photographs, and the reproductions of two of these illustrate the present article. One gives the reptile seen from above, and the second his under view. The general color of one of these creatures is black or a deep purplish brown, arranged in odd pattern and variegated with yellow deepening to orange behind. The tail is ringed black and orange, the solid black rings generally number about three, while the one next to the body is black and orange mixed. The upper part of the body is covered with scale-like tubercles each having a bony center, and varying from a split No. 7 to a split No. 4 shot in size. Beneath, the tubercles are replaced by series of little plates nearly square in outline. Helodermas are very heavy and clumsy reptiles with short, stout legs. They possess recurved, furrowed, acrodont teeth, but no evidence of any poison glands supplying them. As will be seen from the figures all the feet are five-toed, and conspicuously clawed, the anterior pair being the larger as well as the stronger. The head is broader than the neck and markedly flattened from above, downwards. The ear-openings are rather large, but comparatively speaking, the eyes are small. Heloderma has a large and bulky tail, and in specimens that I dissected I found a very large deposit of fat in this part of the body. Finally, I noted that when these lizards were kept a long time without anything to eat, the major portion of this fat was absorbed. I fed my specimens upon raw hens eggs, opening them in a shallow sau-

FIG. 1. LARGE HELODERMA SEEN FROM ABOVE.

cer. They would lap up the yelk as well as the "white" of the egg with their very black, longitudinally forked tongues. In nature they doubtless eat many eggs of those birds that habitually nest upon the ground. They are fond of water and suffer when they are deprived of that fluid. In habit they are bold, obstinate, and sometimes aggressive, but various individuals vary in these respects, some becoming tame and non-obtrusive. Heloderma possesses a peculiary fetid breath, and at times it has a way of opening its mouth and ejecting the air from its lungs in several spasmodic bursts directly in the face of the person to whom it has taken a dislike. Doubtless this habit is responsible for the widespread superstition among many people in Arizona and Mexico that to breathe the breath of a heloderma under these circumstances was "sure death." I have known Mexicans that no amount of argument or proof to the contrary would be sufficient to disabuse their minds of this idea. When a large heloderma becomes thoroughly irritated either from being teased or handled too much he is usually slow to bite the offender, but when he does, he does it with a sudden snap at the naked hand, lacerating the part seized with his not numerous but still very sharp and lancet-like teeth. This is the manner in which the one took a hold of me at the Smithsonian, and the fellow cut the ball of my thumb down to the very bone. Sometimes when teased they will seize on to other things as a stick or any small object held in the hand. In walking they slightly elevate the body with the feet at every step, using the alternate limbs of the two sides as they move off, the head being low. Coming to a steep place, where they want to climb over, they use the tail as a rear brace, and pull themselves up with the claws of the fore feet. Occasionally, I have seen them protrude the tongue in a quick, nervous manner several times in succession as they step along, and when they stop to listen they raise the fore part of their bodies by straightening out their anterior limbs, at the same time elevating the head.

Most people in Arizona and Mexico believe the bite of a large healthy heloderma to be extremely venomous, but I am of the belief that among scientific experts the opinion is gaining ground that it is attended with but little danger. Of course its bite is a severe one in any event, poisonous or not poisonous, but there are too many cases on record now, where people have received the full benefit of the bite of a big irritated Gila monster, and death not follow the injury. Some dozen years ago I collected together all the opinions of scientific men in this country and Europe who had had any real personal experience with the bite of this lizard, and published them in the New York *Medical Journal*,

May, 1891, and at that time some held one view and some another about it. Some said the bite was comparatively harmless, while others contended that it was fatal both to man and other animals. The late surgeon B. J. D. Irwin of the United States army contended the bite was practically harmless, and this was likewise the opinion entertained by Dr. H. C. Yarrow of Washington, D. C., and Professor Samuel Garmen of the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Harvard College. These opinions were based upon direct experiments. Among those entertaining the contrary view, we find the names of Dr. Gunther of the British Museum; Sir Joseph Fayrer, one of England's greatest surgeons, and the distinguished physicians of Philadelphia, Drs. S. Weir Mitchell and Edward T. Reichert. They experimented directly with the saliva of large and healthy specimens made angry by teasing, and the fluid collected in proper receptacles to receive it for scientific examination. Dr. Philip Lutley Sclater, for many years the secretary of the Zoological Society of London, and also Mr. Geo. A. Boulenger of the British Museum, a very eminent herpetologist, have also claimed that the bite was venomous and likely to prove fatal.

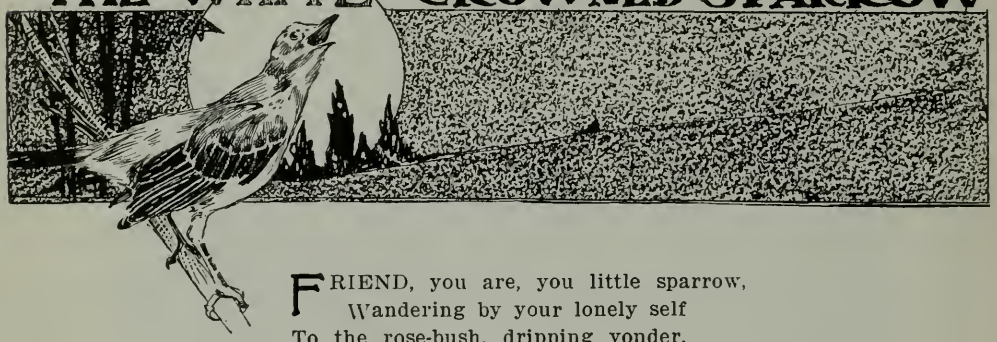
I once heard of a case of a man who was severely bitten in a bar-room in some town in Arizona. The reptile was a big and healthy one, and was kept by the barkeeper in a box at the end of the bar. When the man entered he was a little bit under the influence of whisky, and although he was cautioned not to handle the heloderma, he did so nevertheless, and lifted it out of the box by the tail. The result was he was soon bitten severely on one of his hands. His comrades immediately loaded him up with more whisky, as much as he could carry, whereupon he went over to one of the side-tables and sitting down rested his head, face downward on his arms folded in front of him on the table. Here he was left undisturbed by any one for some little time, but when the men came to rouse him, they found the fellow was dead, and everything seemed to indicate that he died shortly after taking his seat at the table. The present writer claims that it was the whisky that killed him.

FIG. 2. HELODERMA SEEN FROM BELOW. SAME SPECIMEN AS SHOWN IN FIG. 1.

Probably everyone who meets with a heloderma in nature never neglects the opportunity to destroy it, and often not save the specimen. This alone is rendering the reptile very rare, but then again, they are much in demand for museums and zoological gardens all over the world, and expert collectors are aware of this fact, and a great many of them are being captured to meet this demand. A big heloderma will command quite a price nowadays, perhaps as much as five dollars. For some time I

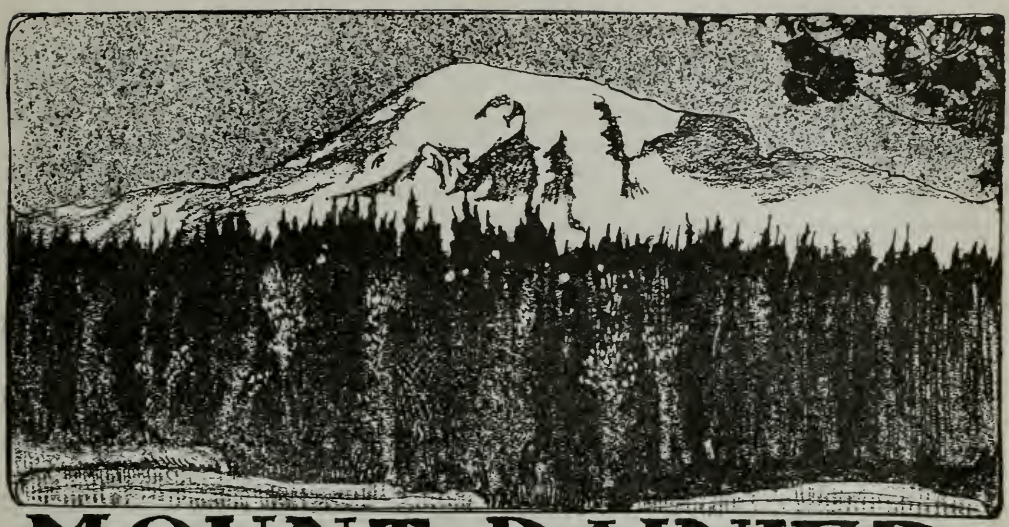
have been trying to secure a few of their eggs in good condition, as I desired to make photographs of them, but up to the present writing have failed to obtain a single specimen. These eggs I am told are pure white, rather more than an inch long, and ellipsoidal in form. I have never seen any account as to how these eggs are hatched out; whether the reptile buries them for the purpose or whether they are placed in wet or dry situations; how many are laid at a time; how long they take to hatch out; and how frequently the heloderma lays them. Those specimens I had in confinement never laid any eggs, but then there may have been good reasons for this. Answers to some of the above questions if based upon correct observations in the field, would interest a good many people. I have had other lizards lay their eggs after I have kept them in captivity, as for example the American chameleon of the Southern States (*Auolis principulis*), and one of the species of southwestern Swift's (*Scelporous undulatus consobrinus*). In the first instance the eggs hatched out, they being two in number, while in the case of the Swift they did not do so.

THE WHITE CROWNED SPARROW



FRIEND, you are, you little sparrow,
Wandering by your lonely self
To the rose-bush, dripping yonder,
Covered with the fog of night.
Gentle sparrow, lovely sparrow,
Sparrow singing in the night.
Midnight music, little stranger,
Did you bring a loving message?
Lulling some one into slumber.
Perched there with your crown of white,
Gentle sparrow, lovely sparrow,
Sparrow singing in the night.

—*Marie Louise Cady.*



MOUNT RAINIER

THE FATHER OF TROUT STREAMS . .

BY J. MAYNE BALTIMORE.

TO both hunter and angler Western Washington offers one of the most satisfactory fields to be found on the entire Pacific Coast. As a general rule, game and fish abound in mountainous regions. Where mountains are found usually dense forests prevail and big game is met. Mountains are literally as well as poetically the fathers of nearly all streams, and our best fishing waters are those which head in and flow from those vast upheavals. In this respect Western Washington enjoys great natural advantages. Sportsmen from the Eastern states—or even from the Middle West, who contemplate a visit to the Pacific Coast—should not overlook this fact.

Between the eastern and western parts of the state of Washington trend the Cascades, one of the most magnificent ranges of mountains to be found on the American continent. Measured across from base to base this gigantic chain will average about 100 miles in width. The range averages from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, but here and there vast snowy peaks tower aloft to dizzy altitudes. Washington alone boasts of four of these mighty sentinels. They are Mounts Baker, Rainier or Tacoma, St. Helens and Adams.

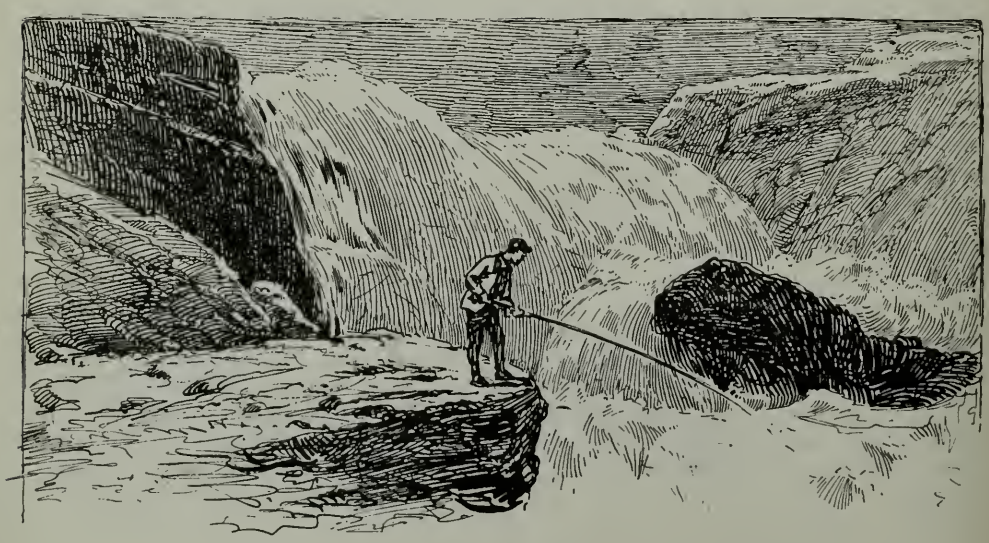
Most of the area of the Cascades is densely clothed with noble forests even to the very summits; only the loftiest peaks above the eternal snow line being denuded of timber. Naturally these vast forest solitudes are the home of the lordly elk, the nimble deer, the great shambling plantigrades, the skulking cougar, lynx, the wolverine, the gray and black wolf and smaller fur-bearing animals, to say nothing of feathered game. All along the Cascades wild sheep and goats are also found living among the highest timberless crags and cliffs. Flowing from these rugged fastnesses, both to the east and west, are almost countless streams—clear, ice-cold torrents, that rush down the declivities and furnish typical homes for the matchless trout. From the British Columbia line to Oregon, the territory embraced by the Cascades may be considered a veritable elysium for the sportsman.

However, the Cascades do not monopolize all the glory. A long peninsula, bounded on the east by the waters of Puget Sound and other estuaries, and on the west by the Pacific ocean, terminates at the Strait of Juan de Fuca on the north. Through this broad strip the Olympics rise, a great towering chain, only overshadowed by the Cascades. This region is a wild, rugged wilderness.

wherein mountains, forests and streams abound. One may travel through this tangled and tossed labyrinth for days and weeks without seeing a human habitation, and few better hunting and fishing regions can be found on the continent. It enjoys a wide fame among hunters of big game.

Second to none is the expansive territory surrounding that kingly peak, Mount Rainier or, as many will persist in having it, Mount Tacoma. The water shed of this mountain is immense, both to the east and west. The dazzling pinnacle of Mount Rainier is by accurate government measurement fixed at 14,460 feet above tide level. The circumference of the mighty base will cover scores of leagues. Mountains are piled and tossed in all directions. Great primeval forests cover the country, and through the colossal stony upheavals many streams in past ages have toilsomely hewn their way down to the glittering waters of Puget Sound. Cedar river, Black, Green, Puyallup and other large streams, with numerous tributaries, all cradle around the base of Mount Rainier, as do the Nesqually river and the Masel. Besides those named, numerous other water courses flow from the mighty base of this stupendous peak. Some glide far to the eastward and ultimately mingle their floods with those of the Columbia river. Others rush westward and empty into the Pacific ocean. All these water courses abound in the usual varieties of trout—rainbow, cut-throat, Dolly Varden, steelheads and brook, ranging from one to ten pounds. Mount Rainier is truly the fruitful source of the best and most numerous trout streams in the state of Washington.

No more magnificent scenery can be found on the Pacific slope. On the way up to the peak one traverses a wonderful region. Soaring mountains, beetling cliffs, yawning cañons, majestic forests and plunging waterfalls may all be seen. Every season the noble solitudes, stretching from the base of Mount Rainier to the shimmering waters of Puget Sound, are visited by thousands of people. Some go for the mere pleasure of an outing; but the majority carry weapons and fishing tackle. Splendid trouting waters may be found everywhere. Mount Rainier may be reached without much difficulty. Hundreds have ascended this peak, the view obtained from the summit of which is incomparably grand. A vast panorama of mountains, plains, valleys, forests, rivers, lakes and the sea spreads out in every direction for more than 200 miles. Evidently in the past ages this peak was an active volcano. The early Indians have old legends to that effect, and connected with this mountain are several beautiful bits of folk lore, which I may deal with hereafter. What Mount Shasta is to the average Californian, Mount Rainier is to the Washington man, woman and child, who love it with an inspiring fervor, while Mount Hood is the pride and boast of every Oregonian.



AT TIMBER LINE

THE hoary mountains seem gray and cold
At timber line.
And their wrinkled faces are worn and old
At timber line.
Their aged temples are wan and bare
'Neath their silvery shock of aspen hair,
And Time has set his seal everywhere
At timber line.

But the eyes of the mountains* are soft and bright
At timber line.
And their old veins pulse with a young delight
At timber line.
And there's much of beauty and antique grace
In the wrinkled folds of each time stained face,
And an air of sanctity vests the place
At timber line.

The lordly elk in contentment roves
At timber line.
And the shy deer sport in the sylvan groves
At timber line.
And the grouse, affrighted, tread softly where
In the thickets the grizzly has made his lair;
And the big horn bounds up the chasm's stair
At timber line.

Oh fair is the blush of the breeze kissed flowers
At timber line.
And sweeter the breath of the dreamy hours
At timber line.
Nowhere seems the azure sky so blue;
Nowhere has earth's vesture so rich a hue;
And life doth her choicest verbs construe
At timber line.

We are far above the old sordid world
At timber line.
With its cares and passions and woes infurled
At timber line.
Is there aught in the forms of human speech
To voice the lesson these old hills teach?
While Heaven seems just within our reach
At timber line.

—*Frank H. Mayer.*

Springs; from the Spanish "Ojos del Montes."

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TWO VALUABLE DIGESTS.

IN our next (July) issue we hope to be able to present to our readers a complete tabulation of all the county ordinances which have been enacted this year affecting game and fish in this State.

Many of the counties have as yet taken no action in the premises and that is the only reason why the table has not appeared before this.

In this connection we desire to call public attention to the very convenient and comprehensive abstract of the fish and game laws of this State which has been prepared by Chief Deputy Chas. A. Vogelsang of the Commission for free distribution. It is easily the best thing of the kind so far produced in this country and should be in the hands of every citizen sportsman. By a very admirable arrangement it shows at a single glance the open and closed seasons on all kinds of game and fish, the respective bag limit thereof and the penalties for violation of the statutes. The page on "What is Always Unlawful" is the most concise and yet perfect exposition of the law that can be conceived.

Mr. Vogelsang is entitled to unlimited credit for the patience, skill and intelligent research which has made this excellent little digest possible. The folder should meet with a large demand and a most cordial reception.

PLAY TIME.

WHAT the world needs at this particular juncture is an apostle to preach the gospel of relaxation. Keyed up, as the men of these times are, to a tension just short of the snapping point, with every faculty and organ overstrained by the conditional stress of modern requirement, the wonder is that more of us do not fall by the wayside in the fierce struggle for wealth, distinction, power or whatever other quantity it is which feeds the flame of individual ambition.

Twentieth century men are growing old before their time simply because they have forgotten, in their fever of overwork, how to play. In these days of hustle and bustle we Americans take even our pleasures hurriedly. While it is true that there is a great deal of pie in the present life we are prone to bolt it; and the average Yankee drinks even champagne in gulps. The sensible repose, composure and ease of the better olden days is known no more—even Heaven posesses no attractions because we can not achieve it by limited express. There is no such word in our vocabulary as leisure and the truth of it is the pity of it.

If it be true, as a great sociologist avers, that enjoyment is a duty, how many of us are doing ours? Are we not rather losing our natural powers of enjoyment instead, by deliberately tightning the shackles which bind us to that false deity called "Business" which we have set over and above all other gods? Is it possible that we no longer have the time to be happy! Have we forgotten, in the must and murk of our offices, in the rattle of the typewriter and the click of changing coin, how sweet the pine breath, how invigorating the sun glow, how entrancing the purl of brook and song of bird in Nature's clean pure temple? Out upon this sophistry of sordid engrossment that rusts the susceptabilities and rots the soul!

Now is the appointed time to break away from the debts and dins and deviltries of so-called civilization and lose ourselves trustfully in the embrace of the good old

mother to whom we all sooner or later must return. Shed the stiff polished scales of society and don your easy old clothes. Look up the battered camp kit, the befrazled blanket bag, the favorite old rod and cherished firelock and go back—even though it be but for one single blessed week—to barbarism and beatitude.

There are yet trout in the brooks, bass in the bay, flowers and trees and velvet grass in the hills. Healthful fatigue, consistent appetite and invigorating sleep await you with outstretched arms and the voluptuous breast of mother nature is palpitating with a welcome. Strike off your chains, oh slaves, and strike out for the tall timbers and the soothing waters. This is playtime; you will be the better for improving it.

VERY SPECIAL.

UNLIKE all other publications, which are in business merely "for what there is in it" in a purely mercenary way, WESTERN FIELD has a broad and beneficent mission to perform. This mission, which constitutes the sole inceptive basis of its publication, is the elevation and refinement of outdoor sports and, chiefest of all, the logical and consistent protection and preservation of our game birds, quadrupeds and fishes, with the entailed education of the masses to this desirable end.

The policy of WESTERN FIELD is directly opposed to the making of money for its incorporators and publishers. It is desired, naturally, that the magazine shall be made self-sustaining—a condition to which, we are proud to say, it has already attained—but all additional increment must be devoted to the constant betterment of the magazine, with the one end in view of making it the best sportsman's journal in the world and one that can be furnished to the great fraternity at a cost so insignificant in proportion to its value that it must become a veritable household necessity.

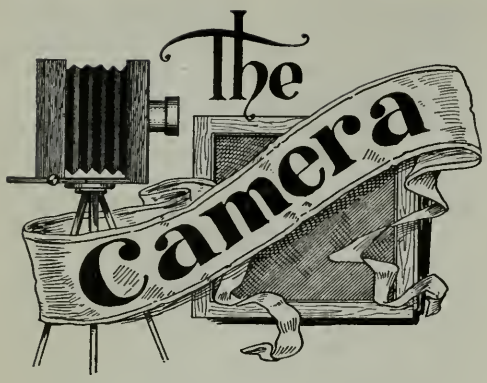
The success already achieved in this direction is flattering. To-day WESTERN FIELD, although less than a year old, is incontestably superior to any class journal of its kind now published, irrespective of price. We invite the most critical comparisons in proof of this. And yet we are only on the threshold of our designed excellence, as succeeding issues will show. We have now in contemplation, and under perfected arrangement, a series of improvements in every department of the magazine which will, in the almost immediate future, make it the most uniquely beautiful and valuable of all sportsman's journals, and this absolutely without increase in price to our legion of readers.

It is obvious that in order to fully accomplish our mission we must achieve a wide circulation. The larger our audience the more converts we will make to the great principles which begat our existence. As the present game conditions are urgent we have decided to devote a considerable portion of the magazine's income to the quick securement of this audience, and therefor take pleasure in calling the attention of all sportsmen—and particularly those who are ambitious and thrifty enough to appreciate the unique and lucrative opportunity of advancing their principles and pecuniary interests at the same time—to the special announcement made in our advertising pages in this number.

THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S DERBY.

NOMINATIONS for the twenty-first annual Derby of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club close July 1, and fanciers are earnestly requested to give this stake the support it so richly deserves.

The Pacific Coast Field Trial Club has done a world of good for the interests of our field dogs and has been instrumental in bringing to the notice of breeders the individuals best calculated to perpetuate the most desirable qualities in our pointers and setters. Such being the case the patronage of the field trials should commend itself to all who are earnest and sincere in their endeavors to put our dogs on the highest possible plane as field performers, for in no other way can we hope to improve the standard and preserve the instincts which characterize the breeds.



PHOTOGRAPHY.

EVERY amateur photographer has scores of landscape photographs which would be vastly benefited by the addition of a well clouded sky judiciously printed in. A bare expanse of white sky is very rarely attractive and we suggest the following dodge to improve this defect.

First make a cloud negative, in the spring time if possible, when, after a storm especially some fine effects may be secured. Get a clear position with unobstructed view of the sky and focus upon the extreme distance and including but a small portion of the landscape. Wait until the effect is most striking then, with a rapid shutter and medium stop (say f-22) and a *slow* plate, make the exposure.

Development of plate should not be too heavy and should be stopped when all detail is fully out and sufficiently dense not to disappear in the fixing.

It is essential, in printing in sky from such a plate, that the clouds should be lit from the same direction as the other negative. Having selected plates conforming in this respect make two prints from the landscape one. If the negative is very dense in the sky it will print out quite white. Use one of these prints for the mask. This must be carefully cut through along the line dividing the blank sky from the objects in the picture. Don't pay any attention to fine branches of trees and such like projections. Having carefully fitted this mask over the printed landscape portion, it is placed in contact with the cloud negative and printed in the usual way, the mask protecting the lower portion of the printed picture from further action of the light.

If the sky portion of the original negative is thin, and would therefor in the ordinary course of printing come out more or less tinted, the sky must be blocked out. This can be done by running a brush filled with vermilion along the face of the negative for an eighth of an inch above the sky line and then cutting a rough mask of paper and pasting in to meet this, covering up the rest of the sky. This will insure the sky portion printing out perfectly white, when it is ready for the reception of the cloud impressions in the manner above described.

* * *

Stains produced on the hands by silver and iron compounds are often unsightly and annoying. In practice I usually remove them by diluting hydrochloric acid to half its strength and washing therein. Better still, make a strong solution of chloride of lime; pour say a quarter ounce of the solution on the hands and rub until the stains disappear. Then rinse and apply a little dilute solution of potassium oxalate.

* * *

By way of variety I would suggest that those having any large quantity of good blue prints may transform them into brown prints of a very pleasing quality by the following simple process:

Immerse the dry blue print in a solution of

Aqua ammonia containing 22 per cent Am. gas, 2 parts. Distilled water, 18 parts.

Leave print in this solution from two to four minutes until the blue color entirely disappears, then rinse in clear water and plunge in a filtered solution of

Tannic acid, 2 parts. Distilled water, 100 parts.

Keep in this solution about twelve hours. If not as dark as desired, intensify by adding a few drops of ammonia water. Take out after a few minutes, wash thoroughly and dry. The prints will then resemble sepia drawings. A greenish tone may also be given blue prints by immersing them after washing in a one per cent solution of sulphuric acid.

Occasionally one has a single valuable print from a destroyed or otherwise unavailable negative which is unfortunately over printed. With a little care it may be satisfactorily reduced by immersing for a short time in the following solution:

Cyanide of potassium, 10 grn.
Liquid ammonia ....10 drops.
Water .....1 quart.

Watch the reduction carefully and when the satisfactory stage is reached take out and wash well.

* * *

A friend of the writer's recently restored a valuable photo which had become faded by the following simple yet highly effective means. He soaked the print off the card and hung it up until perfectly dry, then immersed it in a bath of melted white wax. When it was perfectly impregnated with the wax he pressed it under a hot iron and then rubbed it with a tuft of cotton. This operation deepened the contrasts and brought out many minor details previously invisible, the yellowish whites being rendered more transparent while the half tones and shadows retained their brown color. A negative prepared from this print was perfect in every particular.

* * *

Desiring recently to use some cheap substitute for orange glass in the dark room I employed the two following experimental processes with perfect results.

I flowed the plain glass with

Asphaltum ..... 3 parts.
Spts. of turpentine .. 1 part.

giving it four coats. Then I tried the following which was, if anything, even more satisfactory:

Water ..... 100 C. C.
Gelatine ..... 5 grains.
Nitrate of silver .... 2 grains.

Flowed with this and exposed to light until it assumed a brownish tint, then washed glass thoroughly to eliminate the free silver nitrate. It makes an excellent shade for the lantern, seemingly not permitting any actinic rays to pass at all.

* * *

A simple test of the perfect elimination of hypo from prints is to add to the final washing water a small quantity of alcoholic solution of iodine. This will change the white backs of the prints to a light blue color should any hypo be still present. If so continue the washing until the blue entirely disappears and you can bank on the result.

* * *

Some very charming photo effects may be secured on linen or other similar fabrics by boiling them in water containing a little soda so as to remove the dressing. Then iron smooth and saturate with

Ammonia chloride ..... 31 grains.
Water ..... 9 ounces.
Whites of two eggs.

The above are well beaten together, allowed to subside and strained. When dry sensitize on a rather strong silver bath; expose, tone and fix as for an ordinary print on albumen paper.

* * *

I have been using one of the Kodak developing machines lately and desire to say a few words concerning its advantage in one particular direction. The average user of films occasionally turns out something that he must have an enlargement made from. He takes the negative to the professional and is told that little can be done; the presence of fog makes the production of a good enlargement rather doubtful. Freedom from fog is assured with the machine. Of course, if the camera leaks there will be fog, but it is the exception, not the rule, that fog originates there. It is the holding of the film up to the ruby light in order to determine the progress of development that does the damage. Even if enlarging is not contemplated, we all know how much better contact prints result from good clear negatives as compared with those having even an almost unperceptible amount of fog. Another advantage, by no means to be despised, is the superior results obtainable from clear negatives when reduction or intensification is made necessary by a change in printing processes or for any other reason. A fogged negative will not stand the latter process, because the veiling is intensified even more apparently than the image. Where reduction is attempted the results are nearly as bad. I think the manufacturers neglect to point out this advantage of machine development and so I will do it for them, but for the amateur's benefit.

Conducted by A. T. Noe, M. D.

POISE.

TO BE master of your body and in harmony with the universal laws of equipoise, which means health — one must first learn how to stand poised. To have every muscle in place, every organ swung in its proper place, every nerve free from strain, this is poise. The body is built in perfect balance (or should be) and health, grace, and control come only through obedience to the laws by which the physical man is constructed. The abuse of these laws is most common to all classes of people, and herein lies the key to much ill health, and poor shapes. Nature ever tries to produce harmony and therefore, when we infringe upon her rules and neglect or abuse the means of strength and health she has established, we find ourselves suffering for our ignorance and forgetfulness.

Fig 3.

Fig 4

POSITION.

The average persons stands as is shown in figure three. Here you will readily see that the abdomen is lax and protruding, chest flat and dropped, and weight of the whole body resting upon the heels. In this unnatural position every muscle and nerve is on a constant strain. I say unnatural position, for if you will examine the anatomical construction of the foot you will very quickly see that the heels were not made for bearing the weight of the body. The foot is much like the hand, only the bones are heavier, with two extra bones that form the heel. These two bones are for the purpose of balance alone, and are not placed nor built for weight bearing. They simply serve to prevent tipping backward and warn you when you have reached the proper position. The heavy muscles of the leg which support the body are attached around the foot and not to the heel save one, and the function of that muscle is to lift the foot in walking not to bear weight. Thus you will see that the heels were not made to walk and stand on, but merely as a balance to aid us to maintain the correct poise. In this manner of standing the pressure upon the liver and intestines is enormous, while the stomach presses against diaphragm; it in turn displaces other organs thus disturbing the whole organic and nervous life. This position is the cause of much nervousness, and the man who walks on his heels receives a nervous shock every step that he takes; for, every time he strikes his heel to the ground with the force of the weight of the whole body, he jars the sensitive nerves of the spine and they in turn affect every organ and tissue in the body. No wonder walking is tiresome under these conditions; the strain is terrific and sure to bring the penalty sooner or later.

Fig 5

Fig 6

Fig 7

Fig 8

Fig 9

ATTITUDE.

Figure four will give an idea of the proper poise for the body standing. The entire weight of the body rests on the balls of the feet. The heels are resting on the floor but do not press upon it. The body is slightly bent forward so that a perpendicular line drawn from the nose would pass directly through the center of the foot. The chest is well raised and in this position the shoulders naturally drop down and back. Every muscle is free and properly balanced; this gives ease and comfort. Every organ is in place and able to perform its functions without obstructions. Thus health is greatly influenced by one's position, and proper poise means half the battle toward strength and beauty.

Figure number five gives position in walking.

Here will be seen the balance on balls of the feet. At no time do the heels strike the ground first, but the body sways to and fro with an easy swing; no jar to sensitive nerves, no spinal irritation, and every muscle acting with the perfect unison nature intended.

Figures six and seven also show proper position of the body dressed. Here will be seen the graceful lines the perfect poise gives, when in ordinary clothes.

The control of the whole body is apparent; every muscle is ready to obey the mental demand upon it and here is a feeling of comfort engendered by the consciousness of this control. Contrast for yourself the man who is erect, self poised and controlled, with the distorted, misshapen bodies you see about you every day. Watch how many "walk on their heels" and notice the sad want of grace and strength their whole attitude displays.

Figures eight and nine show the difference in the position of the body during breathing.

Figure eight shows body during inhalation, chest and abdomen distended, whole body expanded.

Figure nine shows body during exhalation, abdomen contracted, chest lax. Exercise: Stand firmly balanced on balls of feet and be sure that the heels are not bearing all your weight; allow arms to hang with ease at your sides, chest well up and practice deep breathing; force the air into every corner of your body, taking care to exhaust all the air in the lungs when you exhale. Five minutes at a time will give you great results in chest expansion and strength, besides developing your muscles into firm obedient servants.

Ease and beauty, strength and self control are within your reach if you will use these means of producing them; a little experimenting will show you what great benefit is to be obtained from a well balanced, properly poised body. Of course you will find it will take preserverance to overcome your habits of poor breathing and position if you have been in the habit of standing as in figure three.

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NO HERESY IN LICENSING

Editor Western Field: In your article in the April issue of Western Field on "The Protection of Game," you touched briefly upon one feature of the subject that must before long be recognized as just, practical and all-important. I refer to the imposition of a license for the privilege of killing game and fish. I wish to congratulate Western Field upon the advanced stand it has taken on this important factor in game preservation. In opening the paragraph in your article treating upon the license question you say: "At the risk of being deemed heretical to good old American traditions," etc. Granting of privileges without a corresponding remuneration of the commonwealth therefor is a monarchical, not an American tradition. "Those who dance must pay the fiddler," if not an American tradition, is certainly a very good and very old American axiom. It is an American tradition that every citizen must help support the Federal Government by the increased cost to the consumer of all imported articles on which a duty is levied, as well as on certain articles of domestic manufacture on which a revenue tax is imposed. It is certainly a well established American tradition to impose a heavy license upon the privilege of engaging in many occupations; especially those of a pleasurable character, such as circuses, theatres, saloons and the like.

The game and fish is the property of the State and in order that it may be so conserved as to continue to furnish the people as it does at present, over twenty-three millions pounds of food annually, large appropriations are made from the State treasury. Every man who hunts or fishes acknowledges by his act that the game and fish which he procures is of value to him either as food or as a source of pleasure or recreation. How then can it be considered contrary to "good old American traditions" to require a license from all who take for their own benefit that which belongs to the State, and that which can only be maintained for their uses by a continuous draft upon the public purse? Let those who dance pay the fiddler. Let those who profit either materially in an article of food or healthfully as a source of recreation by taking to their own use this State property, contribute to its maintainance through a license imposed upon the privilege. Such a license would be no more compulsory than are the pleasures of the field and stream. To impose this license upon all who profit by the privileges which it grants is an act of justice to those who hunt and those who do not. It is a principle of equity whose promulgation has been so long delayed that we might better invoke the mantle of tradition to shield our own shortsightedness. Very respectfully,

H. T. Payne.

THE JACKSON HOLE COUNTRY

(In response to numerous inquiries received at the office from prospective elk hunting friends, we are glad to submit the following letter from one of Wyoming's most dependable guides, Mr. S. N. Leek, to whom we have been greatly indebted for the most interesting series of wild elk pictures ever taken in the most favored haunts of this magnificent game. From personal acquaintaince with Mr. Leek, as well as with the Jackson Hole country, the writer can vouch unreservedly for the authenticity of the information contained. —Ed.)

Editor Western Field: The winter just past has been an unusually hard one on the elk here, in some localities nearly all the last spring calves perishing while in other localities they wintered better. In the aggregate probably twenty per cent. of all the elk perished, this loss being confined almost entirely to the calves, with but a few very old elk. At one time we thought the loss would be much greater; but at the present time the danger is past, and with half a show they will soon recruit up to their old numbers.

Enclosed find two pictures taken during the period of coldest weather here, one representing elk feeding on a hill side, the other of elk browsing on willows on which a great many subsisted entirely for about two months.

I am receiving a great many inquiries from sportsmen in your locality as to how best to get into this section. In answer I beg to say that the best route for tourists or hunters to reach the Jackson Hole country is rail to St. Anthony, Idaho, then by wagon road to and through Teton Basin, Idaho, then up Trail Creek through Teton Pass into Jackson Hole, Wyo. The base of the mountains near the Pass has an elevation of about 6,300 feet, the summit of the pass is 8,300 feet; making a climb and descent of about 2,000 feet, which on the west or Idaho side, is strung out about ten miles but on the east side the climb or decsent must be made in about three miles. Near the summit on the east side is a pile of "chunks" that excite no small speculation in the minds of travelers as to how they came there; they have been used to block the wheels of the wagons, so as to give the horses a rest in making the ascent. Farther down, near the foot of the steepest part of the hill, a great many logs and tree tops will be seen piled near the road; these have been used as drags to hold the wagons back in going down hill and have been cut near the summit till the opening thus cleared can be seen from my place ten miles away. It is usually July first before travel can go over Teton Pass without negotiating a long distance on snow. By the middle of that month the roads may be said to be fairly open and travel is good.

At present there is quite a gold mining excitement on Trail Creek, leading to Teton Pass. Both sides of the creek are alread located for miles botn for placer and quartz claims. S. N. Leek.

Jackson's Hole, Wyo.

S. N. Leek, Photo. ELK FEEDING ON HILL SIDE.

S. N. Leek, Photo. ELK BROWSING IN WILLOWS.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK HUMBUG

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: When you want photographs of game, please don't waste your time attempting to find it in our great National "game preserve" (?). The place to go for game is where it is, and it most assuredly is not in the Yellowstone National Park, only in the minds of a few who are feeding at the Government crib and must therefore keep up the farce in order to hold their job.

In one hundred and seventy miles of trip in which I laid over at the different hotels and took long tramps in the woods in search of elk or elk sign, I saw where fifteen had crossed a stream quite recently; at another place I saw fresh tracks of two small bulls and one lone bull crossed the wagon road.

Now for the edification of tenderfeet. The superintendent and Captain Chittenden inform the public that there are 34,000, and probably nearer 50,000 elk in the Park. Oh, ye gods! 3,600 square miles, a little tract sixty miles across with a road dividing it almost into thirds and traversed every day, yet those dragging feet leave no sign of their existence in the soft dirt on either side or center of the trail. Truly a new species of elk that never travel. Three thousand elk would track up sixty miles square so that one might easily suppose there were many more, but they would track it up to a finish. Not only is this road through the very center of the reserve, but it traverses a large portion of the Hayden Valley and any number of beautiful parks, ideal places for elk, and where they would travel if they were there. There was considerable deer sign along the road, but you would see more crossing any road in Routt County, Colorado, in a ten mile drive, than we saw all through the park.

Game that should be destroyed is entirely too plentiful, wolves, coyotes, lions and bears are very much in evidence, and why the National Government should protect such vermin when the surrounding States are annually paying thousands of dollars for their extermination is incomprehensible. Vicious bears are allowed to roam unmolested round the hotels, occasionally being shot at with small shot to teach them "fear (?) of man." One of them tore the whole side off a man while I was there, and instead of being instantly killed, was left to injure others.

As a wonderland without an animal it is worth spending a fortune to see, and if it were properly managed instead of being a graft to line a lot of political favorites' pockets, it might be made the grandest game preserve on earth. As it is, the patrolling is a mere sham, the superintendent wholly unfit for his position, being far more interested in "legging" for the transportation company, and annoying the public, than in caring for so trifling a matter as the game or the comfort of the people who own the park.

There were over one hundred and fifty men in the Park besides civilian scouts, and any camper could have caught all the beaver he wanted, or bear either, and got away with it right on the line of travel, to say nothing of places out near the boundary where there is no trail, and where any of these tenderfoot recruits (they had just sent sixty in) from Eastern cities would be so utterly lost that if they found a man killing game they would have to hire him to save their lives.

An immense fence with *every mile* daily patrolled by a man to a mile will give posterity a chance to know what our mountain fauna looked like. In the meantime instead of having two stations on sixty miles of southern boundary, there should be twenty, and they should be put in charge of some one in earnest about game protection.

There are men to be found who will do their duty without using their opportunities for a graft, and if a man gets suspiciously well off, and attributes it to his "economy," either catch him at it and make an example of him, or let him have a chance to practice it elsewhere.

Saloons run wide open in the Park against all rules, elk are slaughtered by hundreds in the forest reserve, which according to the superintendent's own report is under his control, when the laws of Wyoming are violated, and it is a rather difficult matter for anyone who is put in a position to enforce laws to make the public believe he allows those laws to be broken unless he is directly or indirectly interested in their breach. In any case the fact that laws are broken under his nose, and certainly with his knowledge, shows his disqualification for the office he holds and nothing but political favoritism would retain such a disgrace to the service in such a position.

Every sportsman who has the interest of our country at heart should urge his Senators and Congressmen to go after this Park mismanagement with a determination that the thing shall be sifted from the head of the Interior Department down, and the rottenness cut out so that instead of a grafter's paradise it shall be the people's Park.

One soldier informed the lieutenant that he had counted several hundred dead elk in the vicinity of the Snake River station in the forest reserve. This reserve, according to the superintendent's report of 1898, is under his control when the laws of Wyoming are violated, but no one was caught. One man has been retained at this station, being transferred from troop to troop until he has accumulated a snug fortune in cattle, horses, etc. There is a bare possibility that the superintendent had no interest in this man's phenomenal economy in saving a small fortune out of the stupendous salary Uncle Sam pays his soldiers, but it will be hard to make the public swallow any such statement.

It has been stated at different times that the people who had charge of the Park were being bribed to allow the game to be killed, so I asked a soldier if he could see a buffalo or other game killed if he had a $50 bill over his eyes. He at once replied, "You bet I couldn't." Soldiers are only human, and they get no encouragement to arrest poachers. Nothing but duty at $13.50 per month. Many of them have never had $250.00 at one time in their lives. The buffalo don't interest them while that much increase in pay is a material item.

As a buffalo head is worth $500 to $1,000, and a hide from $100 to $250, it will be plain to any one that a poacher can well afford to pay such a sum and yet make large wages.

Elk are only killed for the two ivory tusks which bring the game butcher $8.00 to $50.00 per pair. As this game is as easily killed as range cattle, a man would be a very poor hunter that could not make $100 per day.

One man informed me he had trapped six hundred dollars worth of beaver in one spring in the Park, and from the scarcity of them in the Park I should judge he was "not the only pebble on that beach." Out of the large herd of buffalo that were in the Park a few years ago, but twenty-two remain, and I was informed by one of the employees of the transportation company that the superintendent has allowed the transportation company (in which I am told he is personally interested) to cut a thousand tons of hay, most of it on the upland where the game should feed in winter.

Two more troops should be added to the present forces in the Park, and instead of keeping them at Mammoth Hot Springs they should be scattered all along the 360 miles of boundary, and a superintendent placed in charge who will look after the men and see that they do their duty instead of playing the dude around the hotel and entertaining millionaires and Government officials—hoping for their influence—who may visit the Park. Any other officer who would allow saloons to run wide open on his reservation would be promptly court martialed and dismissed. Why not this favorite of the Interior Department?

A good man in that position can yet save a remnant of the game for posterity, but under the present management a couple of years will see the last of it wiped out at the present rate of decrease.

JAMES FULLERTON.

[We print the above despite the drasticity of its strictures because it is the honest and unbiased opinion of a well known and reliable sportsman, and because it forcibly makes public a condition which we have repeatedly deplored out of a personal conversance therewith. While not subscribing to all of Mr. Fullerton's assertions we must reluctantly acquiesce in his general denunciation of the very lax protective measures taken by the National Park management.—Ed.]

DENSE POWDER AND LEAD BULLETS

By M. J. WHITE.

WHEN the first rifle shooting high pressure powder came to the hands of the marksmen the injunction was "use only metal jacketed bullets in these firearms." Black powder, and even low pressure smokeless powders and lead bullets were out of the question. Much of the explosive in the cartridges was brought from foreign countries and the marksmen soon realized that for target and practice purposes the ammunition of the new firearms would be too expensive. It was like loading a gun with silver dollars! At this point Yankee ingenuity began to manifest itself and it was not long before the obstacles complained of were wiped away and to-day nearly all, if not every high pressure rifle made can be shot with lead bulets and low pressure powders, giving good results on the target ranges and in the field for small game shooting.

To the practical marksman alone belongs the credit of overcoming the supposed impossibility of sending leaden pellets through rifling varying from one turn in ten inches to one turn in six and seven. One of the latest successes in this line of experimenting has been with a Colts Automatic pistol of .38 calibre. When this weapon and its ammunition came out the price of the latter staggered those who shoot such weapons for fun. Announcement was made that the shells could not be reloaded except with expensive powder and jacketed bullets, and a glance at the price list showed that to ordinary shooters the cost would be prohibitive. The reasons given for the injunction were that only the most powerful of powders would operate the automatic mechanism and that these must be used in conjunction with a stiff, hard bullet with a steel or nickel covering. And further that a leaden bullet, no matter how hard, would lead and foul the firearm.

These arguments did not make much of an impression upon J. R. Trego, a local marksman who has an ingenious and inventive mind. After no little thought he produced a mould casting nearly the same size bullet as the factory jacketed. The bullets he run one part tin to sixteen of lead. They were long enough to give an excellent bearing and full enough to prevent gas cutting. Then came the tests for a suitable powder and after trying a number of brands Mr. Trego chose Hazards No. 2 Smokeless Rifle Powder, made to be used in ordinary revolvers. He put into the shells what would be called a "bulk" load, that is, all that could be crimped over without packing or crushing the powder. A common nitro primer was used.

Many shots were fired and the powder was found to be amply strong to operate the mechanism. There was not the slightese evidence of fouling or leading, though the rapid fire test was put upon the home made ammunition. There was one slight defect. The bullets carried about six inches lower at 50 yards than the factory made metal jacketed ones but Mr. Trego remedied this by casting his next batch at one to ten, which increased the elevation by two inches. A point blank range at 50 yards was obtained by raising the rear sight a little. Hence a pleasant, economical ammunition has been obtained by an amateur, notwithstanding the manufacturers verdict passed in advance of the experiment.

WORLD'S PISTOL RECORDS

SEVERAL important records with the pistol at 50 yards have recently been made. One of these is of 50 shots made on April 4th by Thomas Anderton of Boston, Mass., who succeeded in bettering the former record by four points. The shooting was done under the rules and regulations of the United States Revolver Association, ten shot strings. Standard American target. The shots have been plotted on one target for the sake of showing Mr. Anderton's remarkable skill, and are here given:

10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 10.....99
9 9 10 10 10 9 10 9 9 9 94
9 10 10 9 9 9 10 10 10 10 96
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 99
8 9 9 8 10 9 10 10 9 10 .....92....480

Thos. Anderson's 50-shot world's record.

Mr. E. E. Partridge, also a Massachusetts expert marksman, has succeeded in breaking two records in 20 and 30 shots with the pistol, 50 yards, on the Standard American target. The shooting was on March 26th on the Walnut Hill range. The official score of the 20-shot record is as follows:

10 9 10 10 10 10 8 10 9 10 96

30-SHOT RECORD

50-SHOT RECORD

10 10 9 10 8 10 10 9 10 10 .....96....192

The 30 shot record made at the same time includes one more 10 shot string counting 95, as follows:

9 9 10 10 10 9 10 9 9 10 .....95....287

or a total of 287 for the 30 shots.

E. E. Partridge's 30-shot record.

In order that the excellence of Mr. Partridge's markmanship may be appreciated the 30 consecutive shots, of both records, are plotted on our target and the same duly certified by those in authority. All of this shooting was done strictly in accordance with the rules and regulations of the United States Revolver Association and the same are recognized as official records and they stand to-day at the top of the list.

HAD NO USE FOR RIFLES

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE second half of the home-and-home match between teams of ladies representing the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs, after being postponed on account of bad weather, was played on Thursday morning, April 2, on the Adams Point course. Each team consisted of half a dozen fair golfers, the Presidio six being captained by Miss Alice Hoffman and the Oakland ladies by Mrs. P. E. Bowles. On the first eighteen holes played on the Presidio course, the home team obtained a lead of 6 up against the visitors, but, when the scene of contest was shifted to Adams Point, the Oaklanders showed to much better advantage. Miss Alice Hager of the San Francisco team being absent, 2 holes were given to her opponent, Miss Violet Whitney. Of the five visitors from San Francisco only one, Miss Florence Ives, scored against her opponent. Mrs. W. P. Johnson "wiped the floor" (to use the language of the man of the street) with Mrs. J. R. Clark, and Mrs. P. E. Bowles "made hay" of Mrs. Leroy Nickel. The Oakland team was 20 up on the day's play, or 14 up on the whole match.

Two days later, on Saturday, April 4, the second home-and-home match of the present season between teams of twelve men representing the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs was begun on the Presidio links. Things looked very well at the outset for the San Francisco players, for not one of the first six men on the Oakland team scored against his opponent. R. M. Fitzgerald of Oakland tied with Dr. J. R. Clark of San Francisco, but W. P. Johnson, E. R. Folger, J. A. Folger, Frank Kales and Dr. W. M. Carpenter were 16 down. Had the remaining six men of the city team merely held their own against the visitors, San Francisco would have obtained a substantial lead. But of the last six Presidio players only one, Charles Page, beat his opponent, the tail of the Oakland team scoring 15 holes against their antagonists. The result of the afternoon's play was an advantage of 4 in favor of San Francisco.

On the following Saturday the San Francisco men visited Oakland to play the second half of the match. As had been expected, the small lead of San Francisco was wiped off, the Oakland team obtaining an advantage of 11 holes on the afternoon's play. The most sweeping victory of the day occurred in the match in which J. W. Byrne, the San Francisco captain, defeated R. M. Fitzgerald, the Oakland captain, 11 up, notwithstanding the fact that the Oaklander was on his home course. W. P. Johnson's victory of 10 up over S. L. Abbot nearly offset this great gain for San Francisco. Seven of the visitors lost their matches, one tied his opponent and four were winners. The visitors were a good deal bothered by the condition of the Oakland course. In several places there were patches of slippery mud and a thick growth of grass which heavily penalized the golfer who was unlucky enough to play his ball into them.

As the San Francisco Club won the first match of the present season, and the Oakland team proved superior in the second, a tie resulted, which was played off last month over a neutral course.

The San Francisco team was considerably weakened in its second encounter with Oakland by the absence of John Lawson and B. D. Adamson, and in the last eighteen holes by the absence of H. C. Golcher.

On Tuesday, April 7, the ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club held the second competition of the present season for the the Council's Cup for Women. In the opening round Mrs. J. R. Clark beat Mrs. Mann, Miss Hoffman won from Mrs. Girvin, Miss Chesebrough defeated Miss Ives, and Miss Wagner proved victorious over Mrs. Leroy Nickel. The winners in the semi-final round next day were Mrs. J. R. Clark and Miss Chesebrough. In the final round on Thursday morning Mrs. J. R. Clark beat Miss Chesebrough and won the competition. Mrs. Clark's name will be engraved for the second time on the trophy, and a third victory will give the permanent possession of the silver loving cup to her. Mrs. R. Gilman Brown won the first competition that was played for the trophy (which is the second

MRS. HUGH VAIL

cup presented by the Council of the San Francisco Golf Club to the Ladies' Annex), but absented herself from the two last competitions held for it. Had she entered, the probability is strong that she would have annexed the second trophy by three straight victories. In Mrs. Brown's absence Mrs. Clark seems to be in a fair way to achieve the same result. It may quite easily happen that the second trophy will be won outright and the ladies be crying out for a third one before the first cup offered by the Council to the men has been permanently captured. Such is the acquisitiveness of woman!

On Saturday afternoon, April 18, the San Francisco Golf Club presented a double bill. A driving contest, five balls each within a course fifty yards wide, was won by Dr. T. G. McConkey with an aggregate of 505 yards, S. L. Abbot being second with a total distance of 412 yards. In an eighteen hole medal play handicap R. I. Bentley was first with a score of 93 less 12, net 81, and Charles Page second with 93 less 6, net 87. Each bore away a prize as the reward of his skill.

The ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club brought their schedule of events to a conclusion with a contest against bogey on Tuesday, April 21, the winner being Miss Ives, who, with a handicap of six strokes, ended all even with the formidable "colonel."

The most important and interesting event of the month came last. This was the annual competition for the men's amateur championship of the Northern California Golf Association, which took place on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club on Saturday, April 25. Twenty competitors entered from the San Francisco, San Rafael and Oakland Golf Clubs. The San Francisco representatives were S. L. Abbot, J W. Byrne, A. S. Lilley and L. O. Kellogg. Oakland was represented by J. O. Cadman, E. R. Folger, G. E. De Golia, W. P. Johnson, Frank Kales and Dr. W. M. Carpenter. The entries from San Rafael were E. J. Hooper, A. G. Harvey, Carlton Curtis, G. E. Starr, P. G. Gow, J. J. Crooks, R. G. Brown, M. J. Casey, R. J. Davis and F. H. Beaver. The San Rafael men, playing on their own course, came out very well, A. G. Harvey winning the gold medal of the N. C. G. A., and the silver cup offered by the San Rafael Golf Club for the best score for eighteen holes made during the day, and R. Gilman Brown winning the silver trophy presented by the S. R. G. C. to the player handing in the third best score for the thirty-six holes. W. P. Johnson of Oakland was runner-up and captured the silver medal of the N. C. G. A. The champion's score was 46, 43, 49, 49, total, 187. It was his good score in the morning that won him his title, as his afternoon score was six strokes worse than that of W. P. Johnson.

The San Rafael course was in excellent condition, being covered with good turf, and the greens being fast and true. A ball that wandered off the course, however, was heavily punished, as the grass was so thick and luxuriant that it was very hard to play out of. The day was a pleasant one, reasonably warm, but not blazingly hot, and the competition passed off quite satisfactorily. Several ladies manifested their interest in the contest by coming to the club house in the afternoon. Among them were Mrs. R. G. Brown, Mrs. George Heazelton, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. W. P. Johnson and Mrs. E, J, Hooper, all of whom are golfers and the wives of golfers. They manifested a becoming solicitude as the scores of incoming couples were written on the bulletin board, one enthusiastic spectator remarking that it was even more exciting to watch a contest than to play in one.

The San Francisco Golf Club had two competitions during the month of May. The first of these was a handicap over eighteen holes, match play, for which a qualifying round was held. Three prizes were presented for this event, one for the player handing in the lowest gross score and two for the winner and runner-up in the final round. On Decoration Day there will be a handicap against Bogey, for which two prizes are offered.

The regular season of the San Francisco Golf Club is now ended, though several residents of the city are to be found on the links all through the summer. The San Rafael Golf Club, with R. G. Brown as captain, is looking forward to an active season. It has been decided, however, not to prepare any schedule for the whole season, but to arrange such events as may seem most suitable to the requirements of the players.

Early in May Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Sarah Drum and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood went down to Los Angeles to take part in the third annual competition for the women's championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association, played on the links of the L. A. Country Club on May 4, 5, 6 and 7. It was intended also to play a team match, Northern California versus Southern California ladies.

THE SEASON IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By R. H. Hay Chapman.

THE third annual programme of the Southern California Golf Association has been carried out this season with even greater success than its predecessor. Enteries were numerous and all localities of the district were fairly represented with the exception of Riverside, which in previous years has been a nursery of golf but suffered from too many clubs, a mistake that, however, has now been remedied, the Riverside, Pachappa and Rubidons Clubs having amalgamated. In the most important event of the season, the men's amateur championship, there were thirty entries. and the competition was exceedingly well contested. Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego, Redlands and Catalina were all represented but unfortunately neither Riverside nor Santa Barbara, the latter of which made such a fine showing last year, sent any competitors. In the open championship, the pick of the professionals of the country, with one or two notable exceptions, such as Auchberlonie, Willie Anderson, and Johnstone of San Francisco, entered the lists, and finer golf than that played by the Brothers Smith in the final round has never been seen on the Pacific Coast

Unfortunately the women do not seem keen to enter competitions, probably because there is so wide a difference between the best players and the second-raters. Certainly it is not that golf is any less popular among the fair sex, for dozens of feminine devotees are to be seen on the links of the Los Angeles Country Club any day in the "grass" season. Nevertheless there promises to be a fair representation of women-golfers at the Pacific Coast meeting to commence in Los Angeles May 4, and if Mrs Gilman Brown, Miss Alice Hager and some more of the best northern players come down to play, a keen competition is assured

MISS MABLE HIGGINS.

The women started the ball rolling in February, contesting for the Southern California Association's championship. Miss Mabel Higgins, a very promising young player from the famous Chicago Club of Midlothean, entering from Pasadena; Miss Ada Smith of San Diego, last year's champion, and Mrs. W. T. Bishop and Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, both of Los Angeles, reached the semi-finals. A mistake was made by the directors of the association in asking women to play as many as 36 holes in one day. Such an ordeal is a strain upon men and altogether too severe a task for the gentler sex. Miss Higgins beat Miss Smith after a keenly contested game and the match between Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Bowers took several extra holes before victory fell to the former. In the finale, Miss Higgins proved too strong for the local representative. The winners of this trophy now are:

1901. Mrs. Jean W. Bower, Los Angeles.
1902. Miss Ada Smith, San Diego.
1903. Miss Mabel Higgins, Pasadena.

The men's amateur championship started on the links of the Los Angeles Country Club February 19, with 36 holes, medal play, sixteen players to qualify. An inch of rain had fallen two days previously and made the going rather heavy. Nevertheless some fine scores were registered, a young Chicago and Pasadena player, Robert E. Hunter, who is only in his eighteenth year, capturing the gold medal. Young Hunter exactly equaled Bogen for the 36 holes, a very fine performance.

One of the features of the tournament was the plucky play of Tom West of San Diego. Mr. West endured three strenuous matches, beating Broad at the nineteenth hole, beating Orr at the twenty-third hole, and only sucumbing to Fairbanks on the home green. Walter Fairbanks, the Denver veteran, again showed consistent and accurate play in every department of the game. The final was a hard fought match although Fairbanks had made 5 down at half the distance, and still maintained that advantage at the thirty-second hole, which gave him the championship. The record now stands:

1901. C. E. Orr, Pasadena.
1902. H. M. Sears, Los Angeles.
1903. Walter Fairbanks, Los Angeles.

Splendid golfing weather prevailed for the open championship, which took place March 6 and 7, and in the entry list there were eight amateurs and eight professionals, but the amateurs were not seen to advantage and the professionals captured the fine prizes, amounting in cash to $275. Bogey for the 72 holes is 316 strokes and the fact that Will Smith finished eight strokes better is the best proof of the splendid skill he showed. Both Will and Alec showed to the utmost advantage in the final round, which was witnessed by an enthusiastic gallery, each brother doing the eighteen holes in five strokes better than the Colonel. The comparative failures of the amateurs was disappointing, as last year Maud and Fairbanks secured fourth and fifth places respectively. Young Rob Hunter again showed his skill in medal play, but neither day's sport was within a dozen strokes of his splendid performance in the qualifying round of the amateur competition. The winners of the Southern California open championship have been:

WALTER FAIRBANKS
ALEC SMITH
GEORGE TURPIE
R.E. HUNTER
WILLIE SMITH
C.E. MAUD
W.K. JEWETT

PROFESSIONALS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

8TH HOLE, LOS ANGELES COUNTRY CLUB.

1901. Willie Smith.
1902. Alec Smith.
1903. Willie Smith.

It is very much to be regretted that the formerly popular inter-club team matches, arranged by the association, were abandoned this year. Such contests bring out many of the best and most pleasing features of the game and should be strongly encouraged.

A home and home match was, however, arranged between the Los Angeles and Pasadena Country Clubs, taking place on April 4 at Los Angeles and April 8 at Pasadena. The Pasadena team, which is largely composed of Chicago and other Eastern golfers wintering at Pasadena, won a most decisive victory by 23 holes. The teams were represented by the following men in this order:

Pasadena Country Club.—W. K. Jewett, R. E. Hunter, C. E. Orr (capt.), C. L. Hunter, J. C. Daniels, E. S. Hunter, John S. Cravens, Dr. Taylor and C. S. Byington.

Los Angeles Country Club.—F. H. Edwards, W. Frederickson (capt.), Winson Walton, J. A. Brown, E. B. Tufts, J. A. Jevne, R. H. Hay Chapman, S. C. Lines and J. E. Cook.

Neither C. E. Maud nor Walter Fairbanks, Los Angeles' best men, were able to compete.

Southern California for the second time succeeded in capturing the Pacific Coast championship, and that sterling exponent of the game, C. E. Maud, who had been unsuccessful in previous events, was the subject of general congratulation.

Golf is still flourishing throughout the eight counties of the southland, but those who have the best interests and the future of the game at heart should apply themselves to encourage the young people to play. There are no youngsters coming on, which is a sad commentory on the shortsightedness of club directors, if they desire to see the game flourish perpetually. In half a dozen years golf in Southern California the boys who have learned the game and become skillful (outside of the caddies) can be reckoned on one hand. In fact, the only young home talent of real ability is Winsor Walton, who unfortunately is seldom able to play. Definite steps should be taken to induce the young people to play. There should be certain hours set apart when the children of club members are granted the privileges of the links. They should be encouraged by competitions and prizes, and every true lover of the game should be glad to lend a hand in teaching the young idea how to drive.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE yachting season of 1903 is now well started and bids fair to be an unusually active and interesting one. The San Francisco Club is more prosperous, has a larger list of members, and consequently a larger income than it has had for many years. The Corinthians have not quite so many members on the roll as they have had in some years, but the addition of three dollars to the annual subscription of each member makes their revenues greater than before and the roll of yachts has suffered no diminution. Though two or three yachts, such as the yawls Nereid and Arcturus, that have now been enrolled in the Tiburon fleet, have now been added to the roll of the California Yacht Club, their places have been filled by the addition of other yachts. The new sloop named Meteor, designed and built by Frank Stone for W. J. Hogg, L. Van Wyck and J. R. Baird, took part in the opening cruise on Sunday, April 26, and presented a smart appearance under sail. She is built on the same lines as the fast sloop Presto, but is larger, being in the 36-foot class. She is 39 feet four inches over all and 28 feet on the water line; has a beam of 11 feet 8 inches and a draft of 7 feet. Her center-board is of wood, with a 300-pound iron shoe and a drop of 5 feet 6 inches. She carries 3,300 pounds of outside ballast and 4,000 pounds of inside ballast. Though she is intended primarily for cruising, it is said that for racing her measurement can be cut down enough to bring her into the 30-foot class, to which Presto belongs. The sloop Thelma, which was flagship of the California Yacht Club last year, will be moored in Tiburon Cove this season, and the yawl Phyllis, which sailed under the San Francisco burgee, will fly the Corinthian flag. Besides these yachts there is the boat built by George Stevenson, the designer of the sloop Thelma.

The flagship of the California Yacht Club is the handsome yawl Idler, owned by Commodore Geo. M. Shaw. The sloop Spray is owned by Jack London, the well-known writer of short stories, who will doubtless make good literary use of his experiences as a yachtsman on the rough waters of San Francisco Bay. The sloop Jessie E. was built and for some seasons owned and raced by John T. Carrier, but is now the property of Louis Rosenfeld, who has fitted her out luxuriously. Her former owner will sail on board his old boat during the present season. The opening cruise of the California fleet took place on April 19, about twenty boats taking part in it. The wind was light in the Creek but in the Channel a good sailing breeze was found.

The opening reception and dance of the Corinthian Yacht Club on Saturday afternoon, April 25, was attended by an unusually large number of fair visitors, who danced in the big room, flirted on the piazza and paid visits to the flag-decked craft lying at moorings. At night the jinks, which was said to be of a quiet, decorous character, amused the tars, Larry Harris winning special praise for the ready wit which he displayed as showman of the "Living picturegraph." The bill described him as "the self-feeding and smoking talkomobile."

Nearly the whole fleet was out on the following day, cruising first towards Sausalito thence to the Presidio shore and along the city front. An excellent breeze, strong and steady, was found in the Channel, and the water being smooth and the air warm, the cruise was a very pleasant one.

On Saturday, May 2, the Oakland Canoe Club held a reception at its club house on Sessions' Basin, East Oakland, and an afternoon dance was given by the San Francisco Yacht Club in its Sausalito house. The Canoe Club, with Charles Stewart as Commodore, proposes to cut a larger figure in the acquatic sports of the Bay than heretofore. On the afternoon of opening day an open handicap race was held for sailing canoes. The start was at the fire of a single gun and the regular triangular course of the club was covered twice, making a distance of nearly six miles. The first boat to cross the finishing line received a handsome cut glass silver-mounted loving cup, and the boat that made the best corrected time won a silver trophy. Besides nearly all the canoes of the club, the canoe fleet of the Encinal Yacht Club took part in the event. At night a dance was given in the club house, which has been newly decorated and furnished. The fleet of the Oakland Canoe Club includes the flagship Beatrice, owned by Commodore Charles Stewart, Vice-Commodore H. G. Hinckley's sloop Surprise, W. T. White's sloop Ahwahnee, James R. Naylor's sloop Maria C., Secretary R. B. Bain, Jr.'s canoe Vitesse, Clyde D. Carman's canoe Gypsie, A. Gump's canoe Bonita, Charles A. Katzenbach's canoe Codia and Charles L. Taylor's canoe Nereid.

Commodore Stewart has prepared a programme of events for the season. Each month there will be a race for the Mayrisch Badge, and during the six months that the season lasts there will be races for the club sloops and events open to sloops enrolled in other clubs on the Bay. On public holidays there will be receptions at the club house and races for the Holiday Cup.

If the Corinthians succeed in winning back the San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Cup with the new boat designed by W. S. Burgess, it is their intention to keep the yacht and to lease her to members of the club. If she fails in the attempt to lift the cup she will be sold and the money that she fetches will be paid into the treasury of the club, as the members who have subscribed to the fund for designing, building, equipping and racing her regard their subscriptions as donations, and not as advances to be repaid.

It looks as though the California Yacht Club Building Association had suspended operations—at least for the present. It was proposed to sell stock to the value of ten thousand dollars, and about half this amount was pretty readily bought. Then it became increasingly hard to dispose of each succeeding block of stock. Yachtsmen of other clubs

than the California were asked to subscribe, but with a Perpetual Challenge Cup race to be provided for, the San Franciscos and Corinthians have need of all their spare cash. Though it is hardly likely that building operations will begin on the Oakland side of the Bay for some time, a few of the Creek yachtsmen propose to move their boats off the broad guage Oakland mole so as to make trial of the anchorage and be able to choose a good mooring-ground for the California Club when the time comes for it to erect new quarters.

The California Yacht Club has a goodly number of craft on its roll this year. The fleet includes three schooners, ten yawls, twenty-one sloops and three launches. The schooners are Vice-Commodore Charles P. Doe's Challenge, Williams and Meads' Frances and C. N. Winchester's Zaza. The yawls are Robert Vincent's Alert, (formerly a sloop), Mocker and Lowe's Arcturus, Henry Maloon's Bachelor, Schmidt and Chevalier's El Rayo, C. E. Clark's Gypsie, Commodore George M. Shaw's Idler, A. Vekander's Mabel A., De Wit and others' Nereid, Port Captain Julian Altendorf's Pilgrim and L. S. Sherman's Royal. The sloops are W. G. White's Aloha, D. J. Keane's Amy, J. E. Back's Catherine, Dixie, R. C. Davis' Espy, Hoffman and Leroux's Hope, L. Rosenfeld's Jessie E., C. Pearce's Kittie, J. Hartman's Mascot, C. L. Robinson's Lavinta, E. A. Olsen's Mollie Woggin, James Mahoney's Moper, George Miller's Occident, A. M. Clay's Pactolus, L. I. Gale's Secret, B. McManus' Shamrock III, F. E. H. Frost's Snap Shot, Jack London's Spray, Thomas and McLaren's Surf, Marshall and others' Thelma and E. Machefoux's Vixen. The launches are Eugene Flanders' Alert, Alexander Hay's Aloha and W. H. Williamson's Victor.

The South Bay Yacht Club is looking forward to an unusually busy season. The club has secured an excellent location for its new quarters in Alviso, to the south of the steamboat wharf and facing a basin that was dredged out for a steamer. The new club house, which is being erected at a cost of $2,500, is expected to be ready for occupation during the present month. The club has about 150 members and a fleet of about thirty-five yachts and launches. The officers for the present season are Dr. H. A. Spencer, Commodore; S. E. Smith, Vice-Commodore; Curtis M. Barker, Secretary; A. E. Moody, Treasurer; A. Greninger, E. L. Corbin, William Ortley and J. O. McKee, Directors. William Ortley is Port Captain and J. O. McKee is Measurer. Louis Sonniksen recently returned from a trip to the Eastern States bringing with him a handsome silver cup to be awarded as a prize in the schooner class. A. Meads, who formerly owned the sloop Espy, now has a much larger new sloop.

Why is it that the yachtsmen of San Francisco Bay manifest so little ingenuity in the choice of names for their yachts? Though there are not more than two hundred pleasure craft of all sorts on the Bay we find the same names used twice in several instances. Alert is the name of a launch and also of a yawl; Aloha is the name of a launch and also of a sloop; we have two Annies, a Doris I and a Doris II, a canoe Nereid and a yawl Nereid; a sloop Florence and a schooner Florence; a launch Gipsey, another launch Gypsey and a yawl Gypsie —differently spelled, it is true, but idem sonantes, as the lawyers beautifully say. There is a sloop Idler, a yawl Idler; a sloop Mascotte, a launch Mascotte; there are (or were) two craft named Pride; a yawl Spray and a sloop Spray; a sloop Thelma and a yawl Thelma; a launch Wanderer and a sloop Wanderer; a sloop Zephyr and a half-rater Zephyr. Yet a mere inspection of a list of female first names would yield dozens of excellent praenomina that are waiting to be chosen by some good man. A batch of yachting periodicals would suggest names enough to last for years to come without any doubling up Let me suggest a few: Sapphire, Pearl, Sunbeam, Cora, Clopatra, Araminta, Miriam, Marcella, Miranda, Clarissa, Eleanor, Muriel, Millicent. The Old Testament, a classical or mythological dictionary, a lot of novels or old play bills, a year-book of racing, a navy list—almost anything will furnish suitable names for boats. A vastly larger number of names is required for race-horses than for yachts, and yet the supply of names seems inexhaustible.

H. L. Betten, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SHOW

By Staff Correspondents.

THE San Francisco Kennel Club's Seventh Annual Show which was held in the Mechanics' Pavilion April 22 to April 25 inclusive, was a successful affair and reflected much credit upon the bench show committee, Messrs. W. C. Ralston, John L. Cunningham and C. K. Harley, whose labors in behalf of the club were untiring and resulted in the ultimate success of the show in the face of most discouraging conditions.

George Rafer of Gomersal, England, judged all classes except cocker spaniels and proved himself one of the most conscientious and capable judges ever called to pass upon the merits of our Coast dogs, and while in a few instances exceptions might be taken to his awards his integrity was at no time questioned and it can be said that he gave almost universal satisfaction.

Dr. C. M. Selfridge of Oakland, Cal., judged cocker spaniels and in the main showed good judgment in his selection of winners, although several of his awards did not meet with the approbation of those qualified to pass an opinion as to the merits of the little dogs.

Thos. Banks, as usual, attended to the benching of the dogs which means that it was done in perfect style. Mr. Banks is a veteran bench show man and performs his duties in a thorough manner and with a celerity that makes his services of great value to any bench show organization.

Taken as a whole the show was nicely managed and the various classes fairly well filled. There was noticeable falling off in grey hounds as well as in pointers and setters which is to be regretted. No section of the United States can show more good specimens of the former, while the other breeds mentioned are unusually well represented in this State and it should be no difficult matter to secure large classes of all three breeds.

The attendance at this show was unusually heavy and as the expenses were far short of those incurred in former years the club realized a handsome sum to the good, which must be encouraging after the many failures of the past.

The number of entries in the various classes was considerably below that of former years, less than 300 dogs being benched. The quality of the entries however averaged well with that of the dogs entered in previous years and considering the difficulties under which the management labored the showing made was a creditable one.

St. Bernards showed up weak in numbers but strong in quality. Gothard, Glenwood Booze, Grand Master II, Lester C. and Le King made a very typical group in dogs. In bitches Gypsey Lee II and Alta Rachel showed to the front, the latter very typical but woefully out of condition.

Great Danes made a creditable showing with Blue Beard, Rupert of Hentzau and Roy Blas, a good average lot of dogs. In bitches Carlotta and Maud S. were well in the lead.

Greyhounds were exceedingly weak in numbers, the majority of entries coming from one kennel.

American Fox Hounds were a poor lot and if the animals exhibited were fair examples of the breed as represented on this Coast breeders have little to feel proud of.

Pointer classes were unusually small and few of the specimens exhibited showed typical conformation. Cuba Jr., a plain one but built on workmanlike lines might have been placed over Rap Rattler, a coarse headed dog. In bitches Oregon's Jessie was in a class by herself and was the only really typical pointer in the show.

English setters were an improvement over pointers but not up to exhibits of other years. In dogs Judge Hunter is a sound active dog showing a great deal of class. He is a trifle short in head and wide in front, and of the cotty type, but active as a cat and built for work. If fanciers would breed more dogs of his class the breed would be much benefited. In bitches Albert's Rosalind is a good one but rather faulty in head, lacking the necessary stop. Maggie F. a nice specimen, very good in head barring a weak muzzle, pressed the winner very closely.

Irish setters were a poor lot and hardly worthy of mention. Only one fair one in the bunch and he a Victoria dog.

Gordon setters were such only in name and if the breed was fairly represented at this show the sooner fanciers stop breeding them the better it will be for the fancy.

Irish water spaniels as a whole made a very good exhibit with Dennis C. and Riley well to the front.

Cockers were a strong typical lot with many good ones among the bunch. In dogs Portland Dude, Black Silk, Jr., Hampton Promise, Hampton Goldie and Plumeria Beau II represented a lot of quality, while in bitches Plumeria Portia, Plumeria Victoria, Coquette Bonnie, Florodora, Little Dorrit, Plumeria Flo and Flavia were fit to show in any company.

Collies made a nice showing but hardly up to that of other years. English sheep dogs had one seemingly good one in Dame Marjory.

Bull dogs made up a rather small exhibit with nothing startling in the way of quality.

Bull terriers represented the class of the show and taken altogether were a very typical lot showing vast improvement over those exhibited some three years back. San Francisco is a bull terrier stronghold and these clean, active dogs are having their day.

Woodlawn Wonder, Hartshorn Joy, Heathcote Wonder with Banjo and Novcote Wonder as banner

"STARLIGHT W," OWNED BY T. T. WATSON

attractions drew the attention of fanciers generally.

Boston terriers were a rather nice lot with Col. Monte and Selmonte Beauty far in the lead.

Dachshounds were short on entries as usual, Swartz and Pretzel doing the bulk of the winning.

Fox terriers showed up in usual numbers with Chas. Harley's recent importations, notably Wonder Blizzard showing a lot of quality in smooths.

Irish setters showed no great increase in numbers but several nice ones were shown.

There was little competition in the classes for mastiffs. Manchester terriers, Skye terriers, Pomeranians, Yorkshires and other small breeds although several nice Skyes and a fairly good Yorkshire were shown.

Following is a list of awards:

MASTIFFS.

Limit dogs—H. R. Baker's Prince, first. Open dogs—H. Barnett's Sharkey, first. Winners' dogs—H. Barnett's Sharkey, first; H. R. Baker's Prince Res.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH COATED.

Puppy dogs—Mrs. Teresa M. Maloney's Major Bruce, first. Novice dogs—Miss Clara Moffat's Gothard, first; Sidney J. Ackerman's Glenwood Booze, second; August F. Chamot's Tzar II, third; Mrs. Hannah Lueck's Sacramento Pride, reserve; William W. Kaler's Monk, V. H. C.; O. G. Scott's Commodore Schley, V. H. C.; Mrs. Charles C. Navlet's Bruno, H. C.; Leo Lippi's Duke, H C.: William Schmidt's Prince, C. Limit dogs—Nairod Kennels' Grand Master II, first; August F. Chamot's Tzar II, second. Open dogs—Mrs. Charles Newman's Lester C, first; Nairod Kennels' Le King, second: August F. Chamot's Tzar II, third; Mrs. Charles C. Navlet's Bruno, H. C. Winners' dogs—Mrs. Charles C. Newman's Lester C., first; Nairod Kennels' Grand Master II, reserve. Bitch puppies—George H. Kruse's Maid of Athens, first. Novice bitches—A. B. Fately's Queen Bess B, first; Mrs. D. C. Driffield's Zaza, second; Sol J. Levy's Phyllis, third; F. J. Grimsby's Nairod Marion, reserve; S. Barnett's Queen, V. H. C.; August F. Chamot's Bellina, H. C. Limit bitches, rough coated—Mrs. D. C. Driffield's Zaza, first; August F. Chamot's Bellina, second. Open bitches, rough coated—Nairod Kennels' Gypsy Lee II, first; A. B. Fately's Lady Melba, second; Julian Ferrant's Schaetzohen, third; Mrs. D. C. Driffield's Zaza, reserve; August F. Cahmot's Bellina, H. C. Winners, bitches—Nairod Kennels' Gypsy Lee II, first; A. B. Fately's Queen Bess B., reserve.

"PEACH MARK" "JUBILEE PRINCESS"
SISTER TO "BANC III."

SMOOTH COATED.

Limit dogs—Mrs. C. E. McStay, Duke Russell, first. Winners, dogs—Duke Russell. Novice bitches—August F. Chamot's Bellina, first. Limit bitches—Bellina, first. Open bitches—Bellina, first. Winners, bitches—Bellina, first.

"COL. R," OWNED BY CHARDAC KENNELS

GREAT DANES.

Puppy dogs—Jack Bradshaw, Woodlawn Thunderbolt, first; O. Bergstein, Admiral Kempff, second; Miss Etta Miller, Schrock Beauty, third. Novice dogs—Mrs. L. S. Adams, Jr., Rupert of Hentzau, first; Peter Ostergard, Tiger, second. Limit dogs—Rupert of Hentzau, first; John Love Cunningham, Cunningham's Ruy Blas, second; Dresser & Simpson, Alphonse, third; Louis P. Meany, Nero, V. H. C. Open dogs—Dresser & Simpson, Bluebeard, first; Rupert of Hentzau, second; Ruy Blas, third. Winners, dogs—Bluebeard, first; Rupert of Hentzau, reserve. Puppy bitches—R. H. Fitzgerald, Queen F., first; Irving C. Ackerman, Humberstone Agnes, second. Novice bitches—Dresser & Simpson, Flora, first; F. Frericks, Queen, second. Limit bitches—John Love Cunningham, Carlotta, first; John L. Cunningham, Carmencita, second; Dresser & Simpson, Tempest, third; Dresser & Simpson, Zambra, highly commended. Open bitches—Cunningham's Carlotta, first; O. Bergstein's Maud S., second. Winners bitches—Carlotta, first; Maud S., reserve.

GREYHOUNDS.

Novice dogs—J. H. Rosseter, Rocker, first; William H. Richardson, Lundin Links, second. Limit

dogs—J. H. Rosseter, Roman Athlete, first. Open dogs—J. F. McCarthy, John Doe, first; Roman Athlete, second. Winners dogs—J. H. Rosseter, Rocker, first; J. F. McCarthy, John Doe, reserve. Limit bitches—J. H. Rosseter, May Hemstead, first. Open bitches—J. H. Rosseter, Fiery Face, first. Winners, bitches—Fiery Face, first; May Hemstead, reserve.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.

Limit dogs—Fred Schmidt's Beech, first; W. S. Kittle's Rainbow, second. Open dogs—William Berg's Crowder, first; N. H. Hickman's Chinny Billie, second; Fred Schmidt's Roy, third. Winners dogs—Crowder, first; Beech, reserve. Novice bitches—W. B. Tubb's Lou, first. Limit bitches—F. W. Tallant's Melody, first. Winners bitches—Melody, first; Lou, reserve.

POINTERS.

Puppy dogs—W. J. Brown, Frisco B., first; Frank Greenberg, Bright, Jr., V. H. C. Novice dogs—David Schoemaker, Rat Rattler, first; W. S. Tevis, Cuba, Jr., second. Limit dogs—Rat Rattler, first; Cuba, Jr., second. Open dogs—Rat Rattler, first; Cuba, Jr., second. Winners dogs—Rat Rattler, first; Cuba, Jr., reserve. Puppy bitches—Harry P. Greg, Lady Wellington, second. Novice bitches—F. F. Wamsley, Oregon's Jessie, first; C. E. O'Niel, Wee Cora, second; Lyman C. Lacey, Jewel, third; W. S. Tevis, Jingo's Bagpipe, reserve. Limit bitches—Oregon's Jessie, first; Jingo's Bagpipe, second. Open bitches—Oregon's Jessie, first; Jingo's Bagpipe. Winners bitches—Oregon's Jessie, first; Wee Cora, reserve.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Novice dogs—W. H. Lemmer's Hardy, first; F. P. Butler's Judge Hunter, second; S. Barnett's Leon, third; Thomas Pennington's Orion T., reserve; Helen F. Devine's Orion W., V. H. C.; L. A. Linville's Plumas, V. H. C. Limit dogs—Thomas Pennington's Orion, first; George W. Penington's Lord Kitchner, second. Open dogs, John Golobeck's Cato, Jr., first; F. P. Butler's Judge Hunter, second; W. M. Felge's Champion Buckwa, third; C. Roos' Rock, V. H. C. Winners dogs—John Golobeck's Cato, Jr., first; W. H. Lemmer's Hardy, reserve. Puppy bitches—N. Botto's Hazel, second.

Novice bitches—C. C. Lee's Laura, first; S. Barsecond; W. M. Feige's Champion Buckwa, third; E. L. Chase's Lady Gladstone, reserve; Thomas Pennington's Junie, V. H. C.; T. C. Van Ness, Jr.'s Tess, V. H. C.; Al Temple's Queen T., H. C. Limit bitches—Thomas Pennington's Junie. Open bitches—T. P. McConnell's Albert's Rosalind, first; P. D. Linville's Maggie, second. Winners bitches—C. C. Lee's Laura S., first; T. P. McConnell's Albert's Rosalind, reserve.

IRISH SETTERS.

Novice dogs—Alfred A. Alcayaga's Terry M., first; L. C. William's Kip, second; John White, Jr.'s Sir Donegal, third. Open dogs—Dr. A. J. Garesche's Hector, first. Winners dogs—Dr. A. J. Garesche's Hector, first. Alfred A. Alcayaga's Terry M. reserve. Puppy bitches—Milton E. Getz' Lady Gem, second; Francis T. Keene's Lightning C's Queen of Diamonds, third. Novice bitches—Francis T. Keene's Lightning Lady, first; Sidney V. Smith, Jr.'s Calve, second. Open bitches—Duval Moore's Queen Bess II, first. Winners bitches—Duval Moore's Queen Bess II, first; Francis T. Keene's Lightning C's Queen of Diamonds, reserve.

GORDON SETTERS.

Puppy, dogs and bitches—William Bay's Hattie B, first; J. J. Redmond's Sport, second. Novice dogs and bitches—P. W. Watson's Doc, first; J. J. Redmond's Di, second. Open, dogs and bitches—John H. W. Muller's McKinley, first.

FIELD TRIAL.

Dogs—W. S. Tevis' (Stockdale Kennels) Cuba, Jr. Winners, dogs and bitches—J. J. Redmond's McKinley, first; P. W. Watson's Doc, reserve. Bitches—P. D. Linville's Maggie F, first.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

Novice dogs—August Christensen's The Gossoon, first; Achille Roos' Dan, second. Open dogs—A. T. Leonard. Jr.'s Dennis, first; William F. Watson's Riley, second. Winners dogs—A. T. Leonard, Jr.'s Dennis, first; William F. Watson's Riley, reserve. Novice bitches—J. J. Colvin's Sally, third. Open bitches—James E. Spink's Florodora, first. Winners bitches—James E. Spink's Florodora, first.

FIELD SPANIELS.

Novice dogs and bitches—W. S. Kittle's Matt Grin, first. Winners, dogs and bitches—W. S. Kittle's Matt Grin, first.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.

Open dogs and bitches—G. D. Boyd's Beech Grove Dick, first.

COLLIES.

Puppy dogs—Irving Townsend's Tyke, first; Mrs. L. M. Walter's Bon Bon, second; J. A. Moreland's Beno, third; Mrs. J. A. Moreland's Orma, reserve. Novice dogs—Irving Townsend's Tyke, first; Mrs. William P. Burnham's Yarror, second; J. A. Moreland's Don M. III, third; George Spreen's Schley, reserve; W. P. Leech's Randy, V. H. C.; Thomas C. Boyle's Cheviot Donald, V. H. C.; Mrs. John Morrisey's Stanford, H. C.; F. W. Hudson's Sandy, H. C.; Maxwell G. Jones' Del Roy, H. C.; Mrs. D. Chevalier's Snowflake, C. Limit dogs—Irving Townsend's Tyke, first; O. J. Albee's Ormskirk Verona Bob, second; J. A. Moreland's Don M. III, third; Mrs. A. H. Coney's Robert Bruce, reserve; W. P. Leech's Randy, V. H. C.; George Spreen's Schley, V. H C. Open dogs—O. J. Albee's Cheviot Construction, first; J. A. Moreland's Don M. III, second; George Spreen's Schley, third; no reserve; Mrs. J. D. Cardinell's Tyke, H. C. Winners, dogs—Irving Townsend's Tyke, first; O. J. Albee's Cheviot Construction, reserve.

Puppy bitches—Hugh McCracken's Presidio Lassie, first; Mrs. J. P. Norman's Tyche, second; Mrs. Jack Bradshaw's Her Majesty, third; O. E. Von Rhein's

TERRY'S "ORION"

"GRAND MASTER II." NAIROD KENNELS

Ruby, H. C.; W. W. Harrington's C. V., H. C, Novice bitches—Dr. William P. Burnham's Brandane Dollie, first; Miss E. M. Buck's Ursula, second; Andrew P. Welch's La Jota Peggy III, third; Mrs. Jack Bradshaw's Her Majesty, reserve; Dr. Cora H. Morse's Beth, V. H. C. Limit bitches—Dr. W. P. Burnham's Brandane Dollie, first; Mrs. A. H. Coney's Buzzar, second; Andrew Welch's Gypsy Queen, third; O. J. Albee's Ormskirk Gypsy, H. C. Open bitches—Dr. W. P. Burnham's Brandane Dollie, first; O. J. Albee's Ormskirk Duchess, second; Andrew P. Welch's Gypsy Queen, third—Winners, bitches—Dr. W. P. Burnham's Brandane Dollie, first; Hugh McCracken's Presidio Lassie, reserve.

OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOGS.

Puppies, dogs and bitches—J. C. Berret's Imp. Luath, second. Open, dogs and bitches—Charles R. Harker's Imp. Dame Majory, first.

BULLDOGS.

Puppy dogs—Mrs. Walter Magee's Woodlawn Rustic, first. Novice dogs—Mrs. Walter Magee's Woodlawn Rustic, first; Dresser & Simpson's Bully, second. Limit dogs—I. G. Treadwell's General Pole Carew, first. Winners dogs—I. G. Treadwell's General Pole Carew, first; Mrs. Walter Magee's Woodlawn Rustice, reserve. Novice bitches—M. Wiener's Canford, first. Limit bitches—M. Weiner's Canford, first. Open bitches—L. S. Greenbaum's Endcliffe Pleasure, first; M. Weiner's Canford Rush, second. Winners bitches—L. S. Greenbaum's Endcliffe Pleasure, first; M. Weiner's Canford Rush, reserve.

BULL TERRIERS.

Puppies, dogs—C. Osgood Hooker's Edgecote Duke, first; Benjamin L. Tarbox's Edgecote Figaro, second. Novice dogs—Mrs. Arthur W. Spear's Woodlawn Wonder, first; J. C. Bone's Hawthorne Joy, second; C. Osgood Hooker's Edgecote Duke, third; Benjamin L. Tarbox's Edgecote Figaro, reserve; Phil J. Fay's Woodcote Brigadier, V. H. C.; Miss L. M. Bolton's Rufus, H. C. Limit dogs—Mrs. W. R. Whittier's Heathcote Wonder, first. Limit dogs—Mrs. Arthur W. Spear's Woodlawn Wonder, first. Open dogs—J. D. Spreckels, Jr.'s Champion Banjo, first; Mrs. W R. Whittier's Heathcote Wonder, second. Open dogs over thirty-five pounds—Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) Champion Woodcote Wonder, first. Winners, dogs—Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) Champion Woodcote Wonder, first; Mrs. Arthur W. Spear's Woodlawn Wonder, reserve. Puppies, bitches

"WANDE MAYSE"

—H. R. Baker's Rowena, first; J. C. Bone's Hawthorne Pleasure, second; Mrs. Lyle M. Fletcher's Dixie Fletcher, third; E. S. Simpson's Woodcote Ditto, reserve; Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) Yours Truly, V. H. C.; Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) Woodlawn Mischief, V. H. C.; W. H. Irwin's Woodcote Diane, H. C. Novice bitches—John I. Sparrow's Edgewood Jean II, first; Phil J. Fay's Woodcote Princess, second; J. C. Bone's Hawthorne Pleasure, third; Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) Yours Truly, reserve; Mrs. A. S. Cunningham's Roxane, V. H. C.; T. J. Glynn's Dublin Lass, V. H. C.

Limit bitches, thirty pounds or under—J. L. Eastland's Naughty Nan, first; Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) Yours Truly, second. Limit bitches. thirty pounds or over—John I. Sparrow's Edgewood Jean II, first; Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) American Belle, second; E. S. Simpson's Dot, third; Dresser & Simpson's Juno, reserve; Mrs. A. S. Cunningham's Roxane, V. H. C. Open bitches. thirty pounds or under—J. C. Bone's Hawthorn Pleasure, first; J. L. Eastland's Naughty Nan, second; Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) Yours Truly, third. Open bitches over thirty pounds—Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) American Belle, first; E. S. Simpson's Dot, second; Dresser & Simpson's Bloomsbury Queen, third; Mrs. A. S. Cunningham's Roxane, reserve. Winner, bitches—John I. Sparrow's Edgewood Jean II, first; Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) American Belle, reserve.

COCKER SPANIELS.

Black puppies, dogs—Delverton Kennels' Delverton Wonder, first; Miss C. S. Brown's 'Frisco Boy, second; Miss A. Farno's Falky, third; Miss A. Fargo's Prince of Wales, V. H. C.; Mrs. Fred Mason's Nairod Comet, H. C. Novice, dogs—Charles Heffernan's Portland Dude, first; Mrs. Fred Mason's Nairod Comet, second. Limit, dogs—James Hervey Jones' Black Silk II, first. Open, dogs—Delverton Kennels' Hampton Promise, first; W. R. Stamper's Duke, second. Winners, dogs——Delverton Kennels' Hampton Promise, first; Charles Heffernan's Portland Dude, reserve. Puppies, bitches—Plumeria Cocker Kennels' Plumeria Victoria, first; Mrs. H. C. Stauffer's Floss Silk, second. Novice, bitches—Charles Heffernan's Silkie Trotwood, first; James Jervis' Bessie, second; Plumeria Cocker Kennels' Plumeria Victoria, third; Nairod Kennels' Nairod Maid, V. H. C.; S. R. Mount's Tootsie, H. C. Limit, bitches—James Hervey Jones' Miss Frivolity, first; Al Byler's Belle of Oakland, second. Open, bitches—Plumeria Cocker Kennels' Plumeria Portia, first. Winners, bitches—Charles Heffernan's Silkie Trotwood, first; James Hervey Jones' Miss Frivolity, reserve.

Other than black, puppy dogs—Delverton Kennels' Delverton Demi, first; Miss A. Farno's Victory A., second; C. S. Kempff's Red Jack, third. Novice dogs—Miss A. Farno's Victory A, first. Limit dogs—Nairod Kennels' Plumeria Beau II, first. Open, dogs—Plumeria Cocker Kennels' Champion Hampton Goldie, first. Winners, dogs—Plumeria Cocker Kennels' Champion Hampton Goldie, first; Delverton Kennels' Delverton Demi, reserve. Puppies, bitches—James Hervey Jones' Little Maid, first; Joseph H. Brown's Nairod's Plumeria Princess, second; Miss R. Farno's Van W., third. Novice, bitches—Peter L. Moir's Coquette Bonnie, first; A. J. Falvie's Golden Girl, second. Limit, bitches—Delverton Kennels' Florodora, first; A. Wolfsen's California, second. Mrs. C. W. Sharples' Pattern, third; James Hervey Jones' Plumeria Sapho, V. H. C. Open, bitches—Delverton Kennels' Little Dorrit, first; Plumeria Cocker Kennels' Champion Plumeria Flo, second; Mrs. C. W. Sharples' Lillian Ray, third. Winners, bitches—Delverton Kennels' Florodora, first; Delverton Kennels' Little Dorrit, reserve.

BOSTON TERRIERS.

Puppy, dogs—Lieutenant W. O. Smith's (U. S. A.) Billy, first. Novice, dogs—Lieutenant W. O. Smith's (U. S. A.) Billy, first; George N. Armsby's Lord Quex, second. Limit, dogs—Graham E. Babcock's Roundsman, first; Miss Ethel Hager's Nifty, second. Open, dogs—Selmonk Kennels' Ch. Colonel Monte, first; Graham E. Babcock's Roundsman, second; Miss Ethel Hager's Nifty, third. Winners, dogs—Selmonk Kennels' Ch. Colonel Monte, first; Lieutenant W. O. Smith's (U. S. A.) Billy, reserve. Novice, bitches—Virginia C. Lewis' Lady Babbie, first; Miss Ella Harris' Miss Muggins, second. Limit, bitches—Mrs. W. H. Deming's Endcliffe Vernette, first. Open, bitches—Selmonk Kennels' Ch. Selmonk Beauty, first; Mrs. W. H. Deming's Endcliffe Vernette, second; Virginia C. Lewis' Lady Babbie, third. Winners, bitches—Selmonk Kennels' Ch. Selmonk Beauty, first; Mrs. W. H. Deming's Endcliffe Vernette, reserve.

FRENCH BULLDOGS.

Open, dogs and bitches—Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Diavolo, first.

DASCHUNDS.

Puppy, dog—Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Benny, first.

Novice, dogs—August F. Chamot's Schwartz, first; Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Benny, second; August F. Chamot's Boosel, third; Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Dutch, reserve. Limit, dogs—August F. Chamot's Schwartz, first; Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Benny, second; August F. Chamot's Boosel, third; Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Dutch, reserve. Open, dogs—August F. Chamot's Schwartz, first; Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Benny, second; August F. Chamot's Boosel, third; Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Dutch, reserve. .. Winners.., dogs—August.. F. Chamot's Schwartz, first; Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Benny, reserve. Novice, bitches—F. A. Brookbank's Dude, first. Limit, bitches—Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Pretzel, first. Open, bitches—Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Pretzel, first. Winners, bitches—Mrs. Graham E. Babcock's Pretzel, first; F. A. Brookbank's Dude, reserve.

FOX TERRIERS—SMOOTH COATED.

Puppy, dogs—Wandee Kennels' Wandee Blinker, first; Thomas Howard's Golden Truth, second; Francis Carolan's Mac, third. Novice, dogs—William J. Foster's Forest Flash, first; John P. Brown's Garston Perfect, second; W. W. Moore's Bragg, third; Wandee Blinker, reserve. Limit, dogs—Wandee Kennels' Wandee Blizzard, first; Wandee Kennels' Wandee Jester, second. Open, dogs—Wandee Kennels' Wandee Blizzard, first. Winners, dogs—Wandee Kennels' Wandee Blizzard, first; Wandee Kennels' Wandee Jester, reserve. Puppy, bitches — J. B. Martin's Golden Soubrette, first; Wandee Kennels' Wandee Zephy, second; Jack Bradshaw's Woodlawn Water Lily, third. Novice, bitches—Francis Carolan's Becky, first; Jack Bradshaw's Woodlawn Water Lily, second. Limit, bitches—Wandee Kennels' Wandee Mayse, first; Jack Bradshaw's Millstream, second. Open, bitches—Sabine Kennels' Sabine Fearless, first; Wandee Kennels' Wandee Mayse, second. Winners, bitches—Sabine Kennels' Sabine Fearless, first; Wandee Kennels' Wandee Mayse, reserve.

FOX TERRIERS—WIRE HAIRED.

Limit, dogs—Walter Magee's Cairnsmuir General, first. Open, dogs—Irving C. Ackerman's Humberstone Bristles, first; Walter Magee's Cairnsmuir General, second; J. G. Morgan's Mineral Water, third. Winners, dogs—Irving C. Ackerman's Humberstone Bristles, first; Walter Magee's Cairnsmuir General, reserve. Novice, bitch—Irving C. Ackerman's Humberstone Daisy. Limit, bitches—Irving C. Ackerman's Humberstone Actress, first. Open, bitches—Irving C. Ackerman's Maggie the Maid first; J. G. Morgan's Morenga, second. Winners, bitches—Irving C. Ackerman's Maggie the Maid, first; J. G. Morgan's Morenga, reserve.

IRISH TERRIERS.

Limit, dogs—Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) Irish, first; F. J. Walker's Rusty Nibs, H. C. Open, dogs—Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) Irish, first; Miss Rose Hooper's Galtee More, second. Winners, doge—Jack Bradshaw's (Woodlawn Kennels) Irish, first; Miss Rose Hooper's Galtee More, reserve. Limit, bitches—Miss Ina C. Martin's Shan Van Vocht, first; J. Allen's Lady Power, second. Open, bitches—Mrs. F. J. Walker, Royal Noreen, first; Miss Ina C. Martin's Shan Van Vocht, second. Winners, bitches—Mrs. F. J. Walker's Royal Noreen, first; Miss Ina C. Martin's Shan Van Vocht, reserve.

SKYE TERRIERS.

Open, dogs and bitches—Mrs. R. D. Hume's Bobby Scott, first; R. D. Hume's Bessie Scott, second.

POMERANIANS.

Puppies, dogs and bitches—Henry K. de Jarnette's Prince Mark, first. Open, dogs—S. Barnett's Leon, first; Miss Erma Schultz's Toy S, second; Harry H. Grigg's Prince Albert, third. Open, bitches—Miss Janita de Jarette's Perrita, first. Special—S. Barnett's Leon.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

Novice, dogs and bitches—D. E. Melliss' Bobs, second. Open, dogs and bitches—Mrs. Francis Carolan's Merry Module, first; Mrs. Francis Carolan's Rosette, second. Winners, dogs and bitches—Mrs. Francis Carolan's Merry Module, first; Mrs. Francis Carolan's Rosette, reserve.

TOY TERRIERS.

(Other than Yorkshire; under 7).

Open, dogs and bitches—J. M. Bodkin's Fire Chief, first; Miss Katherine S. Barton's King Lee, second.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.

Novice, bitches—Frank A. Peachy's Asata, first.

Winners, bitches—Frank A. Peachy's Asata, first.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

Open, dogs and bitches—S. A. Cummings' Duke, second.

CHOWS.

Open, dogs and bitches—H. M. Papst's China Lady, first.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Open, dogs and bitches—Thomas Loval Lewis' Jim Bud, first; J. F. Kenealy's Pat, second.

SPECIALS.

Best mastiff—H. R. Baker's Prince. Best St. Bernard—Mrs. Charles Newman's Lester C. Best of the

MISS W. M. DAVIS' VICTORIA ENGLISH SETTER "BLUE ROCK."

"VICTORIA BELLE," OWNER, J. P. MC CONNELL, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

CHAS. MINOR, VICTORIA, PRIZE-WINNING ENGLISH SETTER CHAMPION, "ROY MONTEZ"

THE JUDGING AT VICTORIA BENCH SHOW

MRS. BOSTOCK'S FOX TERRIER, "REMINISCENCE"

H. F. ZEIGLER'S "MINNESOTA JOE"

opposite sex—Nairod Kennels' Alta Rachel. Best brace—Grand Master II and Ch. Alta Rachel (Nairod Kennels). Best great Dane—Dresser & Simpson's Blue Beard. Best of opposite sex—John Love Cunningham's Carlotta. Best pair—John Love Cunningham's Carlotta and Ruy Blas. Best greyhound—J. H. Rossiter's Fiery Face. Best of opposite sex—J. H. Rossiter's Roman Athlete. American foxhounds—William Berg's Crowder. Best opposite sex—F. W. Tallant's Melody. Best pointer—F. F. Wamsley's Oregon Jesse. Best opposite sex—David Shoemaker's Rat Rattler. Best English setter dog—John Golobeck's Cato Jr. Best English setter bitch—C. C. Lee's Laura S. Best Irish setter—Dr. A. J. Garesche's Hector. Best Gordon setter—John H. Miller's Achille. Best in the field trial class—P. T. Linville's Maggie F. Best Irish water spaniel—Dr. A. T. Leonard Jr.'s Denis C. Best field spaniel—W. S. Kittle's Matt Grin. Best collie dog—O. J. Albee's Ormskirk Emerald Jr. Best collie bitch—Dr. W. T. Burnham's Grand Dame Dollie. Best tri-color collie—O. J. Albee's Ormskirk Verona Bob. Best bulldog—L. S. Greenbaum's Endcliffe Pleasure. Best of the opposite sex—I. G. Treadwell's General Pole Carew. Best bull terrier—John I. Sparrow's Edgewood Jean II. Best of the opposite sex—Jack Bradshaw's Woodcote Wonder. Best Boston terrier—Selmonk Kennels' Ch. Colonel Monte. Best Boston terrier dog owned on the Coast—Lieutenant Smith's Billy. Best bitch, same conditions—Mrs. W. H. Deming's Endcliffe Vernette. Best daschund—August F. Chamot's Schwartz. Best fox terrier owned in California—Wandee Kennels' Wandee Maid. Best smooth-coated brood bitch, judged by two of her get—J. B. Martin's Golden Sunshine. Best fox terrier in the show—Wandee Kennels' Wandee Mayse. Best of the opposite sex—Wandee Kennels' Wandee Blizzard. Best Coast bred smooth dog—Wandee Kennels' Wandee Blinker. Best Coast bred smooth bitch—J. B. Martin's Golden Soubrette. Best brace of wire-haired fox terriers—Irving C. Ackerman's Humberstone Bristles and Maggie the Maid. President C. K. Harley's cup for the best fox terrier owned on the Coast (donor not competing)—N. H. Hickman's Norfolk Trueman.

SOME PASSING NOTES.

A meeting of the California Cocker Club was held at the Mechanics' Pavilion on Saturday evening, April 25, and the farcical judging of cocker spaniels was gone into at length. The cocker judge was selected by W. C. Ralston in the face of the strongest opposition from all other members of the California Cocker Club, and that gentleman carried his support of the judge in question to the point of threatening to resign his position as president of the club unless allowed to carry this programme through, notwithstanding the fact that the man selected was notoriously incompetent for the duties of the position, and that either of two well-known authorities (one of whom judged all other breeds at the same bench show) were available, and were favored by all exhibitors, and repeatedly proposed. Under the circumstances it is not to be expected that the unbiased members could view with complaisance, or accept without protest, the awarding by Mr. Ralston's personal judge to Mrs. Ralston, of absolutely every "special" or trophy offered for cockers, without one exception. As a matter of fact not one cocker exhibitor outside of the Ralston family received a single trophy—a thing unprecented in the history of bench shows here or elsewhere, and an impossibility under an impartial judge competent to pass on the breed.

The entire matter is now under consideration by the California Cocker Club, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralston have been requested to put their resignations in writing.

* * *

It is understood that Mrs. Ralston has purchased two new parti-colored cockers from W. T. Payne.

It is rumored that the California Cocker Club will hold a specialty show in September, with Charles Mason or George Thomas as judge. Fox terriers and St. Bernard's as well as cockers may be benched.

* * *

Six new members were added to the ranks of the California Cocker Club at the last meeting.

The San Francisco Kennel Club came out on the right side of the ledger this year. This was in most part due to the indefatigable efforts of Charles K. Harley and J. L. Cunningham of the bench show committee.

* * *

Mr. E. C. Plume of the Plumeria Cocker Kennels purchased a grand little cocker bitch while visiting the Victoria show. She won "special" for best in show at both Victoria and Portland and best black at Seattle. She is by Black Douglas-Lady Audrey and ten months old. Mr. Plume has named her Plumeria Victoria, after her place of birth. She has been bred to Champion Hampton Goldie.

PORTLAND DOG SHOW.

By Our Staff Correspondent.

The fourth annual bench show of the Portland Kennel Club was held in the Exposition Building, April 15 to 18 inclusive. The building is admirably adapted to this purpose, being roomy and having good light. There were two hundred and forty-five entries, with two hundred and three dogs actually benched. T. J. Blight, who has earned the reputation of being the best handler on the Coast, was on hand with a string of dogs from San Francisco and the dogs in his charge swept everything before them. George Tinto, a handler from Seattle, also had quite a string and did a lot of winning.

Among the visitors from outside points we noticed the following: George S. Thomas (who judged the Seattle show) and his charming wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Harley, J. H. Dorian and E. C. Plume of San Francisco.

George Raper of Gomersal, England, judged all classes, and if there was any dissatisfaction at his awards, we failed to hear of it. Mr. Raper handled his classes as only a man of his long experience could, and showed by his every move his thorough knowledge of the dog.

Two bloodhounds were the first to be brought into the ring. They were of a poor stamp but, as they had helped to hunt down Tracy the outlaw, were quite an attraction.

Next came a mastiff who, though alone, was given a second.

St. Bernards were a good class—Ch. Grand Master II and Ch. Gypsy Lee II repeating their victories at Victoria and Seattle, Master later beating his kennel mate for best St. Bernard in show. This pair will give the best of them a run.

Four Great Danes came next. Leif, a dog of fair type, won on his size. Carlotta, third, smothers him on all other points, but is too small to compete against a dog.

Greyhounds, six of fair sort, Bonny Boy getting the tri-color and special for best on his merits.

One Chesapeake Bay, a poor one.

Pointers were a better class than those at Seattle, but Minnesota Joe, while having more to beat, here

simply outclassed his filed a block. His chief competitor for best in show being the winning bitch Clatsop Beauty. She pressed closely by Oregon's Jessie.

English setters were a fair lot. The winner in dogs turned up in Dude Nye, an old dog of quite some quality, but growing thick in front. The reserve dog Dash we liked better.

Rosalind and Victoria Belle II were placed in the order named in winners bitches—both good ones.

Irish setters were not so good as the English. Hector, the Victoria and Seattle winner, was best and was so placed.

Two Gordons of no merit.

Three Irish water spaniels of fair type. Brownie best.

Field spaniels had two entries, both overgrown cockers. The judge evidently gave Portland Shaniko Brick a blue ribbon out of charity, reserve being the potion of Leo II.

Black cocker spaniel dogs did not even have a fair one.

Portland Victor, a crooked fronted one, going from puppy to winners. Portland Dooly, second in puppy, reserve. The balance withheld.

In black bitches Plumeria Victoria won as she pleased, later winning over her kennel mate Plumeria Flo for best cocker in show. These two bitches make a hard pair to beat and won easily at all of the Northern shows. In other than black dogs Plumeria Beau II again beat his brother Plumeria Bud in the race for winners. He scores in coat, body and legs.

Bitches saw that nice little parti-color, Pattern, take the tri-color. Plumeria Flo, heavy in whelp, having been weighed at the request of a bad loser, whose dogs she had beaten at former shows, and found to be one-half pound over weight. She weighed in for the specials, however, and beat all except her kennel mate Victoria.

Collies were a fair lot, those from the kennels of C. D. Nairn and George Tinto doing all of the winning.

In bulldogs Mrs. Charles K. Harley's Joel Damon won as he pleased.

Bull terriers had seven, the Victoria dog Walter being the best.

Boston terriers had two good ones from the Selwonk Kennels of Magnolia, Mass. They were in charge of George S. Thomas and are the two best specimens of the breed we ever had the pleasure of seeing. They won walking.

Fox terriers (smooth) were a good class. Wandee Kennels of San Francisco supplied the winner in dogs, Wandee Blizzard getting the decision over Ch. Rowton Besom in open and this being the order in winners. We would have reversed it. True, Besom would not show, but made it up in other points, and should have won.

Sabine Fearless, a beautiful little bitch from the Sabine Kennels of Orange, Texas, scored over Wandee Mayse in the bitch classes, and later won special for best in show, and rightly, too.

Wires had three, all of fair sort. Mineral Water best. Daschunds, seven. Ike proved the winner.

In Airdales Dr. Ernest F. Tucker showed two very fair specimens and they scored easily.

One pug prize withheld.

Four spitz, three Yorkshires and five Japanese spaniels and the judges' task was done—and well done, too, was the general verdict.

NOTES.

George S. Thomas has purchased the famous bulldog Joel Rustic, and "Billy" has left for his new home in Massachusetts.

Plumeria Cocker Kennels have moved to their new kennels No. 229 Ninth avenue, San Francisco, and invite their friends to inspect them.

THE SEATTLE SHOW

By Our Staff Correspondent.

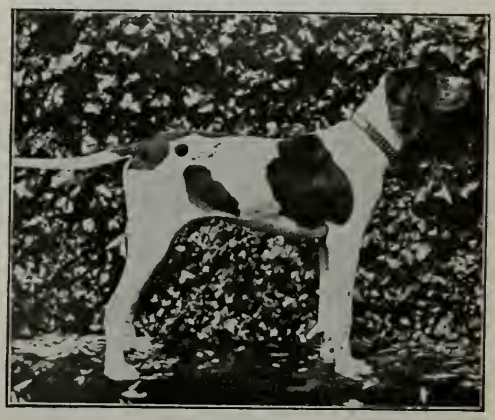
The eighth annual bench show of the Seattle Kennel Club was held at Armory Hall, Seattle, April 8 to 11 inclusive. The armory is a splendid building in which to hold a dog show and while its location is not as central as it might be, the attendance was unusually large at all times.

The club had all new benching for this year's show, it being fashioned after Spratt's.

A number of handlers arrived on Tuesday preceding the show. Among those present were T. J. Blight, who had the largest individual string of dogs, F. Turner, E. F. Willis and George Tinto. The California dogs in charge of Tom Blight, showing the care that had been bestowed upon them, and when the ribbons were awarded swept everything before them.

George Thomas of Hamilton, Mass., judged all classes and not a murmur of disapproval was heard regarding his awards. Mr. Thomas handled the dogs as only a man of his experience could, and the man

CUNNINGHAM'S "CHARLOTTE"



"JINGO RIP," L. B. YOUNG, OWNER

OFFICERS SEATTLE KENNEL CLUB

NO. 1. ARTHUR MURPHY, TREASURER NO. 2. L. D. YOUNG, PRESIDENT NO. 3. CHAS. MC ALLISTER, SECRETARY

who was not satisfied with his judgments must be hard to please.

Mr. E. C. Plume of San Francisco, who was among the visitors, consented to act as ring steward for Mr. Thomas, and the judging which was commenced at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon was completed at five the following day, no judging being done in the forenoon or evening. Pretty quick work, considering the inexperience of the attendants.

St. Bernards were first on the list. Nairod Kennels' Champions Grand Master II and Gypsy Lee II sweeping everything in this class.

Great Danes had three—Lord Londsbrough II scoring over Carlotta in size and bone. Lord Cholmondeley third, outclassed.

One greyhound of no quality.

One Russian wolf dog only fair, and one deerhound, a poor sort, came into the ring. Then came a very fair class of collies, George Tinto's dogs doing most of the winning, the classes being much the same as at Virtoria.

Pointers were a poor lot with few exceptions and many prizes were withheld in this class by Mr. Thomas. Minnesota Joe, owned by H. F. Zeigler of The Dalles, Or., was easily the best of the lot and simply outclassed his field. He will give a good account of himself in any company.

English setters were a fair lot and were handled well by Judge Thomas. In our report of the Victoria show we criticised the decisions of Dr. Mills in the various classes and in all cases Mr. Thomas put the dogs in their right positions.

Roy Montez, who was defeated by Victor L. and Real John at Victoria, was rightly placed at the head of the English setter division. Victor L has lost part of his tail and was given nothing by the judge. Irish setters were only fair, the Victoria winner, Hector, scoring easily.

Gordons were a poor lot and most of the prizes were withheld.

Chesapeake Bay dogs had six, Jeff rightly getting the award for the best.

Field spaniels had just one dog of no particular breed. Prize withheld.

Irish water spaniels were headed by Barney Sul, first in winners dogs and special for best. He is a fair one only, but best of the lot.

Cocker spaniels were for the most part the same as those shown at Victoria. Plumeria Cocker Kennels repeated their victories of the week before.

Plumeria Victoria scored easily in blacks, Plumeria Flo getting special for best in show. Plumeria Beau II, Nairod Kennels' good little dog, was given the tricolor in other than black dogs. He was easily best in this division.

Bulldogs had only one good one, Mrs. Charles K. Harley's Joel Damon, two well known to need description.

Bull terriers had only three of any merit. Jack, winner in the dogs, a very fair one, shown in poor condition. In good form he would outclass his field a block.

Fox terriers is the one remaining class to warrant any notice. They were well handled by Mr. Thomas. Wandee Blizzard, who was beaten by his kennel mate Wandee Revelry at Victoria, was here placed at the head of the dogs. He has more terrier type than Revelry, better eye, ears and front legs.

Wandee Mayse received the red, white and blue in bitches and later beat Blizzard in the race for best in show.

THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING FIELD TRIALS

WHILE attending the late trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club it was the writer's privilege to listen to the diversified expressions of opionion relative to the comparative merits of the dogs competing in the various stakes and it seemed that in a number of instances spectators lost sight of the real purpose of field trials.

There is and always will be a certain proportion of sportsmen who are prone to compare the work of field trial performers with that of the "meat dog," to the detriment of the former. They fail to recognize class or brilliancy, and to them the sole object in running field dogs is to have them make the largest possible number of points, regardless of the manner in which they are established. The exhibitions of speed, range, style, bird sense and stamina, which win the admiration of the bona-fide fancier of field-trial dogs, arouse no enthusiasm in them and they show no hesitation in criticising the work of a really high-class dog, calling him "a rank bolter," or a "rattle-headed freak, with more speed than brains," etc.

The primary purpose in holding field trials is to bring to the notice of breeders the individuals which possess to the highest degree the qualities they most desire to perpetuate and thereby afford them opportunities to make intelligent selections of sires and dams in an endeavor to improve the class of field dogs.

A high-class, field-trial dog is not necessarily a dog which may afford the sportsman a great number of opportunities to shoot over his points, but rather an individual who, in addition to his ability to find and point birds, possesses an abundance of speed and range, coupled with stamina and a certain dash and style which is lacking in the ordinary shooting dog. In some instances he may be a dog hard to control, and with a tendency to self-hunt, but whatever he does is generally acomplished in a quick, postive manner which impresses the spectator as evidence of the possession of quality.

In developing a high-class Derby dog it is impossible in some cases to eradicate every evidence of rankness, and the judge who thoroughly understands the mission of field trials will show a certain amount of leniency in dealing with animals of this class. Field trials are not supposed to be comparative tests of the training to which the dogs have been subjected, but rather tests of their natural qualities and to curb their qualities by overtraining would be manifestly unwise, as it might result in the ruination of a brilliant performer. Handlers as a rule recognize the danger of overtraining, and rather than "force" their puppies prefer to hold them over until the next season before running them, or else put them down to run with their training unfinished, which, of course, handicaps them severely when in competition with thoroughly trained dogs. However, the judge who has the best interests of the field dog at heart will place to the front those dogs which impress him as approaching nearest to the ideal standard of merit as recognized by field trial authorities, and the mere fact that a dog shows training will not be sufficient to offset the evidences of quality exhibited by his competitor which shows a lack of preparation, but possesses the natural qualities which entitle him to be considered a high-class puppy.

The all-age candidate is required to show perfect training and at the same time retain all of his natural qualities unimpaired. The faults which might be overlooked in a

"JOEL DAMON," MRS. HARLEY, OWNER

Derby dog cannot be condoned in an all-age performer, and the dog must be under control. Of course a certain amount of latitude must be allowed in so far as the range of a high-class dog is concerned, and unless an animal gives evidence of being a habitual bolter, and shows a constant tendency to work off the course, he should not be penalized for casting wide when searching for bevies. A wide ranging dog is, as a rule, the possessor of courage and ambition as well as independence, all of which are qualities to be desired in a high-class field dog, and should be perpetuated if possible.

The majority of high-class field-trial performers are nothing more than ideal shooting dogs with their natural qualities so developed as to show to the best advantage the full extent of their capabilities. They are prepared to run short heats at top speed and

PIE BITERS AT THE FIELD MEALS

are carefully conditioned for such races, so that they will not loaf a moment while in competition. Their speed and range are developed to the utmost, so that they will be enabled to work on the outside of their competitors and secure most of the opportunities on birds, and their entire preparation is conducted with a view to secure the maximum of work in the short space of time they are allowed to exhibit their abilities.

Worked under conditions which obtain in ordinary field shooting these same dogs, which impressed some of the spectators as being wild, uncontrollable brutes, would adjust themselves to the requirements of the occasion and would soon develop a gait which could readily be kept up all day. If allowed to retrieve they would reduce their range and pay strict attention to hunting to the gun, and one season's experience as a gentleman's shooting dog would render them ideal field companions for the most exacting of sportsmen. They would then exhibit the desirable qualities of the meat dog with none of his defects, and competing under equal conditions would render more assistance to the sportsman and perform in such taking style as to greatly enhance the pleasure of the outing.

Judged from the breeder's standpoint there can be no question as to the desirability of placing the classy dogs above those of inferior quality, which, through the exercise of caution or good fortune in getting down under favorable conditions, are able to score a greater number of points than the high-class dog. There is a constant tendency toward deterioration on the part of any long-established breed and, except in rare cases, like does not produce like. The mating of two high-class individuals might result in the production of one or two puppies destined to approach the qualities of their progenitors, while the balance would likely grade down to very ordinary performers, indeed. Such being the results of breeding from high-class stock, it is but reasonable to assume that there would be a still greater deterioration in quality where individuals of ordinary merit were selected to perpetuate a breed, and our only safeguard lies in careful segregation and selection of the specimens which, through prepotent blood lines and the possession of desirable qualities, are best suited to keep our field dogs up to the present high standard.

Field trials represent the very highest class of out door sport and are remarkably free from the contaminating influences of gambling which have caused various other sports to be viewed with disfavor by the better element of sportsmen. At the same time they offer an opportunity for competition (without which most sports lack zest) and one conducive to a spirit of friendly rivalry among fanciers and a determination to develop the highest class of field dogs, all of which is commendable.

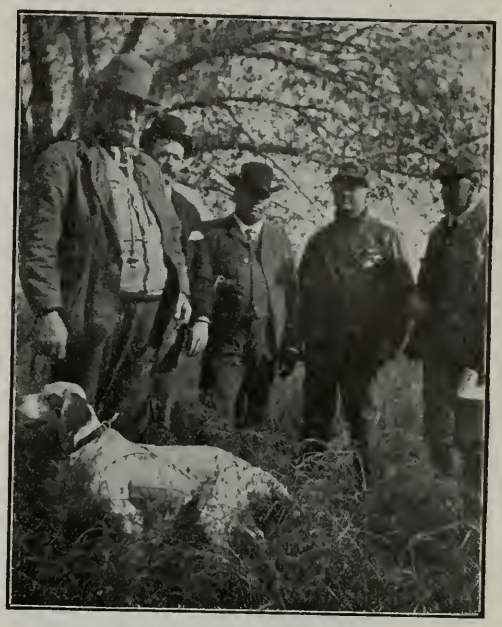
Strange to say a certain proportion of fanciers hold to the fallacious belief that there is a wide chasm between the field trial dog and the dog best suited for ordinary field use. In a few instances and more

especially among Derby performers, field trial winners have not been adapted for field use, but this has been due almost entirely to the fact that the animals in question had not been developed to that stage where their qualities had been made subservient to the gun, and not because they lacked the timber from which to hew the very best of shooting dogs.

As an example of the value of field trial performers for ordinary field use the readtr's attention is called to the winners at our last trials, any one of which would be capable of fulfilling the requirements of the most exacting sportsmen. Such dogs as Kilgarif, Nelly Bang, and Margarette would afford a sportsman unlimited opportunities to shoot over their points and the writer ventures the assertion that such a dog as Kilgarif represents the very highest class of shooting dog in existence to-day, while aside from his value as a bird finder he would delight the sportsman with his exhibition of bird sense, stamina and quality. The above mentioned are merely Derby dogs, lacking in the experience of the winners of the all age stake, but those who were fortunate enough to view their work and judged it from the standpoint of the ordinary sportsman unacquainted with field trials were unanimous in their expressions of praise.

To sportsmen owning a promising puppy whelped January 1, 1902, or after, and who cannot afford to place the same in the hands of a professional handler we would say enter your dog and handle it yourself. The records of our trials reveal many instances in which amateur handlers piloted their dogs to victory and you may rest assured that if your dog exhibits the necessary quality and is left unhampered in his work your lack of experience in field competition will in no way interfere with his success.

Aside from the possibility of a win there is much connected with field trials to attract the patronage of sportsmen and fanciers, and furthermore I will boldly assert that if every lover of upland shooting would identify himself with the sport the question of game protection and propogation would be solved; for among no class of sportsmen is the spirit of moderation so much in evidence or the game laws more



PROMINENT PACIFIC FANCIERS.

rigidly observed. Connection with field trials will reform the most depraved game butcher and cause him to look at the limitations in the killing of same in a new light, and for this reason if no other the enlightened sportsman should advocate the cause of field trials and become a staunch adherent to the ranks.

For further information attention is called to our advertising columns wherein will be found a notice from the Pacific Coast Field Club. Secretary Albert Betz will be pleased to answer all questions reative to the trials and the remarkable amount of interest already displayed in the coming events presage the holding of the most successful meet in the history of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club.

Owing to the press of bench show reports it has been found impossible to publish in this issue article II relating to the training of the field dog but commencing with our next number the series of articles will be continued without interruption.

* * * * *

Mr. Abner V. Crane, Sacramento, Cal., reports a fine litter of ten English setter pups whelped April 23. They are out of Rose Blade by Gailey Graham's Jaque and being bred in the purple ought to be heard from later.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head, at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTED—Pointer or setter puppy. Must be well bred. Give price and full particulars in first letter. H. R. Ellis, 670 Upshur st., Portland, Ore.

* * *

WANTED—To exchange new Marlin safety rifle, with case and belt, for second-hand Luger or Colt's automatic pistol in good condition. Address 307 Stuart ave., Redlands, Cal.

* * *

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Unmounted live game and other pictures, 5x7, $1.50 per dozen; 6½x8½, $2.50 per dozen. Bromide enlargements of live elk, 14x17, $5.00 each; all postpaid; satisfaction guaranteed. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

WANTED—A thoroughbred pointer or setter pup, Llewellyn bitch preferred. Price must be reasonable and breeding good. Address with price and full particulars in first letter. J. S. Dewey, Cedarville, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A new graphophone with 30 disc records. Perfect condition. Cheap for cash or exchange for fine tailoring. E. K. D., care WESTERN FIELD, San Francisco.

* * *

FOR SALE—Winchester, single-shot, .25-37-77; Ideal adjustable reloading outfit; 50 shells; Lyman sights; O. K. condition; $12. Address Wm. I. Wallace, M. D., Hemet, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Best grade Mannlicher repeating rifle, 8 m-m caliber, all improvements, fitted with fine telescope sights, improved hair (double) trigger. Perfect condition; killing range two (2) miles. Cheap for cash. Will accept Luger or German model Colt's automatic pistol in part payment. "Mannlicher," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

FOR SALE—A fine Bullard single-shot target rifle, Swiss butt, Vernier sights, etc., extra fancy stock, embossed action. Recently recut by Geo. Schoyen from .35 to .38 caliber. Tools, etc., complete. Cheap for cash or might trade. Want a good duck boat, decoys, etc. "Gunner," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

FOR SALE—Four fine Irish setter puppies by Shot out of Lady Dea, whelped April 28th. Both sire and dam are blue bloods and grand performers in field. Prices low. For particulars address W. H. Eadie, cor. Third and E sts., San Bernardino, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—$50.00 buys very handsome evenly marked white and lemon pointer dog, thoroughly broken on all kinds of game. Fine retriever from land or water; no faults; fast, wide nervy ranger. A gentleman's ideal shooting dog with speed enough for a field trial winner, and handsome enough to show on the bench. Two and one-half years old. Will send on approval to responsible party if deposit to cover express charges is made. T. P. M. Connell, 55 Johnson st., Victoria, B. C.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Irish terrier bitch 56,987, also one dog and bitch pup three months old by Champion Royal Sportsman, 52,251. Box 227, S. Pasadena, Cal.

TRADE TOPICS

OFFICIAL DACHSHUND STANDARD.

A most valuable little book comprehensively setting forth the standard of the Dachshund Club of America has just been issued under the auspices of the latter organization and is a very satisfactory volume in every particular. It is edited by Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt and Dr. Motschenbacher, assisted by Professor Willfred Lellman. These three gentlemen were appointed by the Dachshund Club as a committee to carry out the work. One of the great features of the book are the drawings, which are very good and anatomically explain the structure and fine judging points of the Daschund. To even an elemantary student of anatomy the lessons are perfectly plain and the publishing of this book should do away with a good deal of doubt and dissension, and place this charming little dog before the public in his proper light.

* * *

HAYDEN'S POCKET WATER FILTER.

Hunting or fishing, if conscientiously followed, is hard work and inducive of thirst, but the up-to-date sportsman whose mind is well stored with hygienic lore will frequently hesitate to drink freely from even the clearest of the pools that come in the way. He sees malaria in the water-soaked leaves and typhus germs in the aquatic midgets that wriggle in the crystal depths. And if he finds a spring bubbling up among the rocks, the water may be beyond his reach, or obtainable only by kneeling in the mud and "drinking horse-fashion," which, to many, is the reverse of agreeable. Under such circumstances Hayden's "Little Wonder" filter comes in remarkably handy. It is made of hard rubber, has two feet of best tubing, weighs only three ounces and can easily be carried in the coat pocket. It filters the water through charcoal perfectly, making it possible to secure a safe, refreshing drink from any pool or stream, however muddy, and the water may be reached without stooping. It should be unnecessary to state that this article has the endorsement of the medical profession, since filtering drinking water is accepted as a sensible sanitary measure, and the precaution is all the more essential where the available supply is from surface pools, too frequently stagnant and scum-covered. The "Little Wonder" filter is manufactured by Charles A. Hayden, Oxford, O., and can be obtained as a premium offering with this paper. For particulars see our premium list elsewhere.

* * *

AN ENGAGING PASTIME.

"The Art of Leather Carving Self Taught" is the title of an instructive booklet issued by Louis F. Brown, 429 W. Seventh street, Los Angeles, Cal., which we advise all our readers to send for without delay. All the processes and materials necessary to this very artistic and profitable occupation are fully elucidated in a way understandable by all and a request for the pamphlet will be duly honored by the publisher.

* * *

A CHARMING REPRESENTATIVE.

Mrs. Nellie Bennett (widow of the late A. L. Bennett of Colorado) has joined the Laflin & Rand Powder Company's forces as a traveling representative. She is the only woman representative on the

staff of a smokeless powder company in the United States. She takes part in all the tournaments. and is the guest of the gun clubs of the towns along her route. Her favorite load at the traps is 24 grains of L. & R. "Infallible" and 1⅛ oz. of chilled shot. Mrs. Bennett has shot in Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado and New Mexico, and is now on her way to the gulf in the interests of the firm she represents. She will take part in the Grand American Handicap at targets at Kansas City this month, and any other shoots that take place along her line of travel.

Mrs. Bennett has been shooting at the traps about five years, being taught after their marriage by her husband, Mr. Bennett, who was a trap-shot with the enviable record of never having been beaten in an individual match.

* * *

At Trenton, N. J., April 1, James T. Skelly of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company made two runs of 52 and high average for the day of 96.2 in 180 targets. Mr. Skelly shot 25 grains of "Infallible."

* * *

IT FILLS THE BILL.

As will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, Vine Cottege Collie Kennels of West Haven, Conn., have arranged to put upon the market their home made Magic Dog Soap which is guaranteed to destroy fleas and to cure mange. Being practical people they are satisfied after a thorough trail in their own kennels and those of their friends that this soap will do all that they claim. It is sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price—a moderate one—and we advise all owners of dogs to give it a consistent trial.

* * *

GOOD WADDING COUNTS.

The Southern Wisconsin Trapshooters' League held their first tournament at Darlington, Wis. April 8. Mr. E. W. Vos of South Wayne, Wis. won high average. He used hte new Hartford shells, factory loaded by the Chamberlain Cartridge Company. The shells were loaded with "Graphine" wadding.

* * *

WINCHESTER SHELLS VICTORIOUS.

At the Grand American Handicap at Targets, held in Kansas City, Mo., April 14 to 17, Winchester shells made a decisive showing of their superiority by carrying off the majority of the honors. Mr. Fred Gilbert and Mr. W. R. Crosby at 23 yards; Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, at 21 yards; and Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, at 19 yards—all heavily handicapped men—won first, second, third and fourth high averages, respectively, for the tournament. The consolation handicap was won by Dr. D. A. Quick of El Dorado Springs, Mo., shooting Winchester "Leader" shells, his score of 95 out of the 100 being the highest of the tournament. The longest "straight run" of this shoot was also made with Winchester shells.

* * *

TRAPSHOOTERS' GUIDE.

A brochure of much more than ordinary interest and value to sportsmen is the beautifully printed "Trapshooters' Guide" published for gratuitous distribution by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Treating, as it does, upon every topic and feature of trapshooting, systems, methods, rules, traps, arms, ammunition and targets, besides chronicling many important records made by eminent devotees of the sport, it is a veritable vade mecum of the trapshooter and will be carefully preserved for reference. Copies may be had free for the asking from Mr. A. Muller, Pacific Coast Agency W. R. A. Co., 127-135 First street, San Francisco.

* * *

SOME PETERS' SUCCESSES.

A new 50 shot outdoor pistol record has been established. It was made at the range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association at Walnut Hills, Mass., April 4, by Thomas Anderton of Boston, who scored 480 points on the Standard American Target, shooting at 50 yards. This record is four points higher than the previous record. Mr. Anderton used Peters 22 cal. long rifle cartridges in making this great record.

At the regular weekly contest of the Zettler Rifle Club held March 31, Michael Dorrler the veteran rifleman using Peters .22 calibre short cartridges established a new 100 shot record for the gallery, putting up the wonderful total of 2,460 out of a possible 2,500. This performance is two points better than the score of 2,458 made by L. P. Ittel in the recent championship match, which still stands as the world's record for open competition.

All the contestants on the winning team in the recent contest for the Phellis Trophy, emblematic of the team championship of Ohio, shot Peters factory loaded shells and Hazard powder.

In the initial tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters League held April 8 and 9 at Allegheny, Pa. first day's average was won by Luther Squier, and second day's average by Charles Irwin. Both of these gentlemen used Peters factory loaded Ideal Shells, and of 47 contestants 35 used this ammunition.

At the two days' tournament at Attica, Ind. high average was made by C. B. Wiggins with an average of 95 per cent. He shot Peters Ideal shells loaded with Dupont powder.

* * *

PETERS CHANGE LOCATION.

The Eastern department of the Peters Cartridge Co. have removed to more commodious quarters and advise us that their New York address after May 1 will be 98 Chambers street, where genial T. H. Keller, manager, will be glad to receive all his friends.

* * *

ONE CAN'T GO WRONG

When making a selection from the immense stock of Clabrough, Golcher & Co., 538 Market street, this city, whether your requirement be for salt or fresh water fishing, for trap or game shooting, for athletics, camping or any of the thousand and one sports and recreations beloved of these luxurious days.

Here can be found in endless variety all of the things that enter needfully into a sportsman's complete outfit. Guns and other fire arms of all kinds, ammunition to suit them and cases for their reception. Fishing tackle of the costliest and the cheapest (in price but not in quality, be it understood) from a "Leonard Tournament" in rods, down to a cane fish pole. Here are offered the flies proved killers in the Truckee and other streams, for fastidious sportsmen, or plebian bait for the basket filler—baskets, too, to put them in and scales to weigh them on.

Among new things a telescoping gaff catches the eye and a very tasty outing boot for ladies, made of extra soft calf and absolutely waterproof, is especially noticable. Camp stoves, air matresses, sleeping bags, electric camp lights and a magnificent assortment of golfing, tennis and other sporting goods too numerous to mention makes a stock whose completeness and cleanness must be a constant source of pride both to the owners and their legion of patrons.

* * *

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK.

The H. E. Skinner Co., 807 Market st., San Francisco, is just now up to its neck—figuratively speaking—in a flood of seasonal business. Noticeable among other good new things now offered by this enterprising firm are a fine line of elegant landing nets of a particularly engaging quality and famous Benn's flies; an attractive line of woolen Khaki serges for thorn resisting and otherwise indestructible outing clothes and a bewildering variety of camping and sporting outfits that must be seen to be appreciated. Physical culture and other gymnastic appliances and paraphernalia are carried in large supply and, best of all, you will find at this well favored concern's store a most courteous and affable set of attendants who can tell you, offhand at a second's notice, just where, how and when to go to the best place for a successful outing of any kind, whether your quest be for tuna or tadpoles, grizzlies or grouse or any other of the multitudinous goods which the gods are supposed to give us—it we know how to get them.

* * *

SPECIALISTS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

In addition to the other conveniences offered sportsmen by the Wm. H. Hoegee Co. of Los Angeles Mr. H. W. Bickford, expert gunsmith in charge of their gun repair shop, makes a specialty of building fine rifle and pistol barrels. He has invented and completed a rifling machine that is marvelously accurate. The machine gives any pitch of rifling from straight to one turn in six inches, either right or left hand, increase or uniform twist. The machine will rifle any caliber from .22 to .50, and any length of barrel up to 36-inch. He also makes a specialty of re-bluing revolvers and gun actions. The re-bluing Mr. Bickford does is not cheap oil or acid bluing, but his work is the beautiful high polished blue-black as found only on the most expensive guns. Mr. Bickford also makes telescope sights, either for hunting

or target rifles. They are finely made and practical in every respect. He personally proves every piece of finished work before it leaves the shop, making it practically impossible for poor work to get out. All rifle and pistol barrels are tested at the range and must make a small group.

The stock of this famous concern is now without a peer in the vast section which they so admirably cover. Everything of any kind and price that may be thought of by sportsmen is here in complete assortment and a visit to this famous establishment constitutes in itself a liberal education in the paraphernalia of modern sport. Each department is under the care of a specialist and the courtesy extended visitors has passed into a proverb.

* * *

SOME DUPONT DOINGS.

Using the old reliable Dupont smokeless M. Diefenderfer, of Wood River, Neb., annexed the first honors at the Grand American Handicap at Targets, Kansas City, Mo., April 14, 15, 16, 17, by breaking 94 out of 100.

Doc A. Quick, of Eldorado Springs, Mo., won the Consolation Handicap in same tournament with 95 out ot 100—the highest score of the tournament. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., made the highest average of the entire tournament, and hundreds of others shot into money with the dependable old explosive which has never lost its place in the premier rank of modern powder.

* * *

REMOVAL OF PLANT.

The black powder plant of the California Powder Co., located near Santa Cruz, Cal., will be removed shortly to Pinole, in Contra Costa County. The change is made because of better facilities in the new location.

LAFLIN & RAND SCORE HEAVILY.

Shooting "Infallible" Mr. E. C. Griffith won high average at Boston, Mass., April 29. Fifty shooters present. At Vicksburg, May 4-6, Mr. E. Brady won first high amateur average; Mr. Wade was second; Mr. Livingston third and Mr. Skannal fourth in the tournament of Mississippi Valley Trap Shooters League. At Wawasset Gun Club Tournament, Wilmington, Del., May 7, Mr. J. T. Skelley won second average and at Bactmion Shooting Association's grounds May 6, Mr. Lester German killed 97 out of 100 pigions, defeating Mr. E. L. Smith.

* * *

GOOD IN ANY CLIMATE.

The recent Ziegler expedition to the Antarctics, very wisely deciding to avoid any risk in the matter of insufficient dog food, laid in an unusually heavy supply of Spratt's dog biscuits. Previous expeditions have demonstrated that this famous product is not only the most dependable food for dogs but is, as well, a very reliable and acceptable food for man, and the supply of Spratt's, ere this, has been the chief dependence in times of need. It is clean, wholesome and nutritious and a hungry man could do far worse—as proved by the writer's personal experience—than put a few of these cakes into his pocket when on a long trip in such wildernesses as lie in our Alaskan and mid-continental domain.

* * *

HAVE ADDED AUTO'S.

We understand that the Tufts-Lyon Arms Co., of Los Angeles, has added automobiles to its already immense line of out door necessities and has established a roomy automobile salesroom in the rear of its fine establishment on Spring street. The Buffalo, Northern and the Toledo steamers are the makes handled and we predict a big and immediate success for their new departure.

"Cordova"

The Wine of Quality

FOR $9.00

DIRECTORS:
FRED'K COX, President. Pres. California State Bank.
FRED. W. KIESEL, V. Pres. & Gen. Mgr. Cashier California State Bank.
GEO. W. PELTIER, Secretary. Mgr. California State Bank.
W. E. GERBER, V. Pres. California State Bank.
JOS. STEFFENS, Director California State Bank.
C. W. CLARKE, Director California State Bank.
F. J. KIESEL, Capitalist, Ogden, Utah.

We will deliver ***by prepaid express*** at the door of your home, a quart case of **PREMIER CORDOVA WINE,** the peerless vintage of California. You may select any variety, or we will assort the twelve bottles as you direct.

THIS OFFER EXTENDS TO ANY EXPRESS POINT IN THE UNITED STATES

ADDRESS DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICITY

CALIFORNIA WINERY SACRAMENTO CAL.

Growers, Bottlers and Distillers of "CORDOVA," the Wine of Quality

WINE-MAKING IN CALIFORNIA

By Edgar M. Sheehan.

IN prefacing an article "Wine-making in California," it is not amiss to say that the local industry has grown to such proportions that the Golden State is now regarded as the most dependable source for the world's future supply of pure and wholesome wines.

The universe, we might say, is literally innundated with beverages called "wine," so designated merely by courtesy and a tolerant indulgence of trade liberty in the premises.

France herself must stand the brunt of attack when the accusation is made that it is chiefly refuse which fills the public market wine fountain; for in no place on the face of the globe is the juice of the grape so defiled as in this great European home of the vine and its product.

There is a widespread fallacy regarding the merit of wines. The label of import frames the opinion of men and for the genuine article the fastidious but unknowing wine drinker demands the stamp of France, little knowing that insignia to be as easily obtained by the shrewd American as by his competitor in the sunny Gallic vales. Then why this truckling to the foreign article? Why this obsequious bending to

the so-called wine of castle and convent? Granting that there are wines in France and Spain without approach and without peer, does the wine-consuming of American public ever enjoy the ecstacy of tasting them? Practically never!

How many of us in our blissful ignorance have reveled in the mystic delight of a glass of genuine Chatetu Lafitte. Who of us but has not at one time or another quaffed at the banquet table the delectable Chateau Latour? And again, the vision of the nectar of Chateau Yquem floats dreamily before our eyes, as we think of the times and occasions on which the delicious Sauterne, as old as ourselves,titillated the ravished palate and brought sparkles to the eye. So of Chateau Margaux, Chateau Haut-Brion and others of more or less fame, and yet, humiliating as it must be to our vaunted judgment and "connoisseurship," (?) these famous vintages rarely, if ever, find their way to extended markets.

Chateau Lafitte, known the world over for its red wine, and located on the Gironde in the Medoc district of France, is owned by the Rothschilds brothers—all barons—and consists merely of a small vineyard of 160 acres producing in all about 200 tonnos of wine (44,000 gallons). Its grapes are the Cabernet Gris and the Malbec and both are shy bearers. When it is considered that the California winery of Sacramento with its Cordova vineyards makes nearly this same amount of wine every day during the vintage season, one can better imagine the insignificance into which this yield of Chateau Lafitte sinks.

Chateau Latour wine, like Chateau Lafitte, is the product of a very small vineyard, the extent being but 100 acres and the varieties of wines being Casernet Lannignon and Malhec. The crop averages little more than a ton per acre and the anual output of wine is but 20,000 gallons. Yquem, the greatest of all the Sauterne Chateaus in the world, has a tract of 225 acres and the yield is so slight that were it not for the reputation and actual merit of its wine, and the extravagant prices obtained for it, the vineyard would be abandoned.

A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA WINE-MAKING PLANT

Chateau Margaux boasts of 200 acres of vines, and Chateau Haute-Brion of 110. These are the well known wines of France and when one remembers that in the home cellars they cost never less than $6 per gallon and are held as options of kings and princes and other European potentates, an intelligent conception of how much of these wines really finds its way to the New World is easily arrived at. It can safely

be said without fear of contradiction that these vintages never reach the United States. Many are the wines so labeled, but without exception they will be found to be base impositions and libels on the name.

So much for the really meritorius wine of France. As for the balance, California can produce and does give to the wine consumers of this and other countries a better grade of the various types of wine than the ordinary vintages of France, wines which prove of the highest merit when put to actual test. There are inferior California wines and more often liquors sold as California products which have never known the thrill of life the vine receives from the matchless climate and fertile soil of this most favored of States.

To give the public an insight into the workings of a complete wine making plant, and to familiarize it with the superior qualities of California products, we herewith present illustrations of a famous California establishment whose wines have achieved an international repute for delicate bouquet, admirable body and other general excellences not surpassed by the most famous of European vintages.

All wineries buy grapes, but the aim of the far-seeing and shrewd wine-maker should be to have his own vinyard. The management and the winery under consideration is making rapid strides in this direction and already has two large vineyards at Cordova, in the foothills on the western declivity of the Sierra Nevadas. These "Chateaus," as they might be termed, comprise 500 acres planted to the choicest types of French, Spanish and Rhein grapes, constituting the oldest and largest resistant vinyard in the United States. It has cost thousands of dollars to plant this rare collection of imported vines but the results have fully justified the great expenditure.

This Cordova plant has a crushing and fermenting capacity of 12,000 tons of grapes in a vintage season. The building where fermentation takes place contains twenty-five immense tanks each capable of containing 25,000 gallons of must, besides the crushers, continuous press and the suspended cars which ply between the vats, carrying pomace to the press.

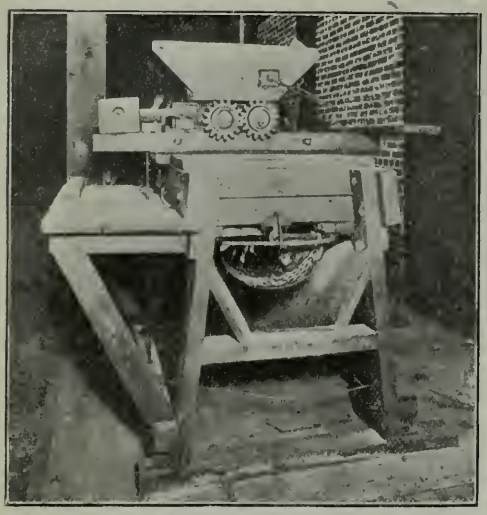
The first step toward wine making is accomplished in this building. There the juice ferments in a manner and to such degree as the wine-maker directs. If he is making dry wine such as claret, hock, reisling, sauternes, etc., he allows fermentation to proceed until every atom of sugar in the must has separated into carbonic acid gas and alcohol, and the acids and ethers have formed the component parts of the wine. He then draws off his liquid and consigns it to the settling or clarifying vats in his main winery.

The foregoing paragraph tells briefly how the dry wines are worked. The sweet varities such as port, angelica, muscatel and others, are subjected to the same fermenting process excepting that the working of the must is stopped before the sugar is much more than half consumed. The wine is rendered passive by fortifying with additional alcohol and undergoes the same system of racking and clarifying. However it contains twice the alcoholic strength of the dry wine and this fortification necessitates the presence of the U. S. Gauger, he being the sole supervisor of this proceeding.

It must be remembered that the color of wine comes from the skins and this is one of the first considerations in fermenting. If ports or clarets are being made the skins are present in the working vats and impart their color to the liquor as the chemical change of the contents is going on. In the case of the light colored wines such as sauterne, reisling or angelica, the wine is fermented without the presence of its skins and the light color of the fresh juice is scarcely affected by the process of fermentation.

The liquid or juice which flows from the wine press after the pomace has been squeezed or pressed is never used as wine by an establishment that makes pretentions to producing a high grade of wines. It is consigned to the distilling tank and later on goes to the sewer after the alcohol has been extracted.

For this purpose the still is used and the one at the "Cordova" plant is an immense affair made entirely of copper and standing over 35 feet in height. There all of the press and waste wine is subjected to heat until the alcohol has been removed and condensed through the top of the giant receptacle. The spirit flows from the bottom of a third condenser and is chemically



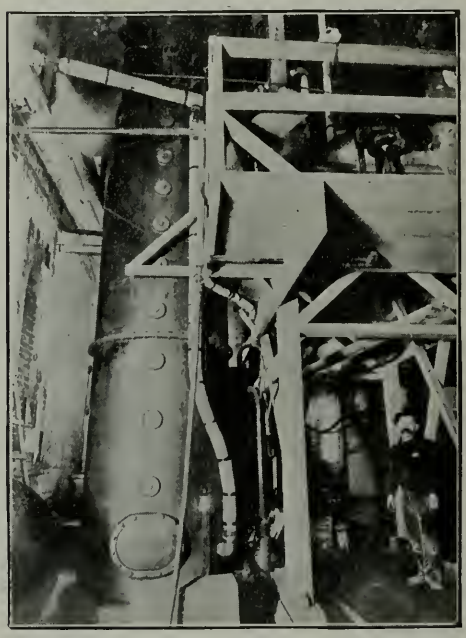
A GRAPE-CRUSHER.

pure, while the refuse of the distilling material discharges into the conduits leading to the sewer.

We are now through with the fermenting building. Our wine has been made, the alcohol has been taken from the press wine, and we find ourselves in the main winery among the settling tanks where the wine is depositing its lees and becoming clear. Here we find the men busy racking from one tank to another, taking the new wine away from its deposit of sediment and drawing it to other receptacles. This is required at frequent intervals with new wine because the precepitation is heavy, and if allowed to remain too long on its lees the wine itself will take up a taste from the deposit. This racking becomes of less frequency as the wine ages, but to a certain extent is kept up as long as it remains in the vaults.

CONTINUOUS WINE PRESS.

Enforced precipitation is resorted to at times with negative wines. This is effected in the case of white wine with isinglass; and in the brandied wines and red wines with white of egg. All casks thus treated are made bung-full, closed, and allowed to rest for several weeks. After this period the wine is quite clear and bright, and being racked another time remains so. Boquet then begins to develop and as age comes and the access of air is much more rapid in casks than in bottles, it is a part of the art, knowledge and skill of the winemaker to mature the wine in the cask until it has attained its maximum of boquet, and then to bottle it and maintain that



THE DISTILLERY.

boquet, and effect the rest of the changes that demand the exclusion of air.

Cooperage therefor plays an important part in the development of wine and in this respect the vaults of the plant under consideration are well-nigh peerless. A great portion is of solid oak and some of the magnificent ovals could never be replaced were their owners ever so unfortunate as to lose them by any mishap. They are practically priceless and their life of usefulness covers a period of many generations. Some of the casks in this plant are now 40 years old, for the winery,

SECTION OF BOTTLING-ROOM

which is the oldest on the Pacific Coast, was established in 1852, and has grown from an almost insignificant affair to a solid and imposing establishment with an annual output of nearly 2,000,000 gallons of wine.

Its sherry oven alone has a capacity of 300,000 gallons at a cooking, and by way of explanation to readers we might add that sherry requires repose in a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit for five or six months before oxidation is complete and the wine partakes of sherry characteristics.

Wines are not bottled by this establishment before the fourth year and very often they remain in cask until twice that age. The products of the plant find ready market in all parts of the world, and besides the help necessary to handle its California trade a force of men are kept busy exporting bulk and case goods to all parts of the United States, Australia, British Columbia, Germany and England.

GOOD WINE GRAPES

Tinta de Madeira.—This grape bears well, makes fine port wine with a smoothness and roundness most desirable; it is improved by blending with Tinta Amarella and Mourisco Preto.

STAMPING OUT BRANDY

Tinta Amarella.—A heavy producer; a good grape to make the bulk of a port vineyard, but needs a higher grade to improve its quality.

Tinta Cao.—Not a heavy bearer but bears regularly; gives an excellent blending port.

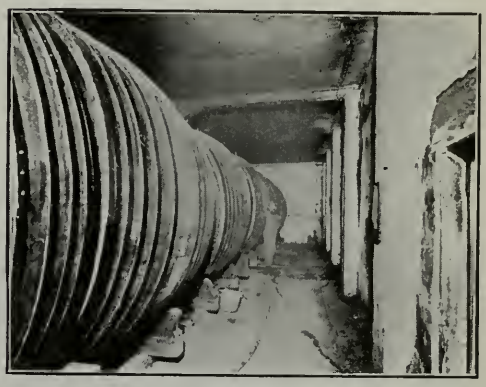
Mourisco Preto.—A vigorous vine; one of the most promising port varieties.

Pedro Jimenes.—A fine sherry and table variety and a good bearer.

Palomino.—A good regular bearer; can be well recommended in good soils.

Beba.—Makes a fine sherry and is also a very valuable table grape; keeps well.

Peruno.—Gives a good, sweet wine, but is rather neutral and needs to be blended with a variety that will give it more flavor. Is a good bearer.



OAK STORAGE OVALS.

Mantuo de Pilas.—Gives a fine flavor to sherries and is used a good deal to blend with neutral varieties; a fine bearer.

Verdelho.—Is a good bearer, makes a fine wine that acquires a marked rancid flavor and blended with about a third of neutral wine makes a fine sherry.

Malmsey.—Quite productive in good soil, and makes a good sweet wine, having a very agreeable aroma.

Mission.—A good bearer; fine sherry grape.

Petit Sirrah.—Fine flavor and heavy color, also a heavy bearer, an excellent grape.

Aramon.—The heaviest bearing grape known; a choice claret grape.

TELEPHONE EAST 965

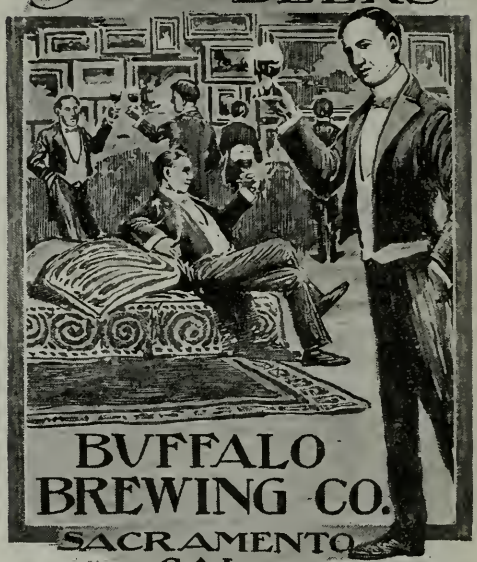
THE AMERICAN FLORIST

Charles Stappenbeck

1207 Polk Street

SAN FRANCISCO

NEW BREW and BOHEMIAN BEERS



BUFFALO BREWING CO.
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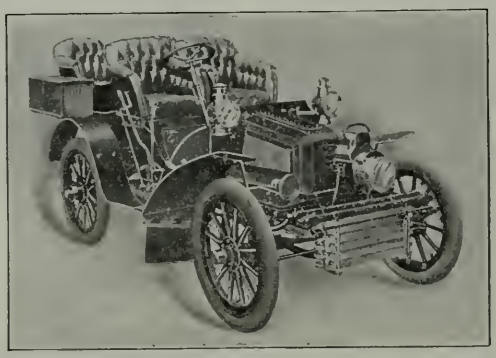

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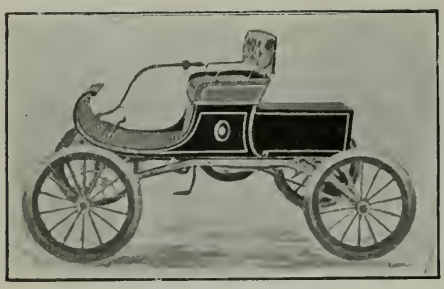
AFTER APRIL 1ST
134 TO 148 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE

THE first run of the season of the Automobile Club of California was made on Sunday, April 19. The San Francisco motor-cars went over on the 9 a. m. Creek boat to Oakland, where they were met by the contingent from Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley. The cars were quickly drawn up in line, President F. A. Hyde leading in his new Winton touring car. The cars proceeded at a good steady pace along Twelfth street, across the Lake Merritt Bridge and out through San Leandro to Haywards. The hills, still green in the garb of spring, and the orchards, some of them in bloom, presented a pleasant sight, but the dust stirred up by so many rapidly moving cars made the automobilist's life something of a burden. Haywards was reached about 11 o'clock and there the party was doubled in number by the arrival of the motorists of San Jose and Santa Clara. At noon or thereabouts lunch was served and was much enjoyed by the automobilists and their guests. How so many citizens of this free and independent Republic (there were a hundred or more of them), managed to get together

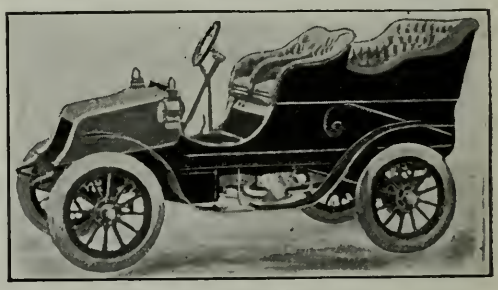
MEET OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB AT HAYWARDS



OLDSMOBILE LOCOMOBILE CO.

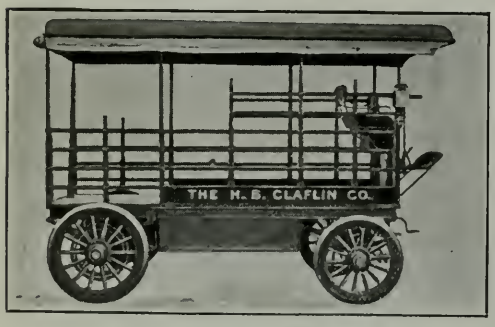
and get away again without speechmaking is hard to understand, but they did. After luncheon the cars were grouped in front of the hotel, and photographs were made. On the way out the president led the line and no one passed his car, but on the return trip each went as he pleased, and some of the automobilists chose to go pretty fast. One car in particular, driven by a well-known San Jose motorist, misbehaved itself in this respect, racing after and passing almost every car in the line. This is a pretty dangerous thing on a road like that between San Leandro and Oakland, part of the roadway being unavailable for motor-cars, buggies or cycles on account of the electric car track. The result was that the car referred to ran into an unfortunate bicyclist, sending him spinning and crushing his cycle. Dr. D. A. Stapler, the well-known physician and automobilist, was called and after an examination of the boy, expressed the opinion that he was not seriously injured. This, however, was due far more to the good fortune of the cyclist than to the good sense of the driver of the motor-car.

An interesting case is now being heard in one of the Justices' Courts of San Francisco. On a certain day in February an automobile, driven by the manager of one of the companies in this city, was conveying a party of five persons to the Panhandle. As the automobile was carefully and slowly rounding the south-easterly corner of Fulton and Broderick streets, a buggy and horse driven by a man came down Fulton street, and, without any apparent effort on the part of the driver to stop it or turn aside, came right at the automobile. The horse made the best effort he could to avoid the motor-car but struck it with his chest on the right hand side of the front seat. By remarkable good fortune, no one of the three people sitting closely together on the front seat was at all injured. The horse, however, to lessen as far as he could the force of the collision, had jumped up in the air and thrown his body to the off side. He overturned the buggy and spilled its



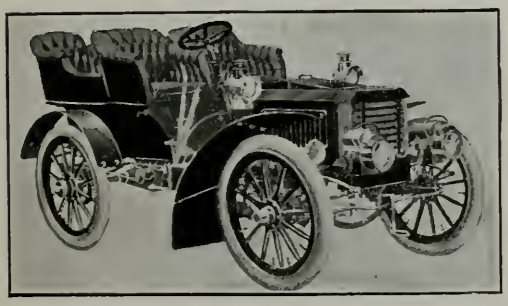
1903 WINTON LOCOMOBILE CO.

occupants on the road, luckily without hurting them. Frightened at the dragging buggy the horse ran away along Broderick street in a southerly direction and, coming into collision with another vehicle. injured himself seriously. The horse, buggy and harness were the property of a livery-stable keeper, who, naturally, brought suit, joining the hirer of the horse and the company driving the automobile, and putting a stiff figure on the animal. At the time of writing the case has been only half heard, but by the time that this is in the hands of the readers, it will have reached a decision. The case is interesting as presenting the opposite state of affairs to the one usually in people's minds. Where a horse-drawn vehicle and a motor-car are in collision, the idea always is that the motor-car ran the buggy down, but in this instance the buggy ran the auto down. The



ELECTRIC TRUCK LOCOMOBILE CO.

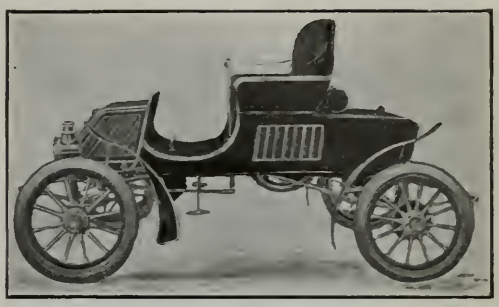
auto, however, came so much the best out of the mixup that it seemed an obvious thing to sue its owner for damages. Anyhow, that is the recognized mode of procedure. A most remarkable example of this tendency to blame the auto for every bad result of a collision occurred in one of the Eastern States, where an electric trolley car containing about thirty passengers overtook and ran into an automobile from behind. Instead, however, of crushing the auto and hurling its occupants into the air, as would have been natural and proper, the trolley car was thrown off the track, ran violently into a bank and many of its passengers were injured. Of course the driver of the auto was arrested for causing so unexpected and unreasonable a result. He and his car ought to have been sent hurtling through the air, but the motor-car was so illogical as to get scarcely



PEERLESS—NATIONAL AUTO. AND MFRS. CO.

damaged. It lost a lunch-basket and some varnish, but was otherwise as sound as ever.

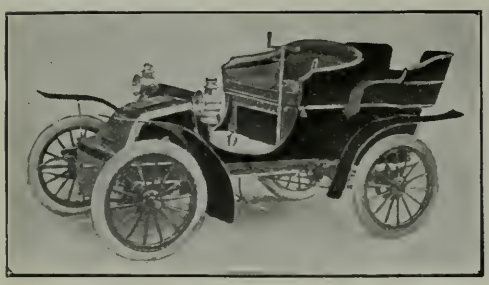
A paper recently read before the Automobile Club of Great Britain by Captain Kennett Campbell created a good deal of discussion. The author, while speaking of himself as "a man of moderate means," gave a detailed statement showing that his motor-car, with accessories, cost nearly $3,000, and that he spent about $1,500 more to keep it in commission for a year. It was a 10-horse-power gasoline touring car and cost with carriage rugs, instruction, etc., about $2,800. In the course of nine months the owner drove it 6,600 miles over all sorts of town and country roads in Great Britain. The gasoline cost him $105 or about 1½ cents per mile. Repairs to the car body, frame and engine cost about



RAMBLE TOURING CAR—NATIONAL AUTO. AND MFRS. CO.

$335, the axle being bent on four occasions, once by a sideslip and the second time by running into a ditch to avoid a collision. A horse kicked one side of the car in, but his owner paid half the damage. Tires cost $242. He paid his "motor-groom" six dollars a week wages, bought livery and clothes for him amounting to $100, paid $150 for the rent of an auto stable, etc. His grand total of expenses for nine months was $4,219. Now a good many people in Great Britain are saying that such an outlay is not within the capacity of "a man of moderate means." One of the well-known automobile periodicals of Great Britain says that a man of really moderate means ought to be able to cover from 4,000 to 5,000 miles per annum in his motor-car at an average cost of three cents per mile for running expenses. One of these items of expense must strike the American automobilist as very small. Fancy getting a "motor-groom," who was probably competent and well-behaved, for six dollars a week. Here a competent chauffeur is likely to cost a hundred or more dollars a month.

KNOX (WATERLESS GASOLINE)—NATIONAL AUTO. AND MFRS. CO.



AUTOCAR—NATIONAL AUTO. AND MFRS. CO.

Already in France they have the autonomobile, that is, a carriage that is autonomous and mobile. A train runs from Paris to Dijon, 195 miles, at a regular speed of 62 miles per hour. The carriage is 56 feet long, 8½ feet being occupied by the engine, and the rest of the space seating forty passengers comfortably and carrying their baggage as well. The cost of constructing the autonomobile and its total weight are the same as of the first-class French corridor railway carriages. The autonomobile is so shaped in front and behind as to offer little resistance to the air. The whole journey from Paris to Nice might be made without a stop, if care is taken to guard against overheating.

The first local corporation to engage in the automobile business in San Francisco was the Locomobile Company of the Pacific, the stock of which was held by the Locomobile Company of America. The name of the company has now been changed to the Pioneer Automobile Company, and the stock is owned by local holders. The following are the officers of the new company: C. C. Moore, President; E. P. Brinegar, Vice-President; L. M. Breed, of Los Angeles, Treasurer; W. J. Cornell, Secretary. The above with E. E. Stoddard and H. G. W. Dinkelspiel, directors. E. P. Brinegar will continue as manager. The new company is the agent for the Winton touring car, the Oldsmobile, the Locomobile steam and gasoline cars, and the electric trucks of the Vehicle Equipment Company.

Speaking of the recent Vanderbilt-Neilson wedding, a writer in *Automobile Topics* says: "The wedding party went to Newport early in the week and simply had a royal good time. They owned Newport from the time they reached that now quiet summer resort until they left. Every day they went out in automobiles and dashed about the surrounding country. The Newport townsfolk looked on in quiet contentment, and the hosts of society people in Newport smiled and were happy. It was only when the Vanderbilt automobile went humming through Middletown that the authorities of that little burg decided that they were going at more than lawful speed; so not only the bridegroom but his brother, Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, paid two small fines to a local Dogberry the day before the wedding. The action of the local constables was strongly condemned by the Newport friends of these young gentlemen." To all of which we say, "Fudge!" The action of any judge in fining or imprisoning any lawbreaker is, no doubt, "strongly condemned by the friends" of the lawbreakers. *Automobile Topics* seems to assume that a Vanderbilt and his fiancee are, or ought to be, exempt from the operation of the laws, and that no minister of the law should venture to interfere with the pleasure of persons so august! There is no conceivable reason why a Vanderbilt should not be brought up with a round turn just as quickly as a Smith or a Brown if he disobeys the law, and no imaginable ground for failing to punish him. Of course, a man should not be fined merely because he happens to be a Vanderbilt, as that is no fault of his. It is no crime that the father of the present generation of Vanderbilts was not a "gentleman" (as R. C. Vanderbilt described himself when required to state his "occupation") but only a "capitalist." A Vanderbilt should be treated as fairly and justly as another automobilist, and should pay the penalty of his errors and breaches in precisely the same manner.

AUTOMOBILE AND MOTOR-CYCLE RACES AT LOS ANGELES

On Saturday and Sunday, May 9 and 10, an automible and motor-cycle race meet was held at Agricultural Park, Los Angeles. It excited a great deal of interest, and but for one accident which will be noted later was entirely successful. The meet was opened by a parade of thirty or more self-propelled vehicles and at least a hundred others were at the Park. The opening event was an Australian pursuit race on motor-cycles and brought out a dozen contestants, who were divided into groups of three each. The contestants started at intervals of a quarter of a mile, the winners in the preliminary heats being F. G. Lacey, R. C. Hamlin, R. H. Kranz and C. W. Risden. In the final heat Lacey started at the wire, Hamlin at the half-mile post and Kranz at the three-quarter mile mark, Risdon withdrawing because his machine was not working well. After two-and-a-half miles Hamlin caught Kranz, and at the finish of the tenth mile was only 25 yards behind Lacey. In the eleventh mile neither gained on the other, but during the next round Hamlin crept up and passed Lacey just in front of the grand stand at the end of the twelfth mile. Time: 17:52.

In the two-mile race for automobiles weighing not more than 1,500 pounds there were three competitors—C. A. Hawkins, F. A. Garbutt and the White Machine Company. Hawkins took the lead at the turn but the White was in front at the end of the first mile. Garbutt then went ahead but was passed at the one and three-quarter mile post by the White machine, which spurted and won by two lengths. Time: 3:12.

In the five-mile race for gasoline automobiles weighing not less than 1,500 pounds the entries were J. W. Carhart, H. C. Turner and Ellicot Evans. Turner beat Evans by two hundred and fifty yards, and Carhart by about one and a half miles.

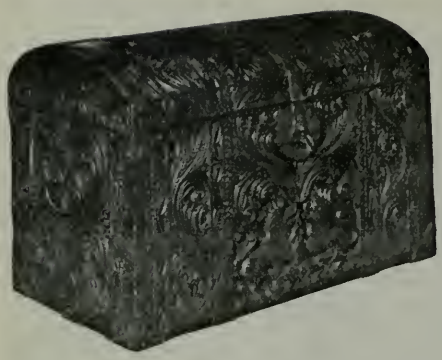
The three-mile race for 1,500 pound automobiles was between Garbutt, Hawkins and White. Hawkins did not drive the same machine as in the first race, but, though he made better speed than before, he was beaten half a mile. Garbutt went off in the lead but at the half-mile the White came up alongside. Then Garbutt drew away and though the White diminished his lead it could not catch him. Garbutt won in 4:28, the last mile being covered in 1:28, the track record for automobiles.

FRANK A. GARBUTT, WINNER OF FIVE-MILE RACE.

In a free-for-all five mile race between Hawkins, Turner, Carhart, Garbutt and Evans the winner was Garbutt the time being 7:15. In this event every track record from one to five miles was broken. The fourth mile was covered in 1:18. On a straightaway course the machine could have made even better speed but it was necessary to slow down somewhat at the turns. Mr. Garbutt received the cup for the Pacific Coast record for five miles on a track.

The first event on Sunday was a five-mile handicap for motor-cycles. Hamlin and Lacey started at scratch, Kranz at the 150 yard mark, Risdon at 200 yards, Fuller and Thomas at the 7 furlong post. Lacey led from the start and won easily in 6:30. Hamlin was second and Kranz third. The time by miles was as follows: 1:27; 1:14½; 1:16½; 1:15½; 1:16. Risdon and Thomas collided during the second mile and fell, but neither was hurt.

In the five-mile race for Oldsmobiles S. Skinner, F. Lacey, J. Collinger and J. W. Mills took part. Skinner won in 11:37, after leading nearly all the way. Lacey was second.



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In the five-mile race for steam automobiles Walter Grothe and C. A. Hawkins were the only competitors. Both were in White machines. Hawkins won tne first two miles and Grothe took the last three. Grothe won the race in 8:52 the fifth mile being made in 1:30¾.

The five-mile race for gasoline machines weighing less than 1,500 pounds was contested by W. T. Hansen in an auto-vehicle car and F. E. Hughes in an Oldsmobile. Hansen led from 30 to 100 feet all the way, and in the home stretch kept his machine wobbling in front of Hughes so that the latter could not pass him. The time was 7:59½, but no winner was announced.

In the five-mile handicap for automobiles Hansen drove an auto-vehicle car, Hawkins and Grothe were in White machines and Collinger steered an Oldsmobile. Grothe won easily, Hansen being second. Time not given. In this race there was a most startling and spectacular accident. Grothe started at scratch, Hawkins at the quarter-mile, Hansen at 540 yards, and Collinger at the three-quarter mile post. C. A. Hawkins, the Pacific Coast agent of the White Company, started off at a high speed, covering the second quarter in twenty seconds. At the three-quarter post his car under a very high steam pressure, (said to be 800 pounds), shot round the lower turn at a rate of fifty miles an hour. Wishing to let more water into the boiler he shifted his steering handle to his right hand, and in leaning over turned the handle to the right. Then he jerked it to the left, and, fearing that the machine would strike the inner rails turned out toward the center of the track. The machine struck one of the posts on the right side of the course, Hawkins being shot out as if from a caterpult and falling to the ground after flying a distance of from 80 to 90 feet. The machine, enveloped in a blue smoke, turned over and over in the air falling about ten feet from its driver. The front wheels were torn off from the car and spun away to a distance of fifty yards from the fence-post. A gopher that happened to put his head up from the ground at that instant was cut in two as if with a knife, by some part of the car. At once hundreds of people rushed from the grand stand, expecting to find Hawkins dead. To their surprise he moved and said that he was not seriously hurt. Being taken in an ambulance to the California Hospital, it was found that he had received a number of bruises and that the muscles of his back were wrenched. That he was not killed outright is little short of marvelous. His two competitors kept their eyes glued to the track and their attention riveted on their machines, so that they did not know what had happened to their fellow-racer until the end of the distance was reached.

Hamlin and Risdon, not being satisfied with the results of the previous day's motorcycle race entered into a match over ten miles. Hamlin's motor was a 4 h. p., and Risdon's of one and three-fourths h. p. Hamlin gathered speed sooner and obtained a lead that could not be overcome, winning in 13:32½.

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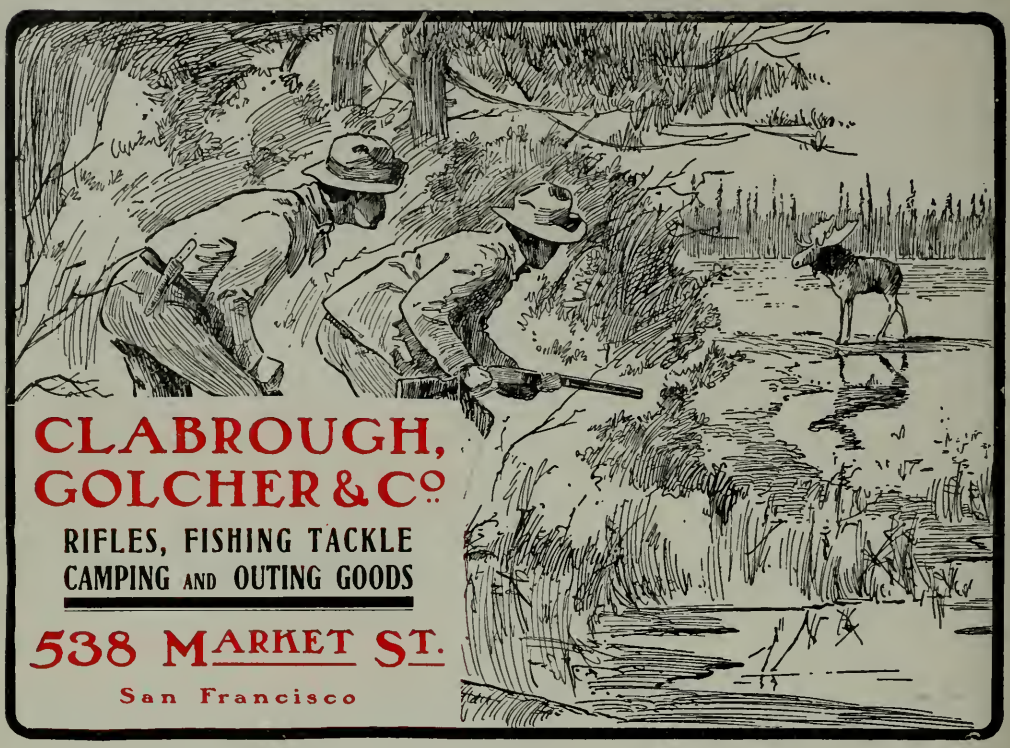

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"THE BEAR LANDED SQUARELY ON THE ELK'S BACK."

See "A Battle Royal,"
Page 375.

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 2. JULY, 1903. No. 6.

A BATTLE ROYAL

By SHERMAN POWELL

THAT hard and fast rules are difficult to follow in hunting wild animals is an axiom that can not be better demonstrated than in the hunting of bear. Granting this to be the case there are a few facts regarding the habits and habitat of the bear, the knowledge of which would aid greatly in his successful pursuit.

Perhaps the first and most important point to be considered is location. By "location" we mean places where bears are plentiful—so plentiful that any one who exercises some patience and skillful marksmanship will have good shooting—and not merely where "there was a bear seen last spring and this fall the same sized track was found near the old corral."

In most any country that is wild enough for deer, a bear will be shot occasionally by a deer hunter who is as much surprised by his good luck as is the bear himself. Sometimes, too, the track of a bear is seen and an attempt made to trail it, but trailing bear is no easy task. His flat moccasined feet make a track which, compared to that made by the sharp-pointed hoofs of a deer or elk, is as the impression made by walking on a velvet carpet compared to foot-prints in the snow. One well experienced in the science of tracking might hold a bear trail going up hill by the marks of his claws, but Bruin has an irritating way of resorting to the first old log or rocky cliff where his well cushioned feet leave not the slightest impression. Slow trailing with a dog or in the snow would compare favorably with the trailing of deer or elk were it not that the bear has a decided preference for the dark and deep cañons, where the brush is thicker than the hair that covers him.

Early in the season, in May and June, when the firs are at their best, the western slopes of the Cascades of Oregon, well toward the head-waters of the North Umpqua and South Umpqua Rivers, is an excellent bear country. While the cañons are full of snow and the timbered slopes still covered with a mantle of white, the bald open ridges where the sun has full sweep have changed their chilly covering for one of warm green grass, the food on which a bear first breaks his fast after long months of dreamy ease. He wastes no time now sauntering about and is easy to approach as, with nose to the ground like a pig, he feeds busily from morning until night though, strange to say, growing thinner every day! In July, when the snow is gone from the deep gulches and food is plentiful everywhere, he begins to range from base to summit and from summit to base, and then he is a pretty hard animal to find.

In the month of August he stays close to the rivers. If one chooses a proper position on the North Fork of the Umpqua, which is noted for its run of salmon, or below the big bend on the Rogue River, he might see a dozen bears a day, pulling old blue salmon from the stream. Those familiar with the conditions of the animal at this time would scarcely think of shooting one, for they are poor in flesh and their pelts are absolutely worthless. About the middle of September they gather on the Coast ranges for acorns. Between the Rogue and Illinois Rivers, forty miles west of Grant's Pass, are hundreds of acres of

bushes bearing a nut known as the "sweet acorn." These acorns are as large or larger than those of the live-oak, are sweet to the taste and grow on low bushes. Bears from every quarter, even from the summit of the Cascades a hundred miles distant, congregate here in due time to harvest the crop. Nine bears have been killed by one gun in a day from a place known as Bear Camp, in the midst of this acorn patch.

In these two locations in Southern Oregon—near the headwaters of the Umpquas in May and June, and in Bear Camp country from the fifteenth of September to the fifteenth of October—bears can therefore be hunted with perfect success. Personally I favor the former location, where I have seen more bears in one day than during a six weeks trip to the Rockies. There is, too, a certain satisfaction in hunting over a country where there is not even a blazed trail, the foot prints of a horse or the ashes of a camp-fire to prove the presence of man. I consider that the silver-tip and panther are much more responsible for the destruction of game in this location than are powder and lead.

This fact was very forcibly impressed upon me by a tragedy that it was my fortune to witness in that wild region. We had crossed the chain of lakes that marks the beginning of the game country and whose surfaces are the only things that lie level at the head waters of these streams, and penetrated the range to make our permanent camp some half dozen miles beyond. Hundreds of elk and deer had fed on the meadow where we pitched our tents, and many a bear had rolled and frolicked in the rich wild grass which was now to nourish our tired horses. It was my first morning out of camp, and contrary to my custom (for I almost invariably hunt alone) I took one of the party with me. We had gone but a short distance from camp when we entered a tamarack flat. Many of the trees were stripped of their foliage and the bark was riddled as high up as a man could reach with his gun. The hoof prints of the elk looked very fresh and were pointing in all directions, but we pushed straight ahead on general principles. Passing through a heavy belt of timber we came out within easy rifle range of elk galore in the clearing beyond.

Geo. Gignac Photo. "COUNTRY WHERE THERE IS NOT EVEN A BLAZED TRAIL."

"THE FIRE AND LEAD POURED FROM THE MUZZLES OF OUR RIFLES."

The curtain was up on the second scene of the tragedy. A band of a dozen or more elks were holding a silver-tip at bay. The story of the first scene was told by the dead body of a calf elk, which the bear had dropped from his vice-like grip when charged by the outraged band. The elk were fairly wild with revenge. Some were snorting and bellowing, pawing up the grass and filling the air with a cloud of dust. Others with head lowered plunged forward, striking with a thud their heavy antlers against the powerful sides of the grizzly. The old bear stood like a thing possessed, now charging, now defending, cutting and slashing in every direction. His claws, like so many dirks, pierced the shining sides of the elk, a half dozen of which were soon badly wounded and compelled to retreat. He seemed to be having things pretty much his own way, when a monstrous bull came at him from the rear and with one desperate stroke felled him to the earth. But he was no sooner down than up and at it again. One after another of the band fell back until the bull that downed the bear was left to fight alone. And nobly he played his part! Again and again he charged, thrusting his dangerous, dagger-like tines into the India-rubber sides of his antagonist and tramping on him with his sharp pointed hoofs whenever the bear dropped for a moment to drive his white tusks into the quivering side of his foe.

Elk are hard fighters among themselves, often fighting to the death; but there is no animal in America that can conquer a grizzly bear; strong, cunning, tenacious, and above all wondrously intelligent, he will always remain the champion heavy weight of the forest.

At last the bear gave a bound and landing squarely on the elk's back, wrapped both arms about him and began to chew at his shoulder. This was more than my companion could stand; with rifle cocked he rushed forward and fired. At the sting of the bullet the bear loosed his hold, turned and started for "Mac." Then the fire and lead poured from the muzzles of both our rifles like steam from the cylinders of an engine, but the bear kept coming, stowing away the

lead until he must have felt like a moving arsenal. *Snap!* went the hammer of "Mac's" empty gun, then he turned and ran for the nearest tree. "Shoot fast! Shoot fast!" he shouted, and I did—for the nearest fir—filling my magazine as I ran.

Talk about running when life is the premium! If the subject could have been handled photographically the reputation for the most rapid lens on earth would have been established; its maker could have retired and the negative would have paid me a handsome royalty. "Mac" reached the tree and swung into its branches in just the nick of time. As the bear sprang after him I pulled the trigger and the old fighter sank with a broken back. We tracked the wounded elk into the brush. Maimed, bruised and bleeding, with scarcely strength enough to carry his splendid antlers, he would have been easy prey but we laid down our guns and took off our hats to the noble animal. He would probably recover and after such a gallant contest with the king of fighters he should never meet death at the hand of man, in so far as we could avert such an ignoble fate.

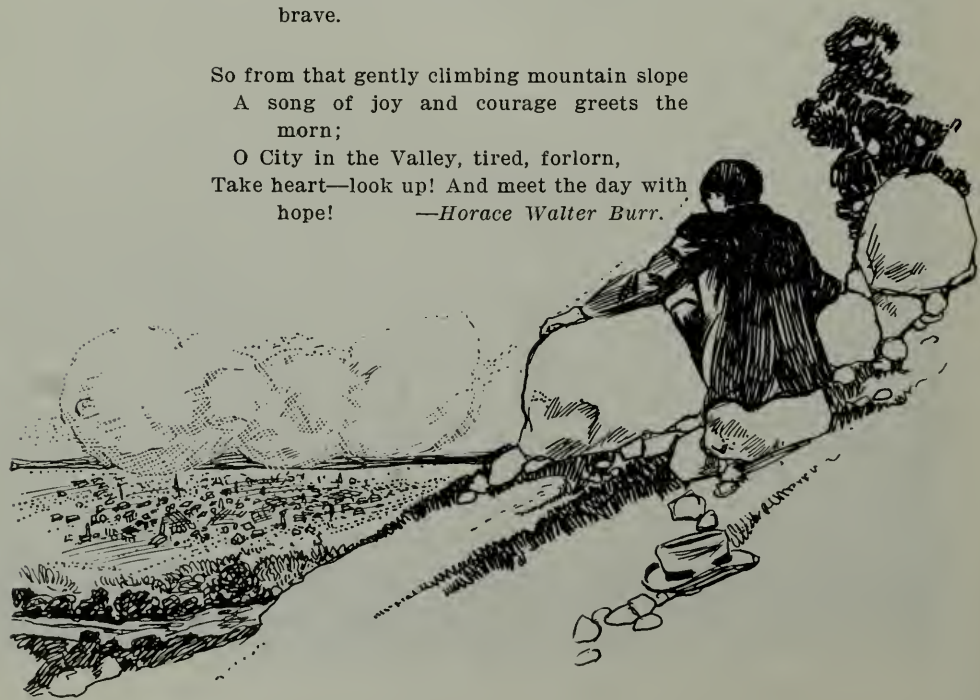
ABOVE THE CITY

O'ER yonder sloping hills the sunbeams creep
To mingle 'mid their own the poppies' gold,
The yellow petals with that touch unfold,
And baby-blue-eyes waken from their sleep.

The chaparral and lupin blossoms wave
Their welcome with the buttercup's glad smile,
E'en pansies from their nest those rays beguile—
Frail lilies feel the warmth and bloom full brave.

So from that gently climbing mountain slope
A song of joy and courage greets the morn;
O City in the Valley, tired, forlorn,
Take heart—look up! And meet the day with hope!

—*Horace Walter Burr.*



ON THE VENTURA

SPRING FISHING IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTRY

By F. W. Reid

IF REPRESENTED by a curve in the way that temperatures and rainfalls are charted, trout fishing in California would start from zero in San Diego County and reach a maximum in Humboldt. In the southern part of the State there is not much trouting. Dwellers in Orangeland must pack into the Sierra Madre by burro-train if they want to hook a "rainbow." For the rivers are tapped or dammed for irrigation; and their lowland channels are mere beds of sand, with here and there a dwindling willow-guarded pool, left behind by the rains of winter.

But the Ventura River in the county "of that ilk," pours its tribute into the ocean all the year round. It rises in the Coast Range and on its way to the sea forms the western boundary of a wild natural park—the celebrated Ojai Valley. Its waters are easily reached by good county roads and a branch line of rail that runs from Ventura town to Nordhoff.

Brother Experience, who had been there, warned us to fish early and fish far. "Anyhow," he added, "you cannot strike a more beautiful country."

So we thought on reaching Nordhoff toward the end of May. The little village is hidden and all its crudities toned down by great spreading oak trees. It stands some 700 feet only above the sea level at the foot of the rocky bastions of the Coast Range. The sun rises over Topa-Topa, a striped precipice 6,000 feet high, and sets behind the jagged edge of the Matilija. All round the village lies a delightful medley of cultivation and untamed nature; wild shrubbery alternating with ordered orchard lines, emerald oat field with the native greensward of the park.

Then the river is only four miles away, and its tributary, the "crick," as many furlongs. You can take the footpath way and jog on merrily under the trees, rod over shoulder.

Most anglers have graduated from some

"THE FIELD OPEN TO FLY CASTING"

small nameless stream, brook or burn. The "crick" is the piscatorial kindergarten of this country-side. There is a swimming hole of course, from which it steals away seaward under a canopy of boughs. You will hear its voice before you see the running water; for, like Milton's nightingale, it sings "darkling in leafy covert hid." The thirstiest trees crowd closest to its edge; massive cottonwoods and slender-stemmed willows; alders, too, whose wind-ruffled leaves flash against the sunlight. The sun of May has unfolded all the buds—

> "Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade—"

and from their vaulted screen the brook takes its color, dappled with soft brown shadows.

The prospect is not inviting at first sight to the adult fisher. He knows the trout will be small and the branches a snare to his fly-hook. He must rejuvenate his spirit, duck beneath the drooping alder boughs, squirm between trunk and boulder, straddle gray leaning sycamore bridges, and skip boy-like from stone to stone, pleased with the capture of a fingerling.

That is the average size here: small, silvery fish with a multitude of black spots and a faint red median line. What would you have? The "crick" is a nursery which the large fish abandon for the main stream and the sea. You should be thankful for small mercies, walk warily, and keep your eyes wide open.

So you will find the small rivulet a silver key unlocking some of nature's cherished secrets. Why did that humming-bird suddenly clap its wings to and disappear behind a sycamore leaf—weed wide enough to wrap such a fairy in? Stand on a rock and peep between the twigs. There she sits with bill aslant and tail tucked into the tiniest thimble-cup of a nest. As your foot plumps into a pool, the wild canary flits before you like a flake of gold; there a crested tit is bathing; she behaves like a summer girl at the beach; sitting down in the water, shaking her plumage, but never wetting her head. A squirrel skips across the stream, nimble as a cat, without dipping a foot. All the grove is ringing with bird calls, with the chatter of linnets, the croon of doves, and the harsh cackle of the red-headed woodpecker, laughing to see a big man crashing under bushes and poking a long pole before him.

"All very Arcadian and idyllic," growls Venator in my ear, "but this is not sport." He is warm with his exertions and has caught nothing. I have but two troutlets to show.

"My dear fellow," I reply, "you are not a wild hunter, fishing to support a family; and look here! some one has been ahead of us."

There were small footprints in the mud. It was a Saturday, a holiday; doubtless the boys had been down the creek early. Presently we met them.

They were in shirts and short trousers, with long farmers' boots. One carried a smart hunting-knife at his belt, the other an elegant cane rod. Was this evidence of "prosperity," or were they no rustic lads, but young gentlemen from the military academy up the valley? In California, at any

rate, where the boys seem to have the best of everything, the old rustic myth is out of date. City anglers may fish with varnished rods without any fear of being put to shame by skillful cow-milkers, equipped with bent pins and hazel wands.

These lads tell us that they have been whipping the "crick" regularly since the season opened. That explains our failure; a small stream is soon fished out. They have a mess of trout, which are soon curling and stiffening on the ashes of a wood fire. The reek of the burning sticks stirs up old memories of the days when we, too, went gipsying, two boys sharing one rod and one blanket.

Having exhausted the minute possibilities of the creek, we turn next to the main stream. Four miles or so across the park by oak-crested swales and green hollows where the flowers of spring linger on, past apricot orchards and barley fields whitening to the harvest, and we come out upon a bare, stony flat. Here flows the Ventura River in smiling curves wide open to the sky. Its crystal clear water spreads itself thinly over a mosaic of flat stones, or rushes through a deep trench walled by courses of flat pebbles. The few willow slips that grow in this poor soil leave the field open to fly-casting. On account of the absolutely transparent water it seems best to fish up stream.

The old dispute between the advocates of fishing up and the adherents of fishing down will, I suspect, never reach a final settlement. The question is indeterminate, like one of those humorous problems in arithmetic where a recurrent decimal bobs up and troubles the solution. The angler's personal equation counts for much. Down stream is the easier way. When a man is getting on in years and not so quick as he used to be, he will doubtless succeed better by fishing down stream, especially where the river bank is bushy.

These reflections were forced upon me by a series of missed rises. Everyone has to bungle a little at the beginning of the season, before he gets his hand in. In rapid water especially, fishing up stream is not an easy art. The fly comes back toward the caster with such astonishing speed that, unless he is alert and raises the point of his rod the line is sure to become slack. That accounts for a good deal of what is called "rising short." The trout either misses the fly altogether or, getting a taste of the steel, promptly rejects it. But if untouched the fish is likely to try again, when the fly is cast up. And it is a pretty sight to see a speckled head thrust out of the water in a determined attempt to drown the fly.

Following up the banks of the Ventura, catching here and there a silver trout, but none too many of them, the warning "Fish early" comes back to my memory. Where a river is, like this one, easily reached, the rule is: First come, first served. As soon as the flood water has subsided the anglers are out. The stream runs high early in the season. Here stands a sycamore with its feet

W. W. Richards Photo.

"CITY ANGLERS MAY FISH WITH VARNISHED RODS"

in the water. In a forked limb six feet above enough driftwood has lodged to furnish material for a roc's nest. From now on the stream will continue to fall till by September there will be hardly enough water to cover the rocky bed.

The fishing improves farther up in the debatable land, where the park ends and the mountain cañon begins. The country here is only half wild. There is an olive orchard on yonder bluff and further on the strange conjunction of a trout stream and an orange

grove. This is no Hesperian fable. You may exchange your fish for fruit, for the trees bear late on a foot-hill ranch.

The trout are more numerous and less shy up here because the trees have closed in upon the rim bank. You must fight your way through a jungle of stubborn willow. The gods may be pleased with the sight of a good man struggling with adversity; but a fat man fighting bushes, rod in hand, is a ludicrous spectacle. The more he swears the hotter he gets. Stout or lean, push on and you will be rewarded; for there are good pools in the Matilija cañon, and the easily tired men have turned back. If the bushes thwart you the rocks help you.

For the sandstone of the river, splitting into steps and ledges, makes a good staircase. Did you ever stop to consider how the nature of the rocky pavement affects the ease of your progress? Granite is apt to form rolling, treacherous balls, or, if glaciated as in the Sierra Nevada, to be hollowed into basins smooth as porcelain and as slippery. It sometimes traps the unheeding into an unexpected bath. Saw-edged slate makes the most unpleasant footing and is fatal to rubber boots. Limestone makes a good bed; but sandstone is the best that nature can do in making a river path easy.

You can follow up the Matilija Cañon for several miles, and so enter the mountains. There is some good fishing about the hot springs, where the inflow of water flavored with sulphur and chalybeates does not affect the trout. This southern end of the Coast Range differs widely from its northern continuation. There the cañons are filled with redwood forests. Here there are neither pines nor firs in the gorge; but its dry side, facing south, is partly covered with chaparral and great sheets of sage and other honey flowers, while the damper side supports a dense oak scrub. This contrast is characteristic of Southern California.

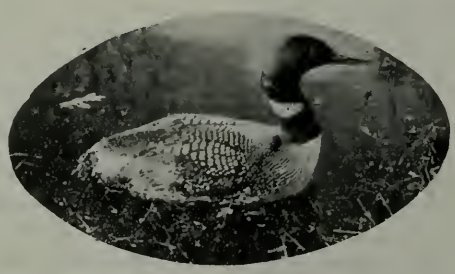
After the Ventura we are recommended to try the Sespe. It has a reputation for large trout, "So long!" says a local authority, holding his hands a generous distance apart. Here they estimate trout, like Cambridge butter, by length, not by weight. But Sespe Valley lies beyond a divide, fourteen miles away, behind Topa-Topa Mountain. It always turns out this way. The best bit of deer forest, or the likeliest stretch of river, is always reported to be in some district further on and rather difficult of access. When you arrive there after some trouble, things are not always all they were cracked up to be.

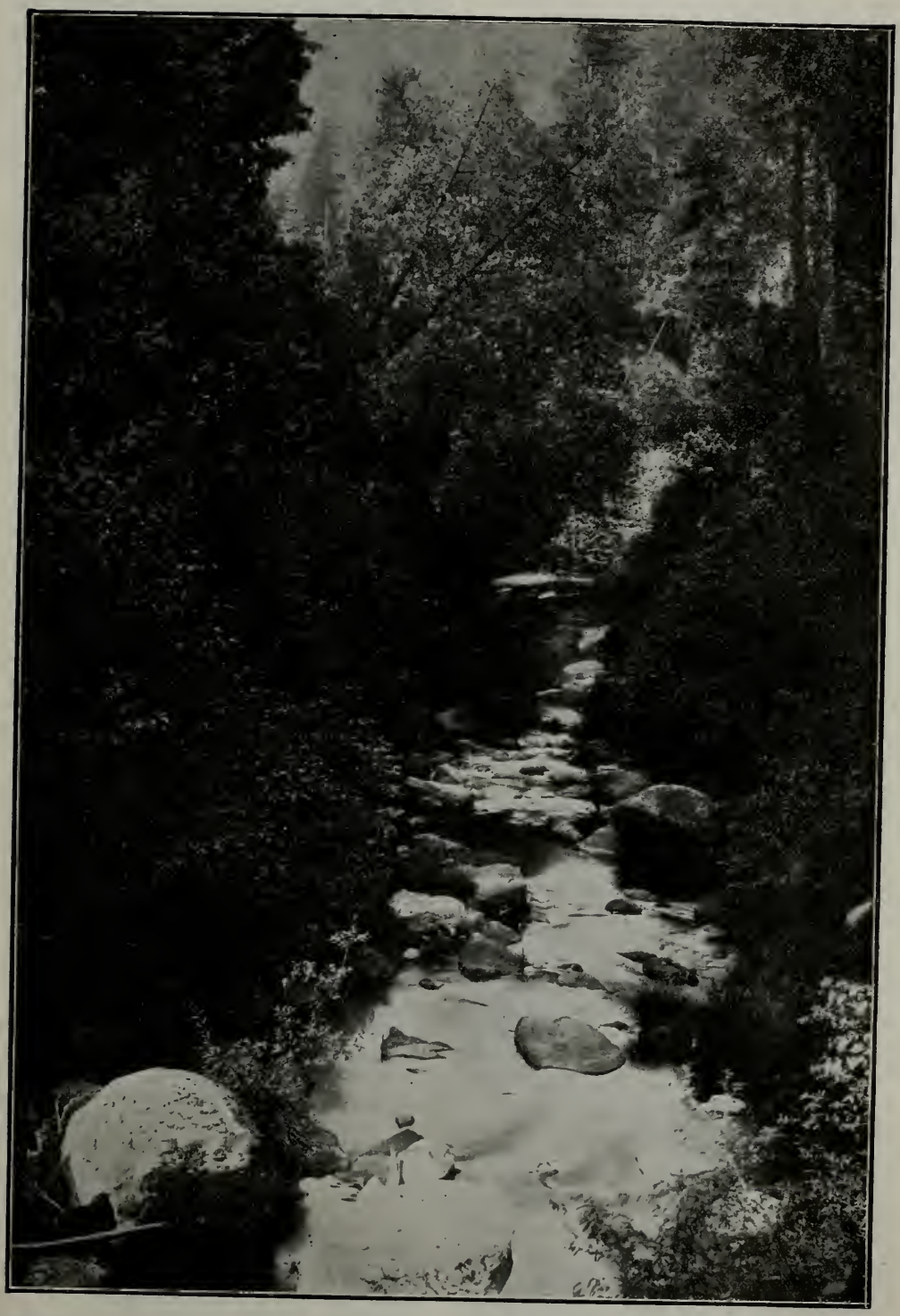
Sespe, moreover, boasts springs that are not merely lukewarm, like those of Matilija, but hot enough for cooking. "You kin put in your cawfee," says a bee-man, "and it comes out biled." Mighty convenient, if true. But in spite of these attractions we leave Sespe, like Yarrow, unvisited.

Venator tells me about a German professor who climbed the Silverhorn for the sake of the view. On his return another tourist enthusiastically advised him by no means to miss the prospect from the Eggischhorn.

"I will imagine it," replied the German. "I have not time to ascend all the Hörner in the Alps."

We decide to imagine the Sespe and leave its exploration for another day.





Taber Photo.

A SAN MATEO TROUT STREAM

See next page.

SPORT IN SAN MATEO

By H. Harrison McLellan

HE land of game, small but plentiful," is the name which is often applied to San Mateo County. There have seldom been any records made, unless it be on the bay shore of this section, but it is certainly a county of plenty, and in that respect has broken many records. If you have ever seen the swarm of eager hunters that collect at the stations along the Southern Pacific route you would then be aware of the fact that they evidently consider San Mateo County an ideal hunting spot. I suppose it is because it takes but a short time to reach it from San Francisco, but I who have lived there, have different reasons for believing it to be so for one may enjoy excellent hunting of deer, duck, quail, doves and rabbit, and as to fishing you may catch any kind of salt or fresh water varieties. Although there are a large number of hunters that visit this part of the State, the supply of ducks never decreases; the only disagreeable thing about the ducks is that at the end of the season they taste fishy.

The quail do not increase, however, and if the game laws did not so effectually protect them they would in a very short time become extinct.

The best duck lands in San Mateo County are those situated at Belmont. The Belmont Slough has always been noted for its bends, which permit the ducks to be effectively "sneaked" upon. Each year the number of hunters that visit this section of the marsh are increasing—and so are the ducks! Several San Francisco sportsmen have built shanties here which are fitted up very comfortably. Solomon Sharp, well known in San Francisco sporting circles, has never missed a year at Belmont; in conjunction with several other gentlemen he has erected a fine club-house on the marsh. The length of this slough is about four miles, and at the end of it is situated the building occupied by the Morgan Oyster Company. The slough has many excellent natural blinds.

In the foothills of Belmont are some very good grounds for hunting quail, rabbit and doves, and the Spring Valley Lake furnishes quite a little sport in the way of sucker fishing. The Country Club of Burlingame usually holds its chases over the Belmont territory, catching numbers of coyotes which are quite plentiful here. Not long ago, two boys, Benjamin Yount and John Kronquist, were out hunting for rabbit but met something larger in the way of a wildcat which they brought home. He weighed one hundred pounds and had a very beautiful hide, which the boys kept. They say that there are still more where this one came from as it was not long ago that it was reported that a cat and six kittens were seen.

Going further back into the mountains you will find a secluded little spot, a summer resort, called La Honda. This is a famous trout fishing resort as the Pescadero Creek runs through it. One may stand on the banks of this stream on a summer's day and pull them out as fast and faster than you can store them away in your basket. As usual, a great number of fish stories are told by the La Honda people, but I have a fish story that you will in all probability believe. Although this stream is twenty miles from the ocean, salmon and salmon trout make their way up it each year and great sport is to be had with them. One salmon caught in the Pescadero I can remember was quite a burden for two men. Redwood City people are greatly interested in this stream and they never fail to get something in a day spent there. Very little patent bait or spawn is used, as the natural bait, the wood-worm, can be picked out of the water in almost any spot. Deer are also abundant in the mountains, and a park of about three hundred acres, owned by B. D. Weeks, is very plentifully stocked with them.

On the southwest side of the bay from San Bruno to San Mateo, some occasional

Dr. E. G. McConnell Photo. "DEER ARE ABUNDANT"

days bring good returns to sportsmen who have not yet relinquished their old haunts. The Nolo Club, whose headquarters are on the marsh near Burlingame, enjoys excellent shooting. Its members are J. Willigrod, E. G. Galt, H. F. Justins, E. W. and A. D. McLellan and W. J. McLean. This club has now been in existence for about two years and occupies the marsh land owned by E. W. McLellan. These gentlemen generally do their best hunting on the edge of the bay, using a well-decked boat for sneaking purposes. H. F. Justins is a well-known sportsman, and owns a large interest in the H. E. Skinner Company; he is also a professional trap-shot. The hills surrounding Burlingame have a fair sprinkling of game, and an occasional nice bag is made there. The Crystal Springs Lake is full of fish, but a permit has to be procured before one can fish there. There is, however, always something to interest the tired millionaire, either on the golf links, polo grounds or the Country Club. The Country Club is situated just off the county road and is a modern Gothic style house. It is furnished with all the new and up-to-date conveniences. The stable is also an achievement in modern architecture and is very comfortable. Down on the bay shore of Burlingame is the bathing house, and at Coyote Point the best bay fishing in the county is done. It has often been said by tourists and capitalists that Coyote Island would make a second Coney Island, and it was not long ago that it was rumored that some Eastern syndicate had got hold of it and was going to turn it into a resort of the same character as the famous Eastern one. When that would happen it would be a very sorrowful day for the rod-wielder and hunter.

Further down the bay toward San Jose are numerous hunting clubs, and at Redwood City where the duck and rail are numerous a reservation of a good number of acres was sold to a firm represented by ex-Governor Budd for thirty thousand dollars. The fish that were once numerous at Redwood City are now very scarce, for the large tannery situated on the principal slough drives the fish away. At the large salt works on this marsh ducks are plentiful.

The sportsman finds at Pescadero, which is on the coast, an abundance of attractions to while the time away. The mountains and hills contain game and the streams are full of fish; in fact it would be difficult to mention any particular essential of sport which is not here present.

The city of San Mateo has not very many features of interest to sportsmen but the salt marsh is filled with ducks. A few quail are to be found in the hills back of the city, but rabbits are more plentiful here than anywhere else in the county. The road to the county poor farm, which is very good, is lined with cyclists on summer days. Beresford is a small hamlet, but the hills and valleys are filled with quail and dove. Menlo is something of a sportsman's town but the marshes which originally contained large quantities of wild fowl—especially rails—are now drying up. The hills, however, are filled with game—and large game at that. The towns which are adjacent to San Francisco are particularly adapted to fishing and little if any hunting is done there.

Woodside, which lies in the heart of the mountains, is a place of which little is known. Game is plentiful in this vicinity and in due time it will be a great resort and a center of all sports, especially the rich man's. The people of this county are particularly adverse to unsportsmanlike actions and violations of the game law are prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

MY FIRST LION

IN THE fall of '95 in company with three friends I took the trail to the Kern Lakes, near the foot of Mount Whitney, the highest peak in the beautiful Sierras, for a three weeks' hunting and fishing trip. We started by wagon from Visalia in the hot San Joaquin Valley and passing Porterville took the Little Kern trail. On the second day out we left our wagon at a hospitable mountain ranch and packing our animals crossed to the Middle Tule trail, thence to the Big Kern River which we followed to our destination.

A more enjoyable trip I have never experienced. The free open-air life, the charm of the rugged scenery, autumn tinted, the ever-changing panorama of mountain meadows, precipitous ravines from the sides of which fell numberless cascades like shimmering threads of silver to be seemingly lost in a whirl of foam ere they reached the river interspersed with splendidly wooded slopes and broad, grass carpeted valleys, will never be forgotten.

We missed the trail after passing "Trout Meadows," and found ourselves towards evening at "Bear Flats," where we camped for that night. In the morning we went to a nearby stream for a dip. I stooped first over a convenient boulder and took a long drink of the sparkling water; one of my companions essayed to follow as I arose, but sprang back with a cry, for there lay a good sized rattlesnake right under where my breast had been a moment before! We killed seven that morning.

An accident occurred on the way to the lakes which slightly marred the gastronomic enjoyment of the trip. My contribution to the freight department of the expedition was a spotted yellow mustang on whose back we had as we thought securely packed a miscellaneous collection of cooking utensils, a "Dutch oven" amongst them. On leaving "Lion Meadows" this particolored brute took a notion to test the strength of the pack cinch and for a good all around bucker she could beat Mark Twain's "genuine Mexican plug." The result was our "tools" one after the other were sent skyward, the last to go being the "Dutch oven." I can yet see the look of malignant mischief on that brute's face as with ears back and tail between her legs she watched that indispensable aid to our digestion describe a parabola in the air; as it turned earthward again she deliberately lowered her head and met it with her iron-shod heels, scattering the pieces like a bursted schrapnel. Thereafter we had to subsist on hot cakes and a concoction which we prided ourselves was similar to Australian "damper." This was our most serious accident, however, and the pure mountain air and healthy outdoor life precluded the possibility of any ill effects from such diet.

Quail were abundant in the foothills and on reaching higher altitudes the beautiful mountain variety was met with in goodly numbers. We pushed on rapidly and in five days after leaving the valley reached our Mecca, the hilly broken country above the lakes, near the source of the Kern River where it comes tumbling down through a

chaos of rocks, forming pools and eddies which are alive with trout. Such fishing I never expect to see again unless I return to that spot and only those who have tasted trout freshly caught in the ice-cold water of these high mountain streams can appreciate how we lived.

We made our camp at Funson Meadows, a short distance above where Whitney Creek, celebrated as the home of the "golden trout," joins the Kern River and though we did not cross the river to fish in that tributary, we landed many a speckled beauty in the vicinity which had a tinge of yellow in its composition.

We found deer plentiful and our larder was kept well supplied. It was here that I bagged my first mountain lion, the experience being one I will long remember. I had been out all day after deer and was returning late in the afternoon. The sun was already hidden behind a high hill and the soft purple haze which had enveloped the distant peaks and valleys was giving way to more somber shadows as I topped a small rise and began to descend to a gulch, the sides thickly wooded with live oak and dense clumps of chaparral. "Just the place for a buck to lie securely hidden on the hillside," I thought, and sure enough, as I came into view over the rise, I heard a buck blow on the steep hillside across the gulch from me.

The chaparral and scrub oak was so thick that I could not see him, though I distinctly heard him crashing up the trail 150 yards from me. Near the crest of the hill was a clear space through which he bounded too quickly to allow me to get a sight, and then disappeared over the brow. I was preparing to resume my course when I heard what I supposed to be a second deer following the trail of the first; I held my faithful old .44 Winchester on the clear space near the top of the hill, knowing now that the trail led through it and hoping to get a shot as the animal flashed through. It was quick shooting as the space was only twenty feet across—one jump for an adult deer—and as a dark object emerged I let drive and had the satisfaction of seeing it rise on hind legs and fall backwards, rolling over and over down the hill through the brush toward me.

A. St. J. Oliver Photo. "SPLENDIDLY WOODED SLOPES"

I hastily descended to the gulch to meet it and as I got there it stopped in a dense thicket about twenty yards above me; with much difficulty I worked my way up to where it lay and parting the brush almost fell over a good sized lion with glaring eyes and fore legs extended in a very suggestive attitude. Stories of the ferocity of these animals when wounded flashed through my mind and I instinctively threw up my gun and pumped another bullet into him; though my hurried aim was true, there was no answering spasm and I found that my first bullet had passed clean through his brain killing him instantly. He was a fine specimen measuring eight feet from tip to tip.

It was growing dark by the time I had him skinned and unnoticed by me a driving fog had come on, altering the appearance of the surrounding country; burdened by the pelt which was no light weight I set out for camp, but soon found I had missed the trail. Visions of a night spent on the cold hillside with the furry hide for a bed were not cheerful. Luckily, I was near a high hill which I wearily climbed and from there made out our camp fire which the boys had thoughtfully piled high with good pine logs thinking I might have need of a beacon.

Though we spent two weeks in that vicinity and saw many tracks, this was the only lion it has been my lot to see in his native wilds and I sometimes doubt if I saw him; for as I pulled the trigger I had a vision of a goodly antlered head and I was supposed to have long before recovered from the buck fever.

A GOAT HUNT AT CATALINA ISLAND

BY · F·H · COLES

SEVEN o'clock on the morning of May 2, found me mounted on a horse for the first time in my life bound for a goat hunt over the mountains of the island where Joe Adargo, my Mexican guide, a reckless and fearless rider and a master in the art of horsemanship, lived up to his reputation and put my metal to a severe test.

Leaving Avalon we followed the old stage road to the summit, where a grand view of the island can be had. The sun broke through the heavy bank of fog that had hung over the island that night, lighting up the beautiful blue waters of the Pacific dotted with little launches on their way to the fishing grounds, while Avalon nestled in the little bay of that name with its cottages and fine Hotel Metropole, the many boatmen's stands along the beach seeming more like a picture of some foreign land than a reality on the Pacific Coast.

Taking a trail from here we wound our way for thirteen miles across the mountains to the other shore. Being my first ride I found great difficulty in holding myself down on the saddle, and it seemed to take pleasure in bouncing me in the air and then coming up to meet me as I came down; the sensation was anything but pleasant and very wearing on ones nerves, as well as some other places.

Riding to the crest where we had a commanding view of the lower and rougher country that lies between the higher mountains and the shore, we sighted a herd of goats on a little plateau far below us. My guide proceeded to descend the steep side of a mountain that I thought impossible for a man and caused some doubts to rise in my mind as to whether I would be in the saddle or out of it when we reached the bottom, but as I afterwards learned this was but a starter to what followed.

I was sore and growing sorer, and caught myself trying to get away from the back of the saddle which seemed to be everywhere but where I was looking or rather feeling for it.

We had gone but a short distance before the goats saw us and were off to hide in those impassible cliffs above the ocean. In making a long detour to head them off and drive them toward the mountains again I encountered some riding the danger of which I little realized in my efforts to reach the head of the band, a fine old "billy."

Joe, sparing neither man or horse, followed those sure footed little animals down cañons and up mountains so steep that I was threatened with being thrown over my horse's head or sliding off the rear end, riding at a speed that made one hold his breath along the steep sides, where looking down the waters of the Pacific dashed on the rocky shore and where a slip or misstep would send horse and rider down a thousand feet to the rocks below.

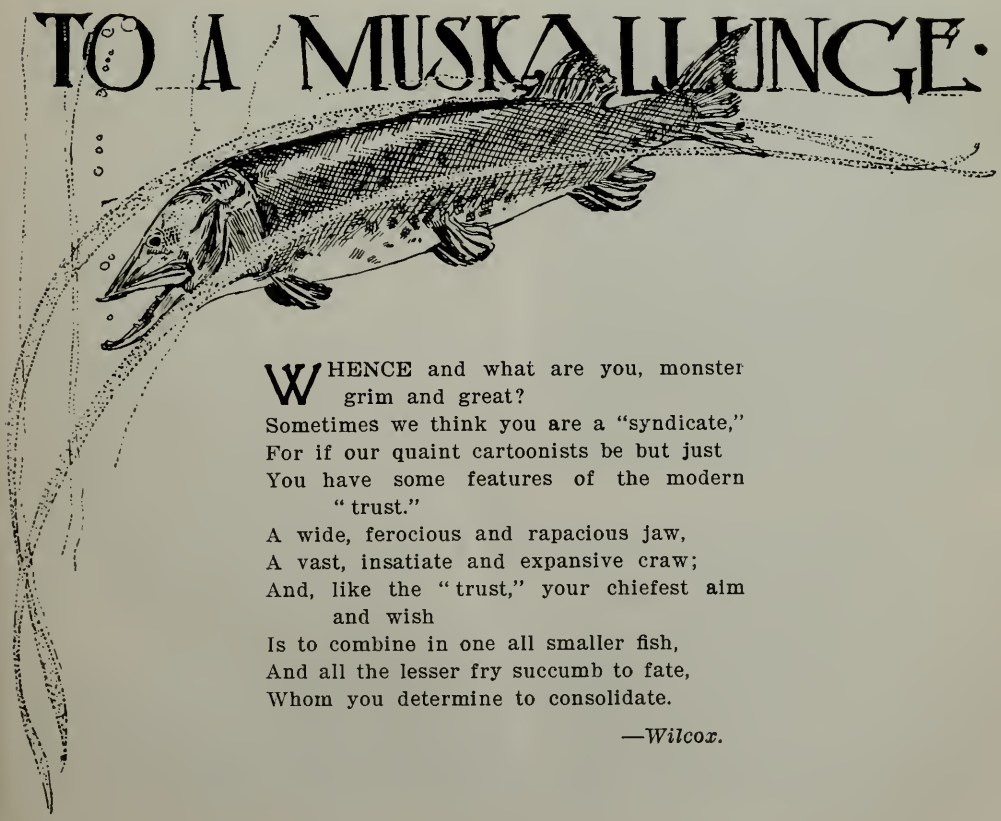
After about two hours of this kind of work the goats were resting on a little plateau across the cañon. The horses seemed to realize the situation and, entering as well as their riders into the excitement of

the chase, went down the cañon and up the other side in a lively manner. On dismounting—or rather sliding from my saddle, for I was about exhausted—I emptied the magazine. The goats gave me the horse laugh and disappeared over the ridge. Though hardly able to stand let alone run I took after them on foot; coming on them again I repeated the performance without results while they disappeared down the cañon where no man or horse could follow. It was not long before we located another herd from which I took two heads, redeeming myself for the poor shooting I had done. A little lunch and a rest found us in the saddle again much to my sorrow for it seemed harder than ever.

After riding over some rough country to a level stretch we came upon an old "billy," who at once took off to the mountains, going but a few steps before a bullet from my .30-30 reached his heart. I had now a very good head and satisfied with the day's sport we turned our horses homeward. It was only one o'clock but my condition not admitting of very rapid riding it was nearly five thirty before reaching Avalon.

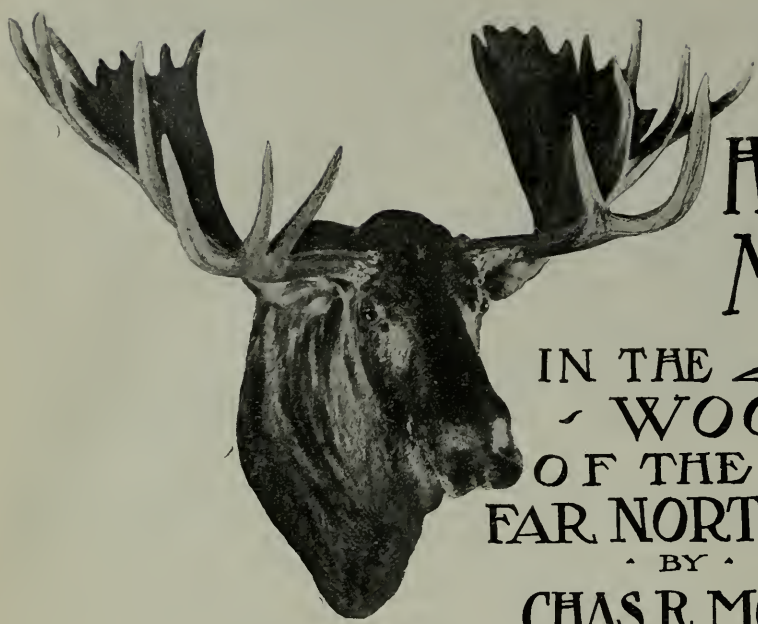
When you speak of goat hunting you are apt to see a smile and some will even venture to say. "Are they wild? I should think it would be like shooting sheep in the barn yard;" to all those that are laboring under such a false impression I heartily recommend a trip to the island and a day with Joe Adargo. They will possibly return with a changed opinion about the "tame" goats, and be lucky if they secure a trophy to the memory of a grand day at Catalina Island. But to the novice who attempts the trip and finds himself in the saddle for the first time in his life I would suggest a month's practice before going on a trip of over thirty miles in the saddle, or like myself he will be wonderfully fond of standing the next day in spite of air cushions or feather pillows.

TO A MUSKALLUNGE:



WHENCE and what are you, monster grim and great?
Sometimes we think you are a "syndicate,"
For if our quaint cartoonists be but just
You have some features of the modern "trust."
A wide, ferocious and rapacious jaw,
A vast, insatiate and expansive craw;
And, like the "trust," your chiefest aim and wish
Is to combine in one all smaller fish,
And all the lesser fry succumb to fate,
Whom you determine to consolidate.

—*Wilcox.*



HUNTING MOOSE IN THE WOODS OF THE FAR NORTHWEST

BY

CHAS. R. MOFFATT

WE HAD toiled over the Chilkoot Pass in the deep snow and heavy storms of February, '98, packing over more than a ton of provisions and equipments to the man; had dragged the stores on hand-sleds from Crater Lake to the timbered point opposite the island in Lake Bennett, and had there whip-sawed lumber and built our boats. We had then gone sailing over stormy Tagish and the chain of lakes, and plunged down the swift Yukon, shooting White Horse, Five Fingers, the Rink and all of the other rapids, to land on the island in the mouth of the Stewart River where we made our summer camp, from there as a base of supplies prospecting the tributaries of the Stewart.

On the morning of the first day of September all of the members of our party were again gathered at the camp, jaded with seven months of heavy toil and considerably discouraged by seven months of failure. With our diminished stores again loaded in the boats, we were ready to start down the river to try our luck on the Klondike, when at the last moment it was decided that while the main party went down to Dawson, to build the cabin and prepare for winter, two should go back up the Stewart River to good game country and try to get a moose or two, to add not only variety but much needed quantity to our stock of provisions.

The long straws were drawn by the one who tells the story (whose scribe I am) and Nelson, an athletic, adventurous son of Sweden in the prime of his years, for the past few months turned miner but for years prior to that time serving before the mast or as gunner on a man-of-war. Clean-hearted, good-natured and well-informed, a good cook, good shot, and past master in the handling of all sorts of craft—he was a most desirable companion for the trip.

Placing our guns, axes, sleeping-bags, cooking utensils, and rations for two weeks in a light, long and narrow "up-river" boat, we quickly poled out, for but very little progress up river can be made in a stream as swift as the Stewart with oars only.

Nelson had a new .30-caliber rifle, and was using smokeless powder cartridges with full-jacketed bullets. I had one of the old reliable, extra-heavy-barrel, .40-82 models and had smokeless cartridges with metal patched or "soft-nose" bullets. Many good-

natured discussions we had as to the relative merits of our "shooting irons" and their respective cartridges.

"Why, with a gun like this of mine," Nelson would say, "with these armor-piercing shot, I can shoot through two or three ordinary trees in line and kill a moose standing behind them."

"Far more likely," would be the reply, "you would shoot two or three, or more of those bullets through a moose, and he would run away, to be killed some other day by a man shooting "soft-nose" bullets from a .40 or .45 or .50-caliber rifle."

So we had it, back and forth, but we could not just then show each other what we could do in the way of shooting through two or three trees in line, for we were woefully short of ammunition. Nelson, as I remember, had but twenty-two cartridges and I but twenty, and no more were to be had.

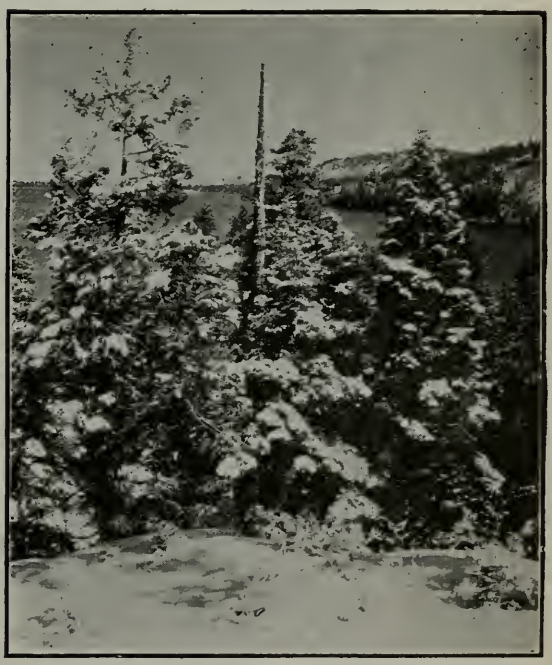
We pulled, poled, lined, and waded and dragged our boat up the swift current, making about fifteen miles and just before sundown of the second day came to the mouth of the creek along which we had previously decided to hunt. As we stepped from the boat on landing, a raven came up out of the woods, circled over our heads with particularly loud and exasperating croakings, and then flew to a branch of a dead tree that stood on the verge of the cliff on the opposite side of the river, where he perched, spying our every move.

"Well, now *isn't* that a welcome for a man who has to ford a river lengthwise to receive?" said Nelson. "I'll fix you! you black bird of ill-omen," he continued, as he sat down on the bank and rested his rifle across his knee.

I struck up the muzzle of his gun and said: "Save the cartridge, Nelson. We may need that very one to finish a moose or a bear; besides, it is too early in the hunt to 'eat crow' or even the cousin of a crow."

"I'll let him off this time," he replied, "but only because the ammunition lockers are so near empty; for if there is anything in this world that I hate, it is a croaker—the thing that is always trying to make you think you are licked, before you have fired a shot or even had time to clear ship for action."

Intending to stop there for some nights we fixed up camp a bit. We cut three sections ten or twelve feet long from the trunk of a fallen spruce tree, rolled them into position, parrallel and about five feet apart, then from a near-by thicket cut sufficient small poles to floor across the logs, and on top of the poles put layers several inches deep of "Alaskan feathers"—the ends of the small boughs of the spruce, hemlock and fir. With our sleeping bags on top of all we had beds fit for a king and notwithstanding the night brought very heavy frost slept snug and warm. We were very thankful for the frosts of the last few nights for they had brought us the first relief in months from the awful scourge of mosquitos and "no-see-'em" gnats.



"WE WERE THANKFUL FOR THE FROSTS."

We made an early start the next morning and hunted through the woods all day, returning to camp just before sundown without having seen anything in the way of game except a few of the little red squirrels in the woods and some wild ducks in the river. Our cartridges were too precious to shoot at them and so our hunt was fruitless.

The next day was the same, and the next, and so until ten days had passed. The

POLING UP THE STEWART

weather was ideal, the air crisp and bracing; the sky blue as turquoise without even a rim of clouds; the forests with the foliage of the deciduous plants changed to gold and crimson by the frost, were filled with pictures to delight the eye—but no game. Sometimes we tried the woods on one side of the river, some days the other side. We found signs of moose everwhere and fresh signs, too; in some of the low, damp places where the willows grew, the moose tracks were in numbers like cow tracks in a home pasture, but tramping early and tramping late and as quietly as possible we did not once get sight of a moose.

Each evening as we got in sight of camp, discouraged and hungry and conscious that our supply of food was rapidly diminishing, we would catch sight of the raven leaving or would find evidence that he had been in our camp while we were gone. While we were in the camp that raven, at least as long as daylight lasted, never left his spying perch on the dead tree on the cliff except when we made a demonstration with a gun which would always send him flying, only to return again as soon as the gun was laid down. I am not sure but we both had begun to have what Nelson called "sailor notions" that the black uncanny bird really did have something to do with our bad luck.

The facts were, however, that both of us lacked experience in moose hunting and were just beginning to find out how very difficult it is to stalk them. As soon as we began lying in wait at night along trails that showed they were being used, our prospects at once looked more hopeful. The very first night we heard some moose come close to us and only the accident of choice of a wrong position prevented us getting shots; and in the morning while returning to camp we did have a real change of luck by coming onto a lot of grouse in a thicket, and we "jumped" the heads off of seven of them at eight shots. Nelson made the four straights and said, very mildly, as we gathered up the birds: "Well, none of those flew away after three or four of the pesky little .30-caliber bullets went through them."

We had a good sleep and rest that day and late in the afternoon took our sleeping-bags and some food and went to a place

"A CHANGE OF LUCK"

we had noticed some days before where we had decided to watch that night.

In the center of a little valley rimmed 'round with an unbroken wreath of the dark, green boughs of the spruce forest densely covering the low encircling hills, a tiny spring brook, pure as the waters of baptismal Jordan, filled a minature lake. It was not larger than many fashioned by the hands of so-called "landscape gardeners" to adorn the home gronuds of the rich, but with surroundings of tree and shrub and rock in the exquisite harmony of Nature's landscape work, inimitable by art. From the margin of the pool on one side rose a great rock, no doubt once a glacial burden and one of the very "stone implements" with which the mighty ice hosts delved the valley where it lay. The rending frosts of centuries had fissured the great rock, and in the clefts filled with the dust soil of ages, mosses and ferns and wild strawberry plants grew, and on the top were some of those peculiar Arctic van-guard members of the cedar family, with center stems but a few inches high and lateral branches several feet in length. A clump of white birch trees marked the point where the little spring stream glided noiselessly into the lake and on the low, marshy ground around grew a thicket of willows with an under tangle of wild current and rose bushes. The delicate petals of the roses, once tinted with the pink light of the morning, had long since fallen but the blood-red fruit remained. Opposite the rock stood a tall, branchless, barkless, white dead tree, just then the observation tower of a jay that was the only living thing we had seen in the forest since we left the raven spy at our camp.

"FROM THE MARGIN OF THE LAKE * * * ROSE A GREAT ROCK"

There were many moose trails through the valley, some showing tracks undoubtedly but a few hours old. One trail leading through the thicket of willows and ending at the margin of the lake by the clump of birches, was evidently the favored and most used path and we decided to watch that through the night.

"I will station myself at the base of the big rock," Nelson said, "and you sit at the foot of the dead tree; you not to shoot within twenty degrees to right or left of the rock, and I not closer than that to the white tree trunk."

I answered: " All right! old gunner of the Oregon. If a moose comes shoot straight if you ever did in your life. This is our last chance, moose meat to-night or not at all on this hunt. We must start down the river to-morrow, for if we tarry much longer we will have to remain until we can go to Dawson on the ice and we would be eating moss before that time."

It was nearly sundown and we made our suppers from cold food which we had brought from camp, even denying ourselves the consoling pipes, for moose depend not so much upon their eyes as upon their ears and more particularly their wonderfully acute sense of smell to detect and avoid danger, and the pungent odor of tobacco smoke about our hiding place would have made our watching vain.

Nelson went to his post by the big rock and signalled with his hat to give me his exact location; I drew on my heavy blanket-lined coat, arranged the sleeping-bag to protect my lower limbs and sat down by the dead tree for the long night vigil.

I pointed my rifle again and again at objects along the trails, at about the height of a moose, trying to accustom myself to the " feel " of the gun when in proper position for the shots I hoped to make, for I knew it would soon be too dark to see the sights.

Soon the vistas of the forest closed up, the last light of day faded from the sky, the stars came out, and I was alone in the night, in the all-enwrapping silence of that far, vast land. The black tops of the trees in serrated line against the horizon had no visible motion; no murmur of the wind down forest lane, no song of running waters, no cry of hunted beast, no call of night bird:

" Nor eye, nor list'ning ear an object finds."

Waiting there alone in the dark, what more natural than that my mind should review the toil, the failures and the disappointments of the past few months. Of all

of the purposes of our trip, not one accomplished—no gold secured, no mines found; nothing on which to base hopeful reports to the anxiously waiting ones so far away; and now, with strength diminished by the months of slavish toil, I was waiting there in the cold night in the almost vain hope of securing food, necessary food for myself and the other members of my party—the faithful friends who had toiled with me.

Memory bridged the gulf of time and space between me and the home in the Southland and I saw again the faithful wife at the parting time, striving to keep back the tears as she said, "Go, if you think it for the best; but God only knows how anxious and lonely I will be!" and I heard again from the little ones: "Good bye, Papa! Come back soon and bring each of us one of your long-legged boots full of gold!" The specters of homesickness and loneliness came and held me fast. At no other time that I remember has come to me such absolute dejection, such need of cheer from a companion soul, as came that night in the vast, silent woods of the North.

Two hours more of intense watching and listening passed and then my ears caught faintly, far to the north, the call of a waterfowl and soon the distinct "honk!" of the leading old "Canada," answered down the divergent lines of his command. They came directly over the little lake and soon their calls died away as they passed on their "air line" route to some sunny haven in the Southland, where my thoughts had been dwelling and I slowly and fervently repeated the grand lines of the old gray poet:

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost."

Like an answer to prayer there came the consolation of the closing line of that noble poem, that He who guides the wild-fowl in it's flight would lead my steps aright!

As I had gazed into the depths of the air trying to detect the "flying wedge" of honkers, I noticed that the stars were shining less brightly. There was an indefinable grayness stealing into the sky, not yet mist or cloud, but presaging change, and it gradually thickened until in another hour the stars were shut out and the forests were wrapped in a deeper blackness.

Suddenly the east flushed with the pink tints of dawn, gradually changing to dull red, like the glow of a distant conflagation and I wondered if some careless hunter had permitted his camp-fire to get beyond control, to destroy in a few hours the timber growth of a century, as we had seen other areas devastated in the past summer.

Then I noticed that the black tops of the trees to the west were also silhouetted against a flaming sky and, as I watched from the horizon line, from the east and from the west, broad, wavering streamers of pale emerald green went zigzagging up the arch of the sky, to burst into crimson flame at the point of contact in the zenith and I then knew that I was gazing upon a wonderful materialization of the Specter of the North—the Aurora Borealis. For an instant the strange lights took on the form of a great bird with body of golden yellow and sky-broad, waving wings of the green of an Australian opal; then for a time it seemed like a great host of unseen archers from the region of the pole were sending up myriads of burning darts and arrows; but all without the pomp of sound, all in the indescribable silence.

(To be concluded in next number.)

THE POWER OF A DEER'S NOSE

By T. S. Van Dyke

WITH the opening of the season for deer the usual number of hunters will wonder why it is that they can find so many tracks of deer in full jump yet not get a glimpse of any of the makers.

This wonder is by no means confined to the tenderfoot; many a one who has spent many a happy day in the tumbling hills or the deep shady halls of the forest will do an almost equal amount of wondering. For it takes not days but years of hunting to reach a full realization, in a practical form, of the marvelous distance at which deer can smell a man. Just how far they can do it is impossible to say, but if the wind is cool and moist it is very great and even in hot, dry air moving no more than five or six miles an hour it is farther than the wildest shot ever dreams of hitting anything with a rifle.

The principal reason why one fails to appreciate this until after many days of vexation are: first a large number of deer slip away from you that are never seen—some that you never see the tracks of. One can understand this fully only by living, even as I did for years, on a range that was practically all my own. There were no other hunters' tracks to confuse matters, no places where deer had run from other hunters and where they had no running to do from dogs or other enemies. It was sufficiently open to track with comfort on dry ground and there was neither rain, wind nor ants enough to obliterate tracks for quite awhile. I knew every twist and turn of the hills on thousands of acres and where every gulch and ridge began, led and ended. The number of times I found tracks where deer had gone off at tearing speed several days before and where I could connect the same with my presence to the windward of that very spot on those days, was one of the greatest surprises I have ever had on deer.

I say surprise because I had gone through enough of this in hunting the Virginia deer on snow to think I knew all about it. Day after day I had found places where I had, the day before, started other deer than those I was hunting—but in the woods you have no such standard of distance as in the rolling hills of the open ranges of California. To find the most positive proof that you have started deer as far away as half a mile with no more wind moving than the mild sea breeze of the southern coast, rarely over ten miles an hour and more often only seven or eight, has a tendency to make one stare. In that distance every particle of the scent should be so broken up and whirled aloft by eddies caused by the thousand lines of curvature in the hills that nothing could be left to reach a deer. Yet I am certain that they can smell one much farther than half a mile. Certain because the proof was still more clear that they could not have seen or heard me.

This may seem a violent assumption but I am quite safe in saying that only by the nose could they have detected me. There were entirely too many cases when a long ridge or hill made it impossible for them to see me. Here the case was the same as in the woods, where you infer that a deer cannot see through a ridge though he may see through a surprising amount of timber or brush covering level ground. The same with the alternating projections in a cañon of any length. In a cañon one naturally expects the scent to be carried a good way. But this "naturally" is only another way of stating that man's knowledge is the measure of possibility. Man naturally knows nothing about the directions of the different currents into which a breeze is broken. And he knows little more about it by education.

But I have discovered that they will go up hill or down hill and over a hill and some distance down the other side until you hardly know where they won't go, so long as you keep in the general course of the breeze. And it is not always easy to tell even when you are in the general course of it unless you are on some high point or can tell it from tree tops or something of the sort. On broken ground it is liable to deceive you at any time.

I have had abundant reason to be certain that this alarm of the deer could, in scores of cases, not possibly be due to their hearing me. For thirty-five years I have worn nothing in hunting but soft buckskin moccasins with soft buckskin soles. On the ground where I did most of my hunting for the first ten years in California cattle trails were so common that one could walk in them nearly half the time. In these and over rocks and on about half the other ground I could walk so silently that I have slipped within a few rods of scores of deer that were lying with ears all attention. Their ears are keen enough, far keener than most people can imagine, so keen that no still hunter can afford to wear leggings or even a coat that can touch brush, much less march around with stiff soled shoes. You will, of course, get deer while so attired, but if you hunt long enough you will find where you have started many a one to which you might have got close enough for a shot if you were dressed and shod so as to make no noise. You must take no chances on the ears that you can possibly avoid, but they won't begin to account for the numbers of deer that slip away from you unseen and unsuspected as your hunting years go on.

Another reason why it takes so much time to learn the strength of a deer's nose is that you see so many and even get fair shots when going directly down the wind. This may happen so often with one at first that he will even scout the idea of its being necessary to consider which way the wind is blowing. Time alone can teach him the truth. This apparent indifference on the part of the dear when the wind is blowing from the hunter directly toward him must be due to cross currents of air or eddies which temporarily divert the scent. The same thing may be observed in smoke

"DIDN'T SEE A DEER ALL DAY"

let loose into a breeze. And the same is even plainer if you pour ink into a stream of clear water flowing in a rough channel where the friction is very great. Any one who has followed deer hunting many years learns that there is no such thing as indifference on the part of the deer when he once smells a man. Nothing alarms him so much or makes him run so far without stopping to look back. If he starts from noise he may have sufficient curiosity to stop after a few jumps to see if there really was anything worth running from. This is quite apt to be the case with deer that have been little hunted. But experience with the wicked ways of man teaches them it is far safer to presume there is danger when any unusual noise is heard. And at last most of them learn to run far out of reach without stopping.

So it is with the sight of anything unusual. After hearing the music of a few rifle balls the deer becomes like the wild turkey. He concludes that his eyes, keen as they are, are not sure enough to trust in such important matters and that his legs are far better. In these cases the speedy and effective disappearance of the game is due to its having learned something about man. But in the case of scent it seems to have little to learn. There is no room for the exercise of judgment or of other senses. The nose tells too truly and too quickly what it is and from that instant there is naught to do but vanish. Hence when the deer runs from your scent the chances of his stopping within shot are very slim while the chances are many to one that he will run from one to two miles.

Always hard to see again by following directly on his track, a deer is far harder to see when started by the scent of a person. He will watch his back track longer and more carefully and be more apt to lie down where he can see it than when he has run from sight or sound. It takes long to find this out because there are so many times when a deer runs from scent when you think he saw or heard you. Perhaps he did both and did not run until he caught the scent. This often happens with the mule deer which often hesitates between running and hiding until he smells the hunter. Then his hesitation ends and away he goes. This is when he has not already hidden. In such case he may remain hidden, if in heavy brush, and all the scent you can give may not move him. But in such case he hides purposely, well knowing what you are. This is clearly shown by the fact that in most of such cases if the cover is good you often cannot move the deer into sight by following his tracks but he will sneak round and round in it long after it is certain that he knows what you are.

In running from sound or sight of man deer improve with persecution. But it is doubtful if they need any practice in running from his scent. Before the spots are fully gone fawns will often start a long way off and keep on running until well out of reach. But they are quite apt to stop and listen or look back if alarmed by noise or the sight of something unusual.

For these reasons the wind should be given far better consideration is still-hunting deer than it generally gets. It is quite annoying to have to go in one direction when you wanted to hunt in another, often very provoking to have to take the top of a ridge when the walking is fine in the bottom of a valley and *vice versa*. Yet there are many advantages it will pay you to give up to get the wind in your face, especially when you can so arrange it as to have it so both going and returning, as in many places on the Pacific Coast where you can start inland at daybreak against the land breezes of night and work back against the sea breeze of day. Yet as scent seldom descends very far you may often hunt on high ridges where the game is likely to be in the valleys and there are some places where the deer may be well up along the hillsides so that scent from the bottom of a valley might not reach them. But unless the distance is considerable in altitude there is danger in it and even some in keeping across a breeze on account of the eddies which may at any moment whirl a bit of scent toward the game. If the principle is well kept in mind many modifications required by the nature of the ground may be easily made, but it should never be lost sight of by one who wants to see much more than tracks.

IN THE WAKE OF WALTON

BY GEORGE · EDWIN · CALDWELL

I SAID in my haste, "All men are liars." Judging from my experience old David must have been up against a few fishermen. A friend of mine who occasionally drew the long bow was entertaining a crowd recently when an entire stranger cut in with the remark, "Shake, old man, I am a fisherman myself!" And then after exchanging mutual signs they adjourned to lay in an additional supply of bait. I hardly understood the full import of their conduct then, but I have since become wise—I have had my experience—and while I am not prepared to wholly endorse the ancient singer of psalms, if he would modify his statement to read, "All fishermen are liars," I will concur.

As the gentle spring approached—by the way that gentle spring proposition is a humbug; it's something like a mustang, only gentle in spots—but as I was saying, as the gentle spring approached, I began to get off my feed and in idle moments, when off my guard, I listened to the talk of fishermen until I would dream at nights of catching "speckled beauties" that made all my fishermen friends envious. Mind you this was only in my dreams. I had come into possession of a summer home in the mountains where I was informed there were purling streams that fairly abounded with trout. I in my innocence believed all this.

Many days I spent in making preparations to gather in the rainbow and other variously colored trout. I bought boots and a $20 pole with several kinds of lines and all kinds of hooks. One of my fishermen friends went with me to select the flies, and an expensive lot they were. I was somewhat appalled at the first cost, but now that I was in it I determined to stay with it even if my wife had to do without her Easter bonnet. I stood around waiting for the first day of April, the day the season opened, to come. I consulted all the weather prophets, good, bad or indifferent, for I wanted nice weather when I went fishing. In the evenings I would go down to the club and imbibe enthusiasm, along with other things, with the veterans of the reel and pole who also had a tendancy for a game called poker.

I read with avidity Isaak Walton—and right here in all confidence let me put you next to something: Don't you trust Ikey—he's a past master when it comes to telling fish stories. A friend, not a member of the club, but one whom I afterwards learned occasionally caught fish, came to me on the sly and advised me to take along some worms as well as the artificial flies. He had the reputation among the others as being "a drowner of worms" and one who stuck altogether too close to the truth to ever gain fame as a fisherman. All the same I went out into the back yard late one afternoon just before starting for my mountain home and got an empty oyster can full of wiggling worms to make sure. I persuaded my wife to go along; women are skeptical and I wanted to convince her that I was really a great fisherman.

The day before "all fools day" found us at our mountain home where I stood on the porch and cast my line into imaginary streams and landed, after scientifically playing with them, a goodly number of (imaginary) trout of all sizes. Growing tired of this sport I went down to the stream and selected the different pools from which I would, on the morrow, coax from their liquid homes the finny beauties.

I also read the signs the game wardens had put up in an effort to stand off the poachers. I had been particularly instructed to get on the grounds early, for there was liable to be a rush. After an early supper, and my wife's frequent request to talk of something else besides fishing, with great care I wound the clock and went to bed. My wife wasn't ready to go to bed, but for the sake of peace and my reputation, like all good wives she put out the light and tried to go to sleep. I tried my best to lie still and sleep but it seemed to me my think works had for some reason started in to do overtime. I thought it was the coffee and got up and hunted around in my traps for the soda for half an hour, using in the meantime the regular fisherman language in which I had become proficient from recent associations. Having found the soda I went to bed and belched for half an hour or so and then felt an uncontrollable desire to know what time it was.

I groped around for matches and said harsh things to my wife for not being thoughtful enough to place them where they would be handy. I have often wondered what unmarried men do for someone to blame things on. I got up and found a bunch of matches and putting the candle on the chair proceeded to go to sleep after finding out that I had been in bed less than twenty minutes. I was satisfied that the clock was wrong but my watch confirmed the clock; so I determined to go to sleep. Any one can go to sleep if they have sufficient will power and will lie perfectly still. This I did and thought of several relevant and irrelevant things and then concluded again to see what time it was. I struck a match and found I had left the clock on the table. So thinking things I got up and moved it to the chair alongside the candle. I found I had been exerting my will power for a little over twenty minutes.

"This will never do," I thought, "my eyes will be so bad by morning I couldn't see a whale." And then I got to thinking that perhaps this clock was out of gear so I got up and pulled the watch on it again. By this time my wife began to make a protest—women are such unreasonable creatures! I tried my best not to disturb her, but just as I was about to relapse into the needed sleep (I don't like to say it but I am bound to stay with all the truth) she snored and I had to poke her in the side to stop it. Then I began to fear the alarm was not in working order and from then on till twelve minutes before the time for the alarm to sound I kept burning matches at least every half hour. When I found that I had only twelve minutes more before the great day was to begin I quietly turned over and in an instant was in a sound and most delightful sleep. Whether the alarm went off on schedule time or not will never be known.

Just as the sun came peeping over the hill my wife in a gentle voice said:

"Are you not oversleeping yourself, my dear?"

I was on the floor in a moment and soon had a cup of coffee; seizing my lunch and $30.00 outfit I struck out for the cañon on a dog trot. When I got to the pool which I had decided the day before was a good place to start in, I saw the remains of a camp and a few pieces of bacon lying around. I knew then my chances were gone and I began to dread meeting my wife who I could see in my mind's eye peacefully sleeping and cynically doubting, even in her dreams, my ability to "make good" on my boast to bring home a great mess of fish. You must bear in mind that I was fifteen miles from any fish market. However I am not one easily discouraged. I "bent on"—that is the proper phrase I think—a leader and several flies. The proper way to carry your flies is around your hat. I had mine there when I started. Some of them were still there, so I used what I had.

Soon I was ready and in my effort to get in behind a tree so that I would be out of sight when I cast my line, I slipped and fell. Souse I went over my boot top into a pool of water colder than the Arctic circle and sat down with unusual severity on the hardest rock I ever met in my limited study of geology. I glanced around hastily and felt relieved to find myself alone. True, a grey squirrel high up in a nearby tree seemed to laugh, but I overlooked his insolence. I realized that it would hardly be worth while to try that pool for fish so I journeyed down the stream as carefully as I could. I honestly think the rocks in that babbling brook are slicker than any politician or confidence man in California. I know every large rock in

that creek for I forcibly sat down on each one of them. I was absolutely impartial and failed to give any one of them the go-by. As I found the sport not to my liking I crawled up on the bank. I have since learned that all fishermen do that. That was one thing they failed to instruct me in. There were also others.

After a time regaining confidence and seeing some sort of an animal come to the top of the water and cause a little ripple I guessed it was a fish. I am satisfied now I have another guess coming. Anyhow I made another effort. I got into a good place without mishap and swinging my line for a cast, erstwhile so easy on the porch, I got foul of a wild blackberry bush. I also was wild. Here is where the poet got lost when he wrote about, "Where the wildwood twineth." As a twiner the wild blackberry bush is an easy winner. And then again there is a bush which grows in with the blackberry called the "Poison Oak." Now, poison oak is like strong drink, "For at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." You do the raging. When I finally got my line back again there was only one hook. I felt tired—felt that life was a delusion and a snare; that the gurgling brook was a frost and the speckled beauties a myth. There was murder in my heart when I opportunely bethought me of the worms. After pricking myself with the "cruel hook" I succeeded in persuading the wriggling worm that I wasn't going to hurt him—just "stringing him" you understand —and after a fashion got him on the hook which I dropped, the hook with its living freight, into the clear water. For a long time there was nothing doing but after a while I saw a huge spider coming my way. I hadn't lost any spiders that I was aware of so I dropped my pole and looked for a club with which to stand off the ugly thing. One swat fixed him and I felt better. I had killed something! Then I bethought me I had failed to spit on my bait, so performing that necessary function I tried it again.

This time I certainly got a bite. It must have been a very large fish for before I could find my self-acting reel he was off and under some brush where he left the hook good and fast to a limb as large as my leg. I got down and, rolling up my sleeve, tried to get my property back. While doing so the water ran along the bottom of my trousers and into my boot tops with a gurgle not at all poetic. I swore! I might just as well confess it. I gave a yank and recovered my line. My leader was gone as well as my enthusiasm. Just at that moment the sun peeped through the bush and a little bird began to chirp. I spied a mossy bank and sat down and ate my lunch. Then I looked at my watch and found it was not quite seven o'clock. I stretched out and in a moment was sound asleep.

When I awoke the sun was fierce and concentrating all its blue, white and ex-rays upon my exposed probocis, so that the next day I really did look like a fisherman of long standing and questionable repute. A little bird was swinging and singing on my pole and various kinds of insects were doing the cake walk on various parts of my anatomy. How, I do not know, but true it is, a water-dog had succeeded in getting stuck on my hook. I felt somewhat aged. Across the stream I watched a farmer as he dug into the virgin soil and when he threw down his spade in evident disgust I accosted him with:

"What's the trouble?"

"I have been digging for worms but I can't find any," he said; "I thought I would go fishing."

"Here, my poor, deluded friend, I am full of them," said I, "take them and may the god of luck go with you for you look like an honest man."

He took them and I began to conjure up some sort of a tale to try on my wife when a boy came along. He had fish and he was no fool, so he came over to my side of the stream. He had apparently met others like me for he had little mercy. I took the string home and tried to look innocent and not to boast too much. When my wife asked how much I paid for them, I treated her with the contempt she deserved.

I have resigned from the club and have a fine and complete outfit for sale. If a man values his life I charge him to say nothing to me about the gurgling brook, the finny tribe and the pleasures to be found far from the madding crowd. There are moments when I feel desperate and this is one of them. I stayed with the club, however, long enough to show them I had become an expert in one branch of their profession. I told them about the fish I caught and they gave me the third degree.

A FEW WORDS ON ECONOMICAL ORNITHOLOGY

By Professor F. E. L. Beal.
U. S. Biological Survey.

PART ONE.

DURING the last half century the subject of the economical relations of birds has attracted much attention, not only from ornithologists, but from farmers and fruit growers, as well as from the people at large. As we are more readily impressed by that which does us an injury than by anything that benefits us, so it happens that the damage which birds inflicted upon crops first drew attention to their food habits as the principal factor in their economical value. In the early days of this country so much mischief was caused by certain species of birds that an almost wholesale condemnation was pronounced against the whole race. As time went on, however, bringing a more intelligent study of the habits of the feathered tribes, more rational ideas of their usefulness began to prevail, and to-day in most parts of the country they are justly regarded not only as one of the most agreeable and ornamental adjuncts of rural life but as a very efficient check upon the increase of the various species of injurious insects.

It is only within the last twenty years, however, that any really systematic scientific attempt has been made to ascertain the actual food of the different species. In one way only can it be determined just what a bird eats—by examining the contents of its stomach. By this method there can be no error if the stomach contents be correctly diagnosed. During the last fifteen years the United States Department of Agriculture has been carrying on a work of this kind, which has already thrown a great deal of light upon the food habits of many species. Nearly thirty thousand stomachs have been examined, and the contents recorded and tabulated. Upon a number of species reports have already been published, and bulletins upon some of the other more important groups are in course of preparation. Many of the stomachs involved in this investigation are those of California birds, and during the last two years especial pains has been taken to procure stomachs from this State. Several thousands of these have already been examined, and a bulletin upon the economic value of Pacific Coast birds is in contemplation and will probably be published during the ensuing year.

While many of the California species are widely different from those found in the East, there are others which are so closely related that whatever may be said of the food of one is practically true of the other. For instance, the meadow lark of California and other Far Western States can hardly be distinguished from its Eastern cousin except by its song. Stomach examination also shows that in food habits the two forms are practically identical.

While the meadow lark feeds upon both animal and vegetable matter, the former predominates in the stomach, and is found to consist largely of harmful insects. Of these, the most noteworthy are grasshoppers, which are eaten in enormous numbers. During the summer months, and especially in July and August, these insects constitute the major part of the meadow lark's food; and in every month in the year are an important item in the bird's diet, and were even found in the stomachs of some of these birds that were taken when the ground was covered with snow. Caterpillars, of the species commonly known as cut-worms, are also largely eaten. From this bird's well-known terrestial habits it follows naturally that tree-haunting insects do not furnish any appreciable portion of its food. Various species of ground beetles, clover-weevils and other ground-living insects make up the remainder of its animal food.

The vegetable contingent of the meadow lark's dietary is composed for the most part of seeds of various weeds, with very little

fruit or grain. That it will sometimes eat the latter is of course to be expected, but stomach examination shows but a very small percentage of this food. In fact, the bird seldom frequents cultivated fields, and its fondness for undisturbed grass fields has earned for it in the East the name of "old-field lark." Complaints have been received that it sometimes eats clover seed to an injurious extent, and that it pulls the seed up just after germination. In the hundreds of stomachs examined, not clover seed enough to fill a single stomach was found.

It is undoubtedly true that this bird, in common with many others, has at times done some injury to crops, but that the species as a whole is a harmful one is most emphatically disproved by its general food habits, as shown by the infallible test of stomach examination. There may be times when the destruction of this bird may be apparently justified, but in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred when the bird appears to be doing mischief it has done more good than harm, and should therefore be rigidly protected.

There are a number of other birds belonging to the same family as the meadow lark, and while some of them cannot be so highly commended, they yet do much useful work for which they should receive full credit. These birds may be roughly classified as the blackbirds and the orioles. The former are for the most part ground-feeders, so that their food resembles that of the meadow lark; but as they mostly nest on trees they obtain a portion of their food among the branches and leaves. Ground-living insects, however, are most largely eaten by the blackbirds, and include such pests as the grasshoppers and that group of beetles commonly known as weevils, of which over forty individuals were found in one stomach. In addition to insects, they also eat large quantities of weed seeds and some grain. These last are mostly taken in the winter months, when insects are less abundant if not entirely wanting. The grain obtained at this time is mostly waste left on the ground after harvest, and has no value. Exceptional cases, however, have been observed where blackbirds have done serious injury to standing grain before the harvest. This has most often occurred in a newly settled region, where the birds were superabundant, and the grain fields presented them with a novel and bounteous supply of food much easier of access than the wild seeds of the marshes, and perhaps also more palatable. In spite of all that can be brought against the blackbirds, however, most of the species do far more good than harm during the year. In the summer season their food is mostly injurious insects, and their young are reared almost entirely upon animal food.

The orioles not only nest in trees but obtain most of their food there; only coming to the ground to get food during the grasshopper season, when they assert their claim to a share of these, to them, delicious insects. It may be noted in passing that this trait seems to be common to all tree-inhabiting birds—that they descend to the ground during the grasshopper months, and take their share of this form of insect food. For brillinacy of plumage and sweetness of song but few birds surpass the orioles, and it is a satisfaction to know that they are as useful in their food habits as they are ornamental and agreeable in plumage and song. As far as is known to the writer, only one charge has ever been brought against them, and that is that they sometimes eat fruit to a serious extent. This is no doubt occasionally true, but it should be remembered that they eat vast numbers of injurious insects, and are especially fond of the caterpillars that prey upon the leaves of the trees from which they later demand a share of the fruit. They also eat the scale insects, which are such an injury to the orchards, to say nothing of beetles, bugs, plant lice, etc.

The thrushes constitute another family of interesting and useful birds having many representatives on the Pacific Coast. The blue-birds, both Eastern and Western, which stand at the head of this family (and incidentially of all North American birds) have, so far as we know, never been accused of any harm. Their food consists of harmful insects, such as the beetles commonly known as curculios, which do so much injury to fruit. Many other beetles are also eaten, and quantities of grasshoppers, especially in midsummer, when these insects are abundant. Caterpillars also form a large percentage of the food of the bluebirds, and these with a few bugs and spiders complete their ani-

mal dietary. The vegetable food of this bird, which is less than one-fourth of the whole, consists of small wild fruits. The seeds of domestic berries are but rarely found in their stomachs.

The robin is a bird which has fallen under the ban of the fruit growers both East and West, and it must be acknowledged with some good reasons at times. While nearly half the robin's food consists of insects, the remainder is mostly made up of fruit, and under ordinary circumstances this consists of the various species of wild berries of the field and forest. No less than forty-two species of these have been identified in the stomachs of robins, and only a few of the cultivated ones. In many places, however, where the wild species have been exterminated, and cultivated varieties planted in their place, the birds, deprived of their natural food, have turned to the products of the garden and orchard to supply their demands, and have thus incurred the wrath of the fruit growers. In California, during the summer, these birds are away from the most cultivated districts, and so do no harm, but sometimes in the fall, when they return to the villages, owing to some lack in their normal food supply, they have attacked cultivated species, more especially the olive crop, and have caused great damage. That these birds do not care for the more delicate products of cultivation is shown by the fact that they eat ripe olives from the tree. Of the forty-two species of wild fruit that robins are known to eat, the greater number are either insipidly sweet or nauseously bitter. It has been observed that they do not attack cultivated fruits in places where the wild varieties are abundant; thus showing that they naturally prefer the fruits of nature.

The other members of the thrush family have not attracted any unfavorable notice by depredations upon fruit or other cultivated products. They are all sweet singers, but sober of plumage; and all subsist largely upon insects, most of which are harmful species. The Colorado potato beetle is eaten by the wood-thrush in the East, and although this insect is at present not known in this State, it is probably only a matter of time when it will make its appearance, and it is to be hoped that when it does come some of our birds will be ready to welcome it as a desirable article of food.

Standing near the head, if not actually at the head of our useful birds, is the great family of the woodpeckers. From their habits of scrambling over fruit trees, and often pecking holes in them, they have come to be looked upon with suspicion by many fruit growers and farmers, who do not understand that their bills, like the surgeon's knife, cut only to remedy a greater evil. Of the various members of this family the little downy woodpecker, besides being the smallest is one of the most useful. This bird is very domestic in its habits, frequenting orchards and gardens, where it shows but little fear of man, Its food consists of the larvæ of wood-boring beetles, adult beetles, caterpillars—of which many are of the wood-boring species—and ants. The vegetable portion of its food, which is only one-fourth of the whole, is made up almost wholly of wild berries and seeds. Another woodpecker of larger size and more dashing appearance, with a loud voice and with none of the quiet repose of manner of the downy, is the flicker, "high-hole." The Eastern and Western forms of this bird differ but little in plumage, and still less in their food habits; so that whatever may be said of one is practically true of the other. Their food consists largely of wood-boring larvae, adult beetles and ants. Of these last the flicker is the greatest destroyer among American birds, as forty-five per cent of its yearly food is made up of adult ants and their larvae, and one stomach and crop was found to contain over five thousand of these insects. That the destruction of these creatures is a benefit to man a little reflection will readily show. The ants are the great distributors and protectors of those pests to all vegetation, the plant lice. They not only carry these insects from one plant to another, but protect them from their enemies, and actually build houses over them to shelter them from the weather. When the woodpecker, through his keen sense of hearing, has located a wood-boring grub, his sharp bill soon uncovers its retreat, and his barbed tongue draws it out. The burrow, however, is left open and into this a colony of ants soon enters and takes up its abode, enlarging the cavity and so carrying on the evil work which the grub began. The bird,

however, on his next visit discovers the ants, and by employing his former tactics soon dislodges them and stops their further work.

Besides ants, the woodpeckers eat beetles, caterpillars, scale insects, many insects' eggs and hibernating insects. This last is particularly true in winter time, when most insects are either dead or carefully concealed where ordinary birds do not find them. The woodpeckers, however, and particularly the smaller species, are especially fitted by nature for the work of finding hidden insects or eggs. Moreover, most of these birds remain in the same habitat the year round; so their hunt for food is carried on over the same grounds during the whole year. In winter time they may be seen scrambling over the trees, looking into every crevice of the bark, pecking at every rotten knot-hole, and thoroughly investigating any place where a bug or its eggs might be lodged. These birds are the great conservators of the forest, and are equally efficient in the orchard, and should be afforded every encouragement and protection.

Another family of birds of small size, and with food habits somewhat similar to those of the smaller woodpeckers, is that of the titmice, or chickadees. What these birds lack in size they make up in numbers and diligence. There are quite a number of species and sub-species of this family, of which California has a goodly share. Their food consists almost wholly of insects and their eggs, which they find in crevices of the bark, or upon the foliage of trees. Such small objects as the eggs of plant lice and other minute insects are too small to be noticed by birds of ordinary size, but the tits are themselves so small that these tiny objects are, in their sight, of very considerable importance, and are not neglected as artices of food. Scale insects, plant lice, small beetles and larvae are also eaten by the titmice, and as these birds remain in the same locality throughout the year, like the woodpeckers, there is no interruption to their good work. They are quite frequent visitors to the orchards, where they may be seen in the early spring examining the swelling buds, from which they take grubs or eggs; and later they visit the blossoms and take from them the first plant lice, which, if left undisturbed, would be the mother of an immense horde. At other than the breeding season, the titmice go in flocks, and seem to be constantly on the search for food. They will visit a tree which will be thoroughly examined, then away to the next, and so on from morning till night. A very little vegetable matter is taken with the insects, especially in the winter time; but it has no economic interest.

(*To be continued in August number.*)

WESTERN FIELD.

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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A STRIKE EFFECT.

OWING to labor troubles with which we have no connection or concern our issue this month is unavoidably delayed. There is every assurance, however, that the existing differences will be amicably adjusted in a few days and that our August number will issue in its appointed time. We regret the delay very much but the conditions are without our control and we are in nowise responsible for same.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

WE are always glad to consider good photographs of anything connected with sports coming within the province of this magazine. Should you, during the coming season, obtain any especially interesting pictures of game, camp life, dogs or scenery—anything in fact which can be used to embellish our publication, we will be honored by your submittance of same, promising our speediest consideration and a fair remuneration for those we find available.

UNAVOIDABLY DEFERRED.

WE had hoped to publish in this issue a complete tabulated report of all ordinances passed by the various counties in the State affecting the seasonal limits for the taking of game and fish, but despite our persistent application we have been unable to formulate the same. Many of the counties have not yet taken action in the matter, notwithstanding that they have such modifying ordinances under consideration, and until some determination is finally reached we will have to ask our readers' kind indulgence. The publication of this table will be deferred only until the very earliest moment that we can secure dependable and authentic data.

POLITICS OR PRINCIPLE.

HIS Excellency, the Governor of this State, is said to be a plain man—an official devoid of all ambiguity in speech and action, and one addicted to the personal use, as well as the encouragement in others of plain, unvarnished speech.

If that be true he will take no offense at the plain question: Will principle or politics dominate in the selection of a State Fish Commissioner to fill the vacancy presently existing? The people of this commonwealth have a common and lively interest in his reply.

More than ordinary importance attaches to this appointment. Upon the selection of a competent, energetic and enthusiastic man depends in no small measure the success of the conditions which made such an appointment a possibility. The new commissioner should be a man of as good parts as his associates on the commission—and this exacts a very high degree of intelligence, responsibility and assiduity. He should be a man who knows from personal experience not only the actual necessitous conditions but how to bring about and improve them. He must know the game and he must know the law; he must have abiding confidence in the virtue of good game laws and the courage to enforce them. He may, if he wish, be a closet naturalist with all the bookish lore at his command, and be able to give, offhand, the jaw-breaking Latin names of his wards, but above all he must be a sportsman with the love of clean sport at heart.

The average politician is rarely such a man. It is not necessary to enlarge on the reasons why. We will realize them all only too conclusively if Governor Pardee subordinates principle to political preferment in making this appointment. Himself an accomplished sportsman, Governor Pardee is fully cognizant of the facts and logical requirements. There can be no tenable evasion of them on his part, for to our certain knowledge he has under consideration at least three perfectly eligible nominations presented by his constituents.

Either of them would make an ideal commissioner—from the non-political and purely utilitarian view. Will he choose wisely and well in the best common interest, or will he hamper the good work already under way by shackling it to some dead weight of political patronage? Personally we have faith in the wisdom, the integrity and the clean prescience of our esteemed executive. A good sportsman seldom goes wrong.

WHERE TRIBUTE IS DUE.

IN THE resignation of Henry W. Keller from the State Fish Commission the great cause of game protection suffers an irreparable loss. Mr. Keller is one of those rare men who combines in himself to the highest degree all the desirable qualities which attend upon probity, courage and high intelligence, complimented in his case by an energy and conscientiousness unusual even in men of his positive nature.

Possibly no other man on this Coast has as large and intimate conversance with the conditions affecting game and its preservation as he, and certainly no one has a better courage of his well-founded convictions. Blunt, straitforward and always essentially honest and sincere in his expressions thereof, Mr. Keller always challenged the respect of even his dearest foes, the game hogs, who readily accorded him the credit of being the best fighter of their acquaintance. To Henry Keller this State is indebted largely not only for the best of our game laws' provisions, but to their efficient enforcement as well. The persistent ill health which enforced his retirement from the commission is but little short of a calamity to the cause and we voice the public regret in his temporary loss. We say "temporary" advisedly for those who know him well realize that his work is not done—and never will be until the gospel of game protection will be accepted of all men. In his unofficial life Mr. Keller will yet be a forceful and dependable power for the advancement of the principle which he labored so faithfully to establish.

In the name of California sportsmen we extend to Henry W. Keller the thanks which are his just due for good work well done. May his successor be built along the same lines!

AN ENCOURAGING SENTIMENT.

THE most encouraging sign of the times is the healthy predisposition on the part of county authorities throughout the State to shorten the legal open season on game of various kinds, more especially deer.

The present law permitting the killing of deer in midsummer is a mistake pure and simple, and reflects very sharply upon the sportsmen of this State who sat apathetically by and permitted its enactment without protest. There is no logical argument which can possibly be advanced to justify the killing of deer as early as July 15, either here or elsewhere in this country. Physical conditions of all kinds are inexorably opposed to such a practice; it is at once a violation of natural law and an outrage upon the conventions established by common sense and decency. All the sophistry which can be brought to bear on this subject will never convince any practical student of conditions—or for that matter any man who is capable of thinking lucidly and dispassionately—that the midsummer killing of seasonally debilitated deer is not altogether wrong, both in theory and practice.

The rutting season differs but very slightly, in time and duration, from Texas to the British Columbia line, no matter what assumption may be advanced to the contrary. And as this season determines the fitness of the game, it follows that the proper time to kill deer is approximately one and the same seasonal period all over this State. It is easy to manufacture "facts" in the support of any theory, but it will take more than the promiscuous and pompous assertions of so-called "authorities" to convince any clean thinking sportsman that there is a difference of months almost in the times when deer are "ripe" in Southern, Middle or Northern California.

The spontaneous movement toward shortening the season vindicates and confirms this argument and at the same time constitutes a satisfactory assurance that the sportsmen of this State are a progressive lot of gentlemen who are not ashamed to correct a mistake when it becomes proven such.

NATURAL HISTORY

CALIFORNIA SNAKES

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.

EVERY herpetologist who has studied the snakes of California knows that the State is rich in species of those interesting reptiles. For many years past naturalists have sent specimens of these to the United States National Museum at Washington, D. C., so that now in that institution there is an exceptionally fine representation of them in the collections there. They have been classified and preserved in alcohol in the reptile department, which is under the charge of Dr. Leonard Stejneger, a learned Scandinavian naturalist, who came to America some twenty or more years ago and was placed upon the staff of the Smithsonian naturalists by Professor Spencer F. Baird, the then secretary of the museum. He subsequently arose to the rank of a curator, and now holds the above-named position. Any Californian who may visit Washington and is interested in the fauna of the State, may not only be assured of a courteous reception at the aforesaid department of the national museum, but he may enjoy the opportunity there of examining in sequence specimens of all the snakes thus far known to inhabit his native State. He will find, in the first place, examples of the rare and interesting little *Glauconia humilis* that were collected in Lower California as far back as 1882, and by no less better known Californian naturalists than the late greatly beloved Professor Joseph Le Conte of the University, Mr. Herbert Brown of Yuma, Mr. L. Belding of Stockton and others. The collection also affords specimens of three different species of *Lichanura*, one of which has been named by Dr. Stejneger in honor of Mr. Charles Russell Orcutt of San Diego, who collected it—*L. orcutti*. A no less interesting genus is the genus *Charina*, the sole one representing the family *Charinidae*. The snakes of this group are all found in California and are, indeed, confined to the Pacific Coast. They do not seem to have been given any English names, but they are none the less interesting for all that. Professor Gustav Eisen took a specimen years ago of *Charina bottae* at Fresno, and one captured at Summer Lake in Oregon was found to be very tame and gentle. It was lying in the road at the time and resembled an old knotted root, it having just swallowed some small mammal. None of the snakes thus far mentioned are at all venomous, in fact very few American snakes are, the species being limited to the rattlers, the moccasins, and those of the genus *Elaps*, the latter being not at all highly so.

California possesses at least two subspecies of those beautiful little collared snakes of the genus *Diadophis* (*D. A. pulchellus* and *amabilis*). *D. A. pulchellus* is found in Shasta county, and is particularly handsome, whether one can consider a snake so or not. Its body is of a greenish brown above, all the scales being minutely dotted with black. Below it is of a deep orange red, spotted all over with small black spots. The ring on the occiput, so characteristic of the genus, is bounded with a narrow black line.

Coming to the *Colubridae*, a very large group of innocuous snakes, we have the genus *Zamenis*, which includes the common black snake of the East. Formerly it was known as *Bascanion constructor*, and California is rich, comparatively speaking, in

representatives of this genus. There are rather too many of them to enumerate in the brief article I am now writing. We must not pass them by, however, without at least inviting attention to the rare and elegant species known as *Z. ausigulus*, of which I believe there is but one specimen in our museums, and that was captured at Cape St. Lucas. Black snakes are in reality small boa constrictors, and so far as the Eastern form is concerned, will occasionally attack man. A good many years ago I described a personal instance of this in the *American Naturalist*. A six-footer attacked the writer in a hemlock woods in Connecticut and managed to get his coils round his neck in a very savage manner. He was not powerful enough, however, to do any harm, and the capture of a splendid specimen was the result of the experience. Another unique snake of the State is the *Salvadora grahamiae*, that has been taken at San Diego by Miss Rosa Smith, an enthusiastic student of reptiles in general and of those of California in particular.

Next we come to that well-known genus of snakes known as the Pine Snakes of the genus *Pityophis*, and some of them are found in the State. I have heard them called "bull snakes," from the noise they can make by powerfully expiring, it becoming possible through the remarkable formation of the epiglottis, one of the anatomical structures standing in the median line in front of the windpipe. The expired breath, when passing it with force causes it to vibrate, and hence the sound they can produce. This was first observed in the common Eastern pine snake by Dr. C. A. White of Washington, D. C., and I made the first drawings of the structure for him that illustrated it. It has since been described in numerous publications. The Pine snakes found in California are known to science as *P. catenifer* and *P. vertebralis*, the latter apparently being confined to Lower California. They are handsome fellows, elegantly marked, and well known to the plainsmen.

Even still more interesting than the Pine snakes are the King snakes of the genus *Ophibolus*. Some of these in the East and elsewhere are also known as Chain or Thunder snakes (*O. getulus*), Red or Corn snakes (*O. doliatus*), Milk snakes, Spotted Adders and House snakes. There are two well known sub-species of them in California, namely Boyle's King snake (*O. g. boylii*) and the California King snake (*O. g. californiae*). Something over a year ago Professor J. V. Snyder of the department of zoology of the Leland Stanford University sent me a beautiful photograph he had taken of the first-named reptile, and the same is reproduced here as an illustration to the present article.

BOYLE'S KING SNAKE

This specimen was taken at Palo Alto, and I note that Professor Snyder calls it *Lampropeltis boylii*, instead of the name I give above, which agrees with Cope's name for it. The sides of this snake are black, crossed by about thirty-seven ivory-white bands, the thirtieth being opposite the vent. These bands are wider on the sides than beneath, while the end of the tail is also conspiciously ringed. Sometimes some of the lateral scales are in their centers indistinctly white-spotted. The scales or plates on the sides of the head as well as the labial plates are yellow, with black emarginations. It is in fact a most beautiful creature and perfectly harmless and gentle. Its habitat extends from the rainy region of Northern California to the dry and arid wastes of the southern extremity of Lower California to the desert regions of Southern Arizona and Nevada.

Professor Cope was of the opinion that two other sub-species of the King snakes were to be found in the State; one being known as *O. g. conjunctus*, a variety from the southern extremity of Lower California differing from *boylii* in having the white scales black at the base so that the annulate pat-

tern is much obscured, and the other *O. g. multicinctus*, also from Southern California. We stand in need of more material along these lines to clear up just such doubtful points. The young of several of these king snakes are much alike in the pattern of their coloration, and all of them, too, are exquisitely marked little creatures of great beauty. A snake described by Baird and Girard in 1853, under the name of *Contia mitis* is also found in some parts of the State, while Dr. A. L. Keerman has collected a specimen of *Rhinschilus lecontei* at Fort Tejon, a modest little form not likely to attract much attention. Several other peculiar little California snakes belong to the genus *Chilomeniscus;* they are round, shovel-nosed little fellows that burrow in the ground. *C. stramincus* is a pale straw color beneath, darker above, where each scale has a deep brown dot on it. Three other species are known. In other parts of the State we meet with another small snake, *Hypsiglena ochrorhyncha*, that I am of the opinion likewise has burrowing habits. The very extensive genus *Natrix* is also represented in the State by a few forms as *N. v. valida*, *N. v. celaeno*, and perhaps others. These are water snakes and were formerly classified in a genus known very widely as *Tropidonotus*. I have never seen any of the California types except in alcohol at the Smithsonian Institution, but I have collected many of the Eastern species. Doubtless their habits are a good deal alike. They feed on frogs and fish, and are always to be found on the shores of fresh waters, and are in that element a good deal of the time. Some of them are large, savage looking snakes, having small eyes and big gapes—but their teeth are always small, and as a whole they are perfectly harmless and quite incapable of giving any injury, beyond a few scratches.

We now come to one of the largest, if not the largest, and certainly the most perplexing genus of snakes in the entire range of North American herpetology. This is the genus that has been created to contain the so-called Garter snakes. Quite a number of species and sub-species of them are found in California. They are one and all simply beautiful creatures, elegantly striped in the longitudinal direction, and show markings in yellow, green, black and white. All of them fall in the genus *Eutaenia*, many of them being sub-species of the species *E. sirtalis*, which is the common garter snake of the East. This is a species I have frequently photographed in life, and a reproduction of one of these pictures is submitted as a figure or cut to the present article. It was taken by me in Virginia.

THE COMMON GARTER SNAKE

Thousands of these elegant forms are ruthlessly killed every year by the ignorant, thoughtless and the superstitious. They are perfectly harmless, gentle, beautiful to study and to look at, and in every way worthy of our protection and our admiration. Yet there is hardly a time when I am out in the spring for a ramble that I do not find one or more of these pretty little snakes in the dust of the roadside, horribly mangled and mutilated by some brainless person who knew no better than to kill what he could not understand.

In some parts of Lower California they find a species of *Trimorphodon* called *T. lyrophanes*. It represents a genus of snakes that from their pugnacious disposition, wide triangular heads, slit-like pupils to their eyes, and their narrow necks have all the appearance of venomous reptiles, but yet they are not, as much as they may appear to be.

We now come to consider the venomous snakes, and certain it is that California possesses her full share of them, although according to the late Professor E. D. Cope, the highest authority we have on reptiles in this country, none of the deadly moccasins, or as they are also called, copperheads (*Ancistrodon*) occur within the boundaries of the State. Still in Lower California (Tiburon Island) we meet with a species of the coral snakes of the genus *Elaps* (*E. euryxanthus*) the bite of which is considered to be more or less dangerous. I am rather sceptical on this point, because I know of an instance or two where people have been bitten by a full-grown coral or harlequin snake (*E. fuloius*) from Florida where the bite proved to be of no great consequence. However, as good authority as Dr. Einar Loennberg believes otherwise, and cites incidents where the bite of an *Elaps* has proved fatal in the case of man. The California coral snake has a small head, not wider than the neck. It is perfectly black as far back as the angles of the mouth, the body being banded alternately with light red and black, there being a separation of the two colors by creamy white rings. Thus it will be seen that the species is easily recognized, and it is just as well for people to not incautiously handle this reptile. Better when one meets with it to push it with a little stick into a bottle of alcohol and send it to the Leland Stanford University.

Of all the truly poisonous snakes in the State the Rattlers stand at the head of the list. Not only does the common Diamond Rattler (*Crotalus adamanteus*) occur here, but a number of other representatives of the genus besides. The deadly *C. a. atrox* is also found, having been taken at Fort Yuma, Cape St. Lucas, La Paz, Fresno and several other points. The Red Rattlesnake (*C. ruber*), a very conspicuous form, also occurs at many points within the boundaries of the State. The color of this reptile is of a light red or reddish brown with deep red spots on its upper surface. It is a vicious and highly dangerous species, hardly less so than another rattler, *C. confluentus* which also occurs in California. Now one would think that *four* different kinds of rattlesnakes would be enough to find within the limits of any State in the Union, but not so with the State under consideration. Rich in everything she is also rich in rattlers. *C. c. lucifer* has been taken in Shasta county; the Tiger Rattler (*C. tigris*) in the Panamint Mountains, California, and at State Range; *Crotalus enyo* at La Paz and Cape St. Lucas; *C. mitchelli* also being found in the latter region as well as at Angel Island Bay; and finally, there is the well-known Horned Rattlesnake, or "sidewinder," from Southern California. This is largely a desert species and is known to science as *Crotalus cerastes*. There seems to be some doubt that its bite is as dangerous to man as that of the other species of rattlers. It is more or less nearly related to the Tiger Rattler, but may at once be recognized by the conspicuous little horn that occurs over the eye on either side, giving the reptile a very ferocious aspect.

Thus it will be seen that no fewer than nine different kinds of rattlesnakes occur in California, and probably there remain others yet to be described.

The ophidean fauna of the State, then, is of a highly interesting character, and it offers an excellent field for the study of future naturalists, as we have yet much to learn about the habits, structure and geographical distribution of the many species I have enumerated in this article.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Conducted by A. T. Noe, M. D.

MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT

I WISH to say a few words this month on the subject of muscular development, and the evils attending the over indulgence of this popular fad. In the first place do you wish to be a mere machine for strength? Or do you wish to be in full control of your physical and mental manhood, and be able to command all your forces. Then, I say, beware of over muscular development! Examine figure ten. Here you will readily see that huge muscles are not beauty. I contend that they are not even genuine strength, for they cannot be produced without over taxing the organic life. This means that in a critical moment your ill-used nerves and organs will fail you and refuse to obey your demands upon them. Of what use are the enormous muscles to a paraletic; his tissues are all there in their mighty size, but he is as helpless as the weakest babe. In fact he is worse off than the undeveloped man, as his bulk becomes a burden.

BICEPS VERSUS BRAINS

A man with over-large muscles, developed at the expense of other functions, is of necessity slow. He cannot be quick and active either mentally or physically. He is like a Norman horse, built for drawing heavy loads only, and in consequence is lacking in the keen, live qualities that are so absolutely needed by the successful ones to-day. Strong! yes, but such strength is a mere cipher compared with the advantages to be obtained by a well-balanced body, with active muscles in normal condition. A man may live without his biceps, triceps or most of his large muscles, but he cannot live without a stomach, heart, lungs or kidneys. Herein lies the pith of my argument; show me a man with his body all bunched up with large muscles and I will show you a man who is organically weak, if not actually diseased.

HOW MUSCLES ARE DEVELOPED

A man starts out to "train" as it is called. He begins by forcing himself to do hard tasks. He strains at heavy weights, he pulls and tugs till he is red in the face, every pore trying to equalize the extra heat. His poor heart is beating furiously to keep up the pressure and the lungs fairly crack as they, too, try to aid in the general demand. What do you find in all this but a terrible drain on the whole system? The man becomes tired, but in time his body has responded to his commands and he breaks a record, but his organic life pays for it, and every day the papers contain the announcement of the "sudden" death of some athlete, notorious for his strength (?), who held this or that record. Small satisfaction, eh? His big strong body did not avail him much. When the real test came, his boasted muscles were good for nothing.

ORGANIC LIFE FIRST

I do not wish to imply that I do not advise exercises for the development of muscles; I do most emphatically! Not over-development, but equality. First recognize that the exterior body is built by the inner one; that is, the bones, muscles, tissues, etcetera are formed from the blood and air and therefore it is most important that one should have good stomach, heart and lungs —that one's digestive apparatus should be in the best of order. This means you are ready to supply all your needs, and when the time comes when you have need of strength it will be yours to command. Do not strain or force your muscles till they bulge with useless bulk but train them to be active, well controlled and obedient. Develop your organic life as well as the muscular. See to it that your nerves are well trained and that they respond to your slightest wish. Then, when you know the

joy of a fine circulation, nerves of steel and thoroughly pliable and active body, big muscles will no longer attract you or tempt you into unwise excess.

CONTROL OF BODY

The organic part of man is controlled by the sympathetic nervous system. This is an intelligence as real as that of the brain, and works incessantly even when we sleep. It separates the necessary elements from what we eat and distributes it as the body requires. It rebuilds the used up tissues and feeds the cells with material for life. It will be easily seen why I emphasize the great importance of the inner man or his subconscious life. We pay too much attention to the outer or objective man and let the most useful part take care of itself. So again I say: pay some attention to the

Fig.10.

inner or organic life. Develop it as well as the outer muscular system. Deep breathing and proper poise are great helpers in this direction.

EXERCISE

Figure eleven will show a good position to assume when practicing, strenghtening internal organs.

Stand on balls of feet; chest up, hands on shoulders. Draw deep breaths slowly forcing air into every cavity till lungs are fully expanded; hold five seconds, then slowly exhale. This will put air and fresh blood into all parts of the body.

Figure twelve also shows a good position to assume when taking the following exer-

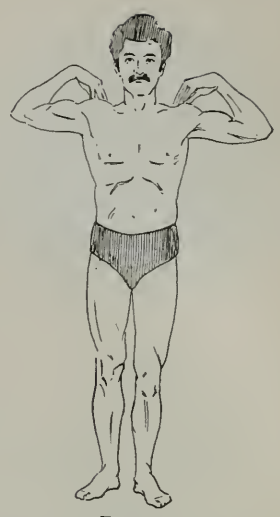

Fig.11.

cise: Concentrate your mind upon the muscles below the waist. These muscles lift and lower the diaphragm and abdomen. Now endeavor to move these muscles up and down. At first this may seem difficult but after a little practice you can do so fifteen or twenty times. This is the very best exercise for poor digestion and will prove a great aid to the circulation of stomach and liver. Do not raise and lower the stomach by breathing, but by muscular action only. This pumping of the stomach is fine for headache, and will give almost instant relief if the headache is caused from indigestion.

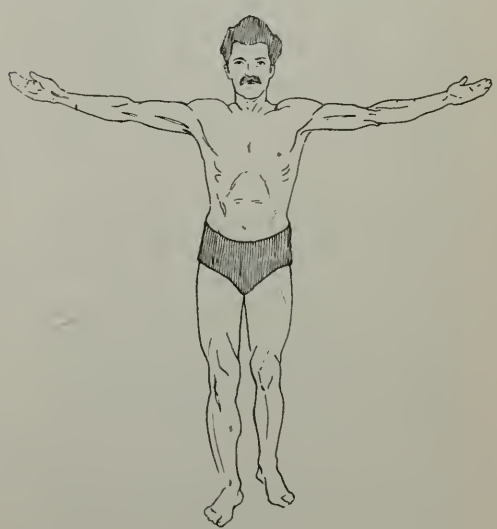

Fig.12.

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SHORTENED THE DEER SEASON

IN THE invitation of the Fresno Game and Fish Protective Association delegates from the other associations of the central and upper portions of the San Joaquin valley assembled at Fresno on May 9 to formulate a county ordinance correcting the many errors of the present game laws. Mr. J. Sub Johnson of Visalia was chosen chairman of the convention and Joe Bancroft of Madera secretary.

After some discussion of the matters to be adjusted a committee consisting of Messrs. Smith of Visalia, Eubanks of Madera, Vanderburg of Selma and President Payne of the State Association were appointed to consider and submit for the approval of the convention such changes in the State law as would in their judgment better conserve the game and field interests of the valley.

After a short deliberation on the part of the committee it reported the following:

Open season for deer to be from September first to Noovember first.

Open season for quail from November first to February first.

Open season for doves from August fifteenth to February fifteenth.

Bag limit on ducks to be twenty-five and all sale to be prohibited.

Limit on trout to be one fish over ten pounds and no fish to be taken under six inches in length. A recommendation was

made that no black bass be allowed to be caught for two years.

The formation of the Central California Game Protective Association was also urged, to consist of ten delegates from each Game Protective Association in Merced, Madera, Fresno and Tulare counties.

The report of the committee was adopted and Judge St. John appointed to put the same in shape of a county ordinance to be submitted to the boards of supervisors of the several counties of the San Joaquin valley.

At the close of the business of the convention the delegates organized a district association to meet once a year. The first meeting is to be held at Visalia at such time and place as the local association shall name.

J. Sub Johnson was elected president of the district association and Joe Bancroft secretary.

THE DOCTRINE OF SELF-DEFENSE AS APPLIED TO THE KILLING OF WILD GAME

By Archibald Treat

THE urbane but insistent editor of Western Field recently (he will say long ago) placed before me the following clipping and asked me to write him what I thought about it from a legal standpoint. I asked him if he had ever heard of the woman who asked a detective to report upon the movements of her husband:

"Madam," said he, "do you want a good or a bad report?"

To this my editorial friend inexorably responded:

"I want to know the law."

The clipping handed me read as follows:

"No State game law ever placed on the statute books can stop an owner, lessee or agent from killing a deer of any sex or age at any time when discovered in the act of destroying property. There is the same corelative right of protection against wild game that there is against the thief or incendiary. * * * In case of actual and continuous destruction of property the right of reprisal with gun or rifle, or any legitimate means of destroying the marauder, cannot be questioned, nor do we believe that the State authorities will go so far as to institute a prosecution that will be futile —providing however that the aggrieved party or parties are absolutely sure and can prove their losses."

I have often heard of hunters so sorely pressed by deer that they have had to shoot to protect themselves. This, according to my observation, generally occurs during the close season, when the deer are jealous of their vacation time and apt to object to any one carying a gun in their presence. I have never myself been so threatened, but I confess my immaturity as a sportsman and thus hope to disarm those who otherwise might criticise my inexperience. Nor am I a farmer whose crops have been stolen by the birds of the air, or whose stacks have been pillaged by the four-footed desperadoes of the forest. I must, therefore, view the question somewhat from the standpoint of theory, and what I find in the books.

We must start with two propositions: First, that the fish and game of the State belong to the people of the State; second, that the latter have delegated to their legislators the right to pass such laws as the latter may deem best for the protection of the property of the community. The result

of this delegation of authority is the presence upon our statute books of various laws limiting the time in which certain game can be killed; restricting the number that can be killed by any one person in a day; prohibiting the sale of the meat of some wild animals, and in some instances, absolutely prohibiting the killing of certain fish, game or animals altogether. If we keep in mind the fact that the title to the wild game of the State is in the State, and that the State can, as a part of its police power, pass such laws as it may deem necessary to the preservation of its property, the reasoning behind all of the decisions ever written concerning our game laws at once become clear. Private interests must always yield to the public advantage, and however heavily prohibitive laws may bear upon the individual he must give way to the good attempted to be accomplished for the many.

Let us now approach nearer to the question whether a person may kill a trespassing animal without breaking the law. While at first it may seem to the layman that a rancher may kill the deer found eating from his hayricks, the problem immediately assumes another aspect if we change the deer to a horse or a cow. Let us ask this as a counter question: Could a rancher kill his neighbor's stallion if he found him helping himself to his alfalfa? Manifestly he could not without paying the value of the animal destroyed. What, then, is the difference between the cases? In the one the neighbor's property is illegally destroyed and in the other the property of the State is illegally destroyed. It is not and never will be the law, say the books, that the person injured can, upon the instant, constitute himself judge, jury and plaintiff, in the same cause. So as not to dodge any part of the question let us view the result that of necessity flows from such a condition; how may the person aggrieved obtain his remedy? Speaking generally, the same laws which govern the redress of wrongs between individuals control the methods of obtaining relief when the State is either plaintiff or defendant. The way is longer, and the possibility of success frequently beclouded; for when damages are awarded there may be no fund from which to pay them. But we are speaking of legal proceedure and not of practical results; and undoubtedly if the wards of the State commit a wrong the State alone is responsible and must pay for its wrongs the same as an individual.

So much for the redress of the individual against the State. What of the redress of the State against the individual if the citizen take it upon himself to adjust a trespass by force of arms. No doubt the State may sue him for damages. A bevy of quail or a deer have a market value to the same extent as a horse or a cow. It is merely a matter of degree. If my neighbor can take it upon himself to shoot my horse or my cow for trespassing on his land, and I in turn can obtain damages from him for the loss, so may the State sue me for the damages for the loss to it of the deer or the quail which I, without warrant of law, have destroyed; and the court will not, as a matter of law, listen to my tale that they were trespassing. The foregoing proposition may seem novel to some, but that alone will not prevent its application.

What has just been said is from the viewpoint of the civil side of the law. Can there be any doubt of this: In order to reach these offenders who urge that they themselves had not killed the game or animals discovered upon them, the legislators have decreed that at certain times it is unlawful to have certain game or birds in one's possession. Possession is thus made prima facie evidence of wrongful intent. Consequently, the person who himself kills trespassing birds or animals which the law seeks to protect has them in his possession to the same extent as though hung up in his refrigerator, and he may be likewise punished.

But, say those who believe with the writer of the statement which forms the subject-matter of this article: "Each man's house is his castle; that is the unwritten law of the English speaking people; under it may not a man defend his property from destruction?"

True, he may—if the danger be such that he is warranted in taking the law into his own hands. A man may, if his life be endangered, kill the man about to assault him, providing there is no way of escaping the assault. But this does not mean that if a lad threatens a grown man with a rock the latter can take his life, or that if an angry woman comes after a man with a broomstick pistoling her would be justifiable. In

other words the danger must be imminent and unavoidable.

With this principle in mind let us look at the facts, taking two concrete illustrations for purposes of argument. A farmer having gathered and stacked his crop of hay is bothered by deer, which leap his fences and eat of the fruits of his industry. Is he justified in killing them because he has discovered them in the act of destroying his property? A vineyardist is troubled by quail, which feed upon his grapes. Will it be legal or justifiable, considering the fact that the season is closed, to gun them? How imminent and threatening was the danger is, it seems to me, the question in both cases. Was more accomplished by killing or wounding the deer than would have resulted from simply throwing a stone at them? Did they run away because one of them was killed or because they were alarmed by the noise of the gun? We all know that if one of a herd of deer is killed when the wind is blowing away from them towards the hunter, thus preventing them from hearing the crack of the rifle, the survivors continue their feeding. Death, that terror to all mankind, is a specter to the intellect only; it carries no fear to the brute creation.

It requires but little imagination to hear my opponents say: "That is all high-sounding, but you forget that a man whose life or property is endangered can always depend upon the sympathy of a jury to aid him, and no jury in the world would ever convict a man of a crime when he was merely defending his property. A jury does not expect a man to indulge in subtle reasoning at a time when his feelings are aroused."

Very well. Resort is to be had to sympathy. Let us see who is entitled to it. Let the facts be as I have stated them. The defendant has employed to defend him an experienced and skillful criminal lawyer—the best to be had in the community where the trial is to take place. The prosecution is represented by a more youthful, and perhaps far less artful, disciple of Blackstone, and we will look to him to make up, in enthusiasm and love of the things that God has made, for what he lacks in years and training.

The attorney for the defense thus closes: "And now, gentlemen, you have been wearied and your valuable time taken by the attempt of misguided game protectionists to send my client to jail—for what? for attempting to defend his property from destruction; for driving away certain wild birds which were actually taking away from him that which was his. He has told you how they came again and yet again to his vines and ate of his crops; and that finally, exasperated, he loaded his gun and destroyed some of them. For this he was arrested and cast into prison until good friends got him his temporary liberty. If you find him guilty he will be imprisoned for a term of months or called upon to pay a fine out of his small store of hard earned dollars. At whose behest, after all, sirs, is he now on trial? The people of this community? No. The gun clubs of the State; they who passed the laws which prohibit your own sons from earning an honest dollar in the limited time permitted him by the aristocracy to sell the results of a day's shooting on your own land. Think of it? Game which feeds upon your own crops, and which is killed upon your own land, your own boys cannot dispose of at a profit.

"The defendant here is a hard-working, honest man. No word has or can be uttered against him in this community. Rising early winter and summer he has cultivated the soil, pruned his vines, and made ready for the harvest that comes to honest toil. Working long and late he has no time for a consideration of the fine spun theories about property with which the attorney for the people will soon seek to becloud you. Will you send my client to jail for defending his own or will you acquit him and send him back to his work and to his family which waits for him to be cleared of this infamous prosecution?"

* * *

This is an argument which might acquit most men before the average jury. How will the attorney for the people answer it?

"I have attempted to review the facts, and will not detain you long in closing," says our young defender of winged creatures after recalling to the jury the testimony.

"If the defendant has broken the law

without what you consider sufficient excuse in the eyes of the law he should be punished. He has admitted that he has broken the law. Does the evidence show that there was anything to excuse his action? Did he exhaust his remedies before attempting to destroy the property of the State? For, sirs, you must remember that the wild game of the country is the property of the State. As much yours as mine and as much mine as yours. Would the defendant not have accomplished as much by discharging his gun in the air as he did by killing? What lesson was conveyed to the survivors? Have they promised never to eat of his grapes again? And that brings me to this: Instead of eating his grapes may it not have been that they were feeding upon destructive insects, and thus were benefactors instead of enemies to him who would slay them? Have you not known the meadow lark to put his slender bill down to the roots of the growing grain and feed upon the worms there? What proof is there of this? Why, the simplest in the world; so simple that even my learned opponent will admit it: the grain grows better where the larks have been.

"You have been told that this is a prosecution at the instance of private interests, and that your son has been prevented from earning an honest dollar because he cannot sell the quail he shoots. Let us examine that. Does the poor man who goes into a restaurant to eat indulge in the expensive luxury of broiled quail? If not, then he is not hurt. If the rich man is deprived of such dainties, and still desires something with which to tickle his jaded palate, what must he take instead? Will he not order squabs, or young chicken? And who raises them, pray? I ask you, who are mostly farmers, if it be not true that the price of these products of the farm are not lowest when the market is open for game birds, and highest when the season is closed?

"But that, sirs, is an appeal to your baser selves. The game laws have been passed and are being enforced upon the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. Even were it not the law that certain game birds shall be protected during certain seasons, is it honest, is it fair, is it humane to kill them when they are breeding? Have you not seen a mother quail watching over her little brood, seeing that they get the best feed, and training them to the ways of their kind? Have you ever watched her when alarmed, drooping her wing as though wounded and running in a direction opposite to that taken by her flock, so that you will chase her and not her chicklets? Is it not natural for us, while watching her and her little ones, to recall our own little families, and to compare the motherly little birds of our forests and hills to our own little wives at home—patient, ever careful, ever watchful of the babes at their knees? The game laws are for the purpose of preventing an act so cruel, so ruthless and so destructive as the killing of the parent birds while breeding and caring for their young. Nothing more. To this end laws have been passed which bear harder on some than on others; which take more pleasure from some than from others; but their purpose is to conserve the game of the State so that it may be here for your children and their children in the future instead of being unreasonably and foolishly exterminated today. The defendant here has broken the law, instead of upholding it as all good citizens should. He defends himself by saying that he was defending his property—from what? From a marauding band of buccaneers, a troop of wild horses, a regiment of pillaging soldiers—no, a small flock of gentle quail that would have flown away like the wind had he but raised his hand. If you permit him to go free, then it may suddenly come to every man who kills game out of season on his own property that he is merely acting in self defense."

* * *

Each man must answer unto himself whether such an appeal would lead him to hold a defendant charged with the crime we have imagined guilty. That such a defense as the one portrayed is not good in law I have attempted to show. That such a defense might be made before a jury and acquit I admit. The ultimate result necessarily depends upon the degree of enlightment of the jurors. I can only say that poor indeed is the intelligence which will not find that laws for the preservation of the forests and streams and wild game of a country are as necessary to our welfare as are the laws for the protection of man himself.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.

WHITE--Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover, 25 in one day.
Doves, Ducks, - - - - - - - 50 in one day.
Rails, - - - - - - - - - 20 in one day.
Deer (male), - - - - - - - 3 in one season.

	January.	February	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
DEER,							Jul. 15					
DOVES,		Feb 15										
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN,		Feb 15										
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL,		Feb 15								Oct 15		
TREE SQUIRRELS,												
TROUT,												
STEELHEAD TROUT,									Sep 10	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15),									Sep 10	Oct 16		
LOBSTER or CRAWFISH (Not less than 9½ in. long),								Aug 15				
BLACK BASS,												
SHRIMP,												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in across the back),												

N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

To Buy, Sell, Offer for Sale, Barter or Trade, at any Time, any Quail, Pheasant, Grouse, Sage Hen, Ibis, Plover, or any Deer Meat or Deer Skins.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, Elk or Antelope.
To take or kill Pheasants, or Bob-White Quail.
To run Deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured *written* authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or *without* your name and address.
To *buy* or *sell Trout* less than *one-half pound* in weight.
To take, at any time, Sturgeon, or female Crabs.
To take Abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take Trout or Black Bass, except with hook and line.
To take Salmon, Shad, or Striped Bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set-net.
To take fish, in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell Striped Bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot Meadow Larks.
To shoot on enclosed land without permission.

LACROSSE

By R. R. L'Hommedieu

THE progress of Lacrosse in California will be watched with interest by the followers of the pastime. It is a game that is peculiar to the North American Indian and especially to those of the north-eastern part of the United States. Being one of the prominent pastimes of the aborigines of the country it seems strange that it is not the national game of the United States as well as of Canada. It is faster, more scientific, and has proved to be more beneficial than baseball or any other of the sports and pastimes that are so popular at the present time.

There is nothing that can surpass a clean, well-played game of Lacrosse. It brings into use every muscle in the body which is brought into play by the mind. It is the mind in every other form of competition that is the pre-eminent factor of success; but in Lacrosse it is called upon to act quicker than in any other branch of recreation. It is this required quickness of both mind and body which constitutes the chief recommendation of the game.

TO THE RESCUE

THE REDS AND GRAYS AFTER A HARD BATTLE

Lacrosse's chief merit lies not so much in the quantity as in the quality of the exercise involved. It gives as much if not a great deal more running than baseball, cricket or football and requires a quicker eye than any other field game, excepting baseball and cricket; its running must be of the best, for to succeed a man must run steadily and in good form, since the ball is only allowed to be carried while resting on the crosse or stick. Just as the Austrian officers prove their graceful dancing by waltzing around the room holding a glass of wine, so may a man prove his graceful running by carrying on the slippery foundation of a Lacrosse stick an India rubber ball and evading on uneven ground the attack of numerous and active foes.

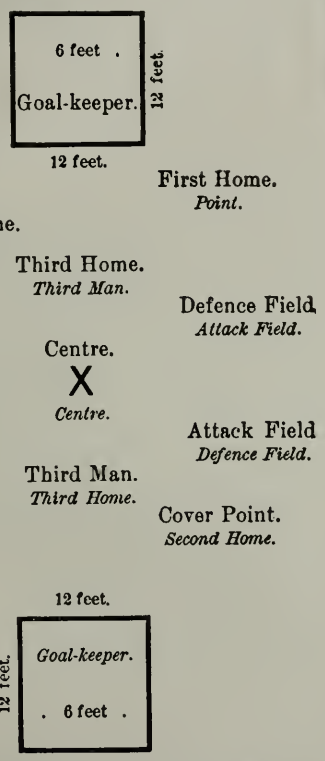
Like every other phase of recreation which successfully meets the ever changing demands of time, its rules are the simplest. A match is played by thirteen players on a side. Twelve take an active part while the thirteenth, as field captain, directs the play. This is necessary as a player never has time enough to stop to take in the field to see what member of his side is in a vantage position to receive the ball. The idea is to pass or throw the ball from one to another of a team until it can be brought close enough to the competitor's goal so that it can be thrown between the goal posts and a point scored. The ball is handled by the player in "crosses" or sticks. The original crosses with which the ball was carried or thrown consisted of a stick about three feet long, bent in a hoop at the end just enough to hold the ball, and covered with a net-work made in the early days of "wattup" (small roots as used for stringing bark canoes) and later of deer skin, ornamented with feathers and tufts of hair. This is similar to those used at the present time only the hoop is wider and the net-work to catch the ball larger, it measuring some nine inches across and extending half way down the length of the handle.

Some of the tribes in the past played with two sticks carrying one in each hand. The ball in early times was made of deer skin stuffed with hair. As for goals, any rock or tree that happened to be handy

A DASH AFTER THE BALL

served the purpose for ordinary games. In grand matches a single stake was driven in the ground in some cases a point being scored when the ball was carried past the line of the stake, in others the ball having to strike the stake. The goals were set up at a distance of 500 yards to half a mile apart, while in the present game the goal posts are set 120 yards apart.

The players in a Lacrosse team dispose themselves on a field of play as in the diagram. It will be seen at once that every man on one side (excepting the goal keeper) is "marked" by a man on the other side; and the marking or "covering" is a great feature of the play, for no player at any time is allowed to be left to himself unless he can gain a free position by skillful maneuvering. The goals appear at first sight ridiculously small in comparison with the



One team is shown in Roman, the other in Italic.

goals of a football ground; but the smallness of the India rubber ball that is used and the extreme swiftness with which it can be thrown must be remembered.

As to the players' various duties the goal keeper should be the best all-player in the team. He must be an adept with his crosse, must know every imaginable trick of throwing the ball and every dodge to gain a clear throwing room. His duties do not end with stopping shots at goal and clearing the ball away —he must send the ball to the particular man who can do most with it for the benefit of his side. Often he must rush out and prevent an attacker making a shot. He learns to meet swift balls with his crosse by instinct, as a cricketer learns to bat.

"Points" duties are to check the attacking man, "first home," and to prevent all pot-shots at goal at close range. He must be a powerful man, and, like the goal-keeper, must be able to throw well under all manner of difficulties. His line of throw should be straight down the center of the field to "third

THE DRAW

home's" position. He works with "cover-point" and the main duties of each are to harass the attack.

"Third man" has a wider range of action—he checks "third home" on the other side and intercepts, also, the "attacking wings" and "center" when they break away from their checkers. He must mark his men assiduously and must never run far up field with the ball.

"The defence fields" must be speedy men, as they must mark speedy attacking men, whom they must try to prevent getting the ball at all.

"Center" has unlimited range and must be a good goal shot, but his principal duties lie not so much in running up and scoring goals himself, as in "feeding" his five attacking men, and he must hover, ever on the alert, to catch the ball for the purpose.

The five attacking men want unlimited wind and unlimited pace; those on the wings are likely to give the defence most trouble if they are up to their work. The "home's" primary duty is to receive passes and shoot goals; they must be dead shots and must be able to catch the ball and throw it in at the goal with practically one movement. The most approved shot is one in which the ball strikes the ground a couple of yards in front of the goal-keeper who, of course, cannot tell at what angle it will come up to him. No first-class Canadian "home" ever plays with one hand only; this being, however, a common fault of British players.

A CRITICAL MOMENT

MOTIVES of many kinds are at the bottom of the presently growing opposition to automobiles. With many the motive is, of course, self-interest. You cannot reasonably expect a man who keeps a livery-stable to be an advocate of a means of travel which threatens his livelihood. The men who build buggies, make harness or are engaged in other trades dependent on the horse, are actuated by the same motives. Even if a man is clear-headed enough to acknowledge that the new mode of travel is an improvement and is certain to become general he still wishes its adoption to be deferred till he himself has passed away and is concerned no longer with the means of getting from one place to another. He wants the old order of things to last his time. After him the deluge.

There is no argument that can be brought against the automobile that was not advanced long ago and with greater force and truth against the railroad. Indeed, an automobile is in many ways much less offensive, objectionable and dangerous than a locomotive. The automobile emits no smoke, makes no thunderous noise and requires no iron track. The most delicate landscape suffers no injury from its presence. In many cases old historical monuments have been torn down, castles and manor houses demolished, parks and gardens desolated to make room for the hideous parallel lines of steel, the ugly bridges and viaducts, the unpicturesque depots and freight sheds of the railroad. None of these things are done for the automobile. The opponents of the automobile, no matter what their "prominence," social standing, book-knowledge or wealth may be, are merely the mental barbarians whom we have always with us. They are incapable of adapting themselves to novel conditions and fail to recognize that all changes involve some inconveniences and require some readjustment.

The above remarks are suggested and illustrated by the ordinance recently passed by the Supervisors of Marin county with regard to automobiles which are entirely forbidden on narrow or mountainous roads or between sunset and sunrise. About fifteen of the most picturesque roads of the county are barred absolutely from the automobilist. These roads are to be provided with signs of warning. The person operating an automobile must be eighteen years of age, skillful, possessed of three months' continuous experience and a permit. He must take oath that he is of the requisite skill and the prescribed age. He must also be able to write for he must subscribe his name to a written document setting forth the required facts. Having obtained his permit he must display the number of it in such a manner as to be "perceptible at a distance of 300 feet." His machine must be equipped with efficient brakes and a signal bell or horn. He may go at ten miles an hour on a level, but at five miles only on a grade. If he meets a horse, mule, donkey, cow, goat, dog or other domestic animal that is being driven or led in the opposite direction he must stop his machine to the right of the center of the road, at a distance of 300 feet and must wait until the domestic animal has passed. For violation of any of the above provisions the automobilist may be fined a minimum of ten dollars or a maximum of $250 or be imprisoned one day for each two dollars of the fine.

At the meeting at which the ordinance was passed Mr. F. A. Hyde appeared on behalf of the Automobile Club of California and said that the club wished to join with the people of Marin county in securing a reasonable ordinance; that horses would soon cease to shy or be alarmed at automobiles; that motor-cars would soon be greatly reduced in cost so as to be within the reach of a mechanic or laborer. He suggested that the mere record of the license, without any written statement under oath from the applicant is sufficient to fix the responsibility of the operator of an automobile; that no motor-car could ascend a grade without using a higher speed than five miles per hour and that the best way to avoid accidents is to educate the horse to pass the automobile while it is moving.

That every place has its quota of persons who from prejudice or natural dullness are unable to see the signs of the times or seeing to interpret them was evidenced at the Marin county seat on Thursday, June 4. Dr. Crosby, head of the Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy and Mr. W. Babcock vaguely described as a capitalist, spoke strongly against the automobile. The former, with the intolerance so commonly found among men of his profession (who have consorted with immature intellects till their own minds have become stunted), spoke of the automobile as the gravest menace to life and property and urged the Supervisors to set a noble example to other county boards by passing a still more stringent ordinance. I had not the pleasure of hearing the speech of the "capitalist" in favor of the ordinance and the report before me devotes barely two lines to his remarks, but presumably they were to much the same purpose as those of the head master.

It is strange, or seems so, that men presumably of some intelligence and education (one being a head master of an academy and the other a man of means) should stand forth as the champions of ignorance and prejudice. The head master's advice to the Supervisors to make even greater asses of themselves than they have done was hardly needed, for county boards are certain to possess as large a stock of ignorance, stupidity and prejudice as can be turned to any useful account. But the parson and the capitalist, even though their own personal feelings are against the automobile, should know that they are playing the part predestined to be played by the unintelligent. Even if they feel as they do, they should have the good sense to conceal the fact. The man who is a fool and knows it is half way on the road to wisdom.

Under the title of "Can I Afford an Automobile?" Mr. Henry Norman, M. P., has a most interesting article in the June issue of the *World's Work*. He says that, with proper care and intelligent management an automobile costing about $1,750 may be maintained for a year with a competent driver for a little more than $2,000. This includes the wages of the driver and an allowance of $325 for depreciation. The distance covered is estimated at 4,000 miles. He says that an automobile for two, costing from $650 to $1,000 may be kept up for a year without a driver at a net cost of $370. This sum includes an estimated loss of $250 on the sale of the machine after two years' use, tires, gasoline for 4,000 miles, lubricating oils and repairs, minus a saving of $75 in cab and railway fares.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE most important local event during May was the play-off of the tie in the series of home-and-home matches between teams representing the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs. This took place on Saturday, May 16, on the course of the Burlingame Country Club and was won 15 up by the Oaklanders. A strong wind blew, filling the air with dust and making things generally uncomfortable. It was supposed that the San Francisco team being accustomed to the high winds that blew over the Presidio course would be favored by the weather, but this did not turn out to be the case. The San Francisco team lacked the valuable services of John Lawson, who is on a visit to England, of B. D. Adamson who has been unable to play for nearly a year from a bad attack of poison oak, and S. L. Abbot and L. Scrutton. The greatest gain for Oakland was made by J. A. Folger who beat H. C. Brandon of San Francisco 10 up. As J. A. Folger is more familiar with the Burlingame course than any of the San Francisco or Oakland golfers, the fact of his playing in so low a place as ninth on the Oakland team is probably to be explained by an expectation that he would be likely to "make a killing" there which he certainly did. W. P. Johnson of Oakland beat H. C. Golcher of San Francisco 5 up; E. R. Folger beat H. M. Hoyt 6 up; F. S. Stratton lost 4 down to J. W. Byrne; C. P. Hubbard won 2 up from Dr. J. R. Clark; J. O. Cadman lost 5 down to Lieutenant J. S. Oyster; Dr. W. M. Carpenter won 1 up from Dr. T. G. McConkey; Frank Kales lost 1 down to H. A. Blackman; J. H. Ames lost 3 down to Charles Page; J. A. Folger won 10 up from H. C. Brander; George de Golia lost 1 down to A. S. Lilley; Arthur Goodall won 3 up from L. O. Kellogg, and A. H. Higgins won 2 up by the default of A. Babcock. The total number of holes won by Oakland was 29 and by San Francisco 14. E. R. Folger and H. M. Hoyt played 36 holes; as also did J. A. Folger and H. C. Brander. Dr. W. M. Carpenter and Dr. T. G. McConkey played 27 holes; all the rest of the matches were over 18 holes. This is the second time in the history of the local inter-club matches that a tie has arisen. In both cases the tie has been decided on the Burlingame course and the Oaklanders have won.

On May 9 the qualifying round for a match play handicap was held at the Presidio course, a prize being offered for the lowest gross score. This was won by H. C. Golcher, 42-42, total 84. The eight who qualified for the match play were: H. C. Golcher, J. W. Byrne, H. M. Hoyt, Dr. J. R. Clark, Dr. T. G. McConkey, S. L. Abbot, H. Babcock and C. H. Bentley, with scores ranging from 84 to 97.

In the opening match round H. C. Golcher (scratch) beat Dr. J. R. Clark (3) 5 up and 4 to play; S. L. Abbot (2) beat J. W. Byrne (2) 1 up on 20 holes; Dr. T. G. McConkey (4) beat H. M Hoyt (2) 1 up; H. Babcock (6) beat C. H. Bentley (6) 1 up. The closeness of three of these matches shows that the handicapping was remarkably good. In the second or semi-final round Golcher beat Abbot 3 up 2 to play and McConkey beat Babcock 3 up 2 to play. The final match was won by Golcher who defeated McConkey 2 up 1 to play. The winner took the first prize and the runner up captured the second award.

On Decoration Day there were golf contests on all the courses around the bay. On the Presidio course a score of players took part in a eighteen-hole handicap against bogey. J. W. Byrne, with a handicap of 3 strokes and R. I. Bentley with a handicap of eight strokes tied for first place with 3 down.

The San Rafael Golf Club on Saturday, May 16, held a qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal score, to determine the new playing order of the men. There was a strong wind and it was difficult to make good scores. R. Gilman Brown's 47 for the first nine holes and 100 for the eighteen holes were the best scores of the day. The sixteen players who took part in the order of their scores were as follows: R. G. Brown, A. G. Harvey, George E. Starr, R. J. Davis, J. J. Crooks, Douglas Hardy, A. A. Curtis, E. J. Hooper, George Heazelton, H. Dibblee, W. J. Casey, T. T. Williams, F. H. Green, G. H. Hellman, R. B. Hellman and Dr. H. O. Howitt, the last named making no returns. R. J Davis and J.

WM. FREDERICKSON
(*Los Angeles Country Club*)

J. Crooks tied, the latter taking fourth place and the former fifth. E. J. Hooper and George Heazelton also tied, the latter took eighth place and the former ninth.

On Saturday, May 23, the first seven played a team match against the second seven, R. G. Brown's team beating George Heazelton's team 9 up. R. G. Brown beat George Heazelton 2 up; A. G. Harvey beat E. J. Hooper 9 up; G. E. Starr lost 4 down to H. Dibblee; J. J. Crooks and W. J. Casey finished all square; R. J. Davis won by the default of F. H. Green; Douglas Hardy beat T. T. Williams 2 up, and A. A. Curtis lost to G. H. Hellman by default. Each player in the first team conceded a handicap of four bisques to his opponent in the second team.

On Decoration Day the qualifying round of the Council's Cup for men was held on the Happy Valley links. The day was very hot and many of the players were in somewhat poor form. A cup presented to the maker of the best score during the day was won by A. G. Harvey with 44-42, total 86. R. G. Brown was second with 46-49, total 95. The other scores were as follows: E. J. Hooper, 52-47, total 99; R. J. Davis, 52-49, total 101; A. A. Curtis, 54-49, total 103; J. J. Crooks, 55-49, total 104; W. J. Casey, 49-58, total 107; George Heazelton, 54-54, total 108; H. Dibblee, 56-59, total 115; Douglas Hardy, 52-66, total 118; T. T. Williams, 64-58, total 122; G. H. Hellman, 68-69, total 137. The first eight of these paired as follows, took part in the opening matches for the Council's Cup on Saturday, June 6; W. J. Casey vs. R. G. Brown; E. J. Hooper vs. R. J. Davis; A. A. Curtis vs. George Heazelton and J. J. Crooks vs. A. G. Harvey.

The contest for the Women's Championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association held on the course of the Los Angeles Country Club on May 4, 5, 6 and 7, was unusually interesting from the fact that it brought together some of the strongest women golfers of Northern and Southern California. Northern California was represented by Mrs. R. G. Brown of San Rafael, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Sarah Drum and Miss Edith Chesebrough of San Francisco and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood of Oakland. Twenty players entered the qualifying round on Monday, May 4. Of these twelve were from Los Angeles, three from San Francisco and one each from San Rafael, Oakland, Santa Barbara, San Diego and Catalina. The eight who qualified were Mrs. R. G. Brown whose score of 45-40, total 85 was the best that has ever been made by a woman on the Los Angeles Country Club course in a tournament; Miss Ada N. Smith, 89; Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, 94; Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, 98; Mrs. W. T. Bishop, 98; Miss Edith Chesebrough, 98; Miss F. Ives, 102, and Mrs. Frank Griffith, 102. Mrs. R. G. Brown won the silver medal of the P. C. G. A. for the best gross score, and Miss Ada N. Smith took the prize offered by the Southern California Golf Association for the second best gross score. For the handicap prizes Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and Miss M. Seymour tied, the former's score being 45-49, total 94, net 94, and the latter's being 57-51, total 108, less 14, net, 94. In the play-off Mrs. H. H. Sherwood's score was 43-47, total 90, and Miss M. Seymour's was 55-49, gross 104, less 14, net 90. The second tie was not played off, Miss Seymour taking the first prize by the default of Mrs. Sherwood.

Swenson Photo HIGH BUNKERS ON THE SANTA CATALINA GOLF CLUB COURSE

In the opening match play round on May 5, Mrs. W. T. Bishop beat Mrs. R. G. Brown 5 up 4 to play, the latter being quite out of form; Miss Florence Ives beat Mrs. H. H. Sherwood 1 up on 19 holes; Miss Edith Chesebrough won from Miss Ada Smith 4 up 2 to play and Mrs. J. W. Bowers beat Mrs. Frank Griffith 4 up 3 to play. In the semi-final round Mrs. Bishop beat Miss Ives 4 up 2 to play, and Mrs. Bowers won 1 up from Miss Chesebrough. In the final round on May 7 Mrs. Bowers beat Mrs. Bishop 2 up 1 to play and captured the women's championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association for 1903.

Miss Chesebrough played a strong, steady game throughout the meeting. In her match with Mrs. Bowers she was 3 up on the first nine holes, but Mrs. Bowers made the last round in 39 and won the

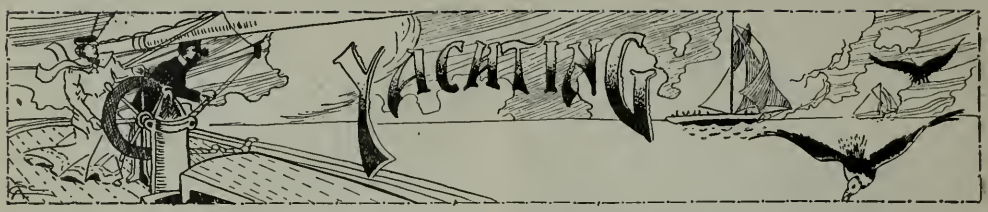
Inkersley Photo SAN DIEGO COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE

match. In the final match Mrs. Bowers was 3 down to Mrs. Bishop but played so strongly in the last round that she beat her opponent 2 up at the seventeenth hole.

The visitors from San Francisco enjoyed their stay in Southern California greatly and earned a high reputation for good sportsmanship. It is hoped that several Southern Californiennes will come north next year when the contest for the Women's Championship is held here.

At the close of the championship meeting a team match was played for the first time between ladies representing Northern California and Southern California, the trophy being a handsome silver cup presented by Dr. John Randolph Haynes. The conditions attached to the gift are that it be played for not oftener than once in six months and that it be held by the club to which most of the members of the winning team belong. The southern team was made up of Mrs. J. W. Bowers, Mrs. W. T. Bishop, Mrs. Frank Griffith and Mrs. Connelly. The northern representatives were Miss Edith Chesebrough, Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Miss Florence Ives and Miss Sarah Drum. The northerners won 6 up. Miss Chesebrough winning 4 up from Mrs. Bowers. The cup will be held by the San Francisco Golf Club until the next competition.

A visitor to San Francisco during the past two months was James L. Hutchinson, Jr., son. of the noted golf-club maker of North Berwick, Scotland. Hutchinson plays a strong game, having halved a match with the redoubtable Harry Vardon and having lost only 1 down to James Braid. On his way out to the Pacific Coast Hutchinson played a halved match with S. McEwen of Harrisburg. While here he played 36 holes with Robert Johnstone on the Presidio course. Johnstone was 1 up on the first eighteen holes and 3 up 2 to play on the second eighteen, winning the whole match 2 up. Hutchinson is on his way to Austrailia where there are now many golf clubs. He will travel to the principal cities playing exhibition matches and will settle as a resident professional if he gets a sufficiently good offer.



By Arthur Inkersley.

MAY was a busy month among the yachtmen of San Francisco Bay. The San Francisco Yacht Club held its opening jinks on Saturday, May 2, and its first cruise of the season on Sunday, May 3. On Saturday, May 2, the Oakland Canoe Club held a canoe race and reception in the afternoon and a dance at night. On Saturday, May 10, the Corinthian fleet cruised to McNear's Landing and the California fleet to Paradise Cove, returning to moorings next day. On Saturday, May 16, the San Francisco Yacht Club held a members' night at the club house, ping pong, billiards and other amusements being provided.

The first yacht race of the present season took place on Sunday, May 17. It was the annual "dinner race" of the California Yacht Club, each boat receiving a handicap based on her previous performances. The open character of these races usually attracts a large number of competitors, but this year the race was decidedly disappointing. The preparatory signal was to have been given at 12:50 p. m., and the starting gun at 1 p. m., but at that time several of the yachts had not yet sailed out of the Creek, the tide being foul. In order to give these boats a chance of reaching the starting line the preparatory signal was postponed till 1:35. At 1:45 the starting gun was fired but only four boats crossed the line, the sloop Thelma at 1:45:25, the sloop Espey at 1:45:57, the flagship Idler at 1:46:21, and the yawl Nereid at 1:46:25. There was a good, strong breeze from the west but in the channel it lightened. The yachts started from the south side of the Oakland mole instead of from the Alameda narrow-gauge pier as formerly. The course was to Blossom Rock buoy, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence to Goat Island shoal buoy, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence up the Oakland Creek, finishing across a line drawn from Hay & Wright's shipyard to the opposite side of the estuary, the distance being reckoned at ten and one-eighth nautical miles.

The sloop Thelma, sailed by Commodore S. S. Marshall, finished at 3:46:02 p. m., her elapsed time being 2:01:02, and her corrected time 1:57:45. The sloop Espey, which had cruised over from Tiburon to take part in the race, finished second at 4:00:39 p. m., her elapsed time being 2:15:39, and her corrected time 2:07:32. The yawl Idler, sailed by August R. F. Brandes, in the absence of Commodore George M. Shaw, finished at 4:06:01 p. m., her actual and corrected time being 2:21:01, she being the standard boat. The yawl Nereid did not round the marks and so was disqualified. Even as it was she finished last at 4:09:20. The race was sailed wholly on a flood-tide which made it difficult for the yachts to get out of the estuary in time for the start. The crew of the sloop Thelma was entertained at a dinner in San Francisco Friday, June 5. The regatta committee in charge of the race consisted of August R. F. Brandes (chairman), Roscoe L. Eames and Charles W. Muller.

On Saturday, May 23, nearly the whole fleet of the San Francisco Yacht Club cruised up to Paradise Cove and dropped anchor there for the night. Next day a huge fire was made and large boilers of clam chowder were prepared for the hungry yachtsmen. A great pile of clams was baked and large quantities of frankfurters, crackers, cheese and the necessary beer were also provided. A 100-yards swimming race was won by Louis Le Page, Dr. T. L. Hill being second. In the yawl race there were five starters, the winning crew being H. Haley, bow; W. W. Haley, stroke, and H. Macdonald, cockswain. A race in skiffs, using the hands as paddles, for a prize hung in the cross-trees of the sloop Ariel, was the next event. Scott was first to reach the Ariel and climb up her mast, but Farrar climbed up after him, pulled him down by the leg and secured the bottle of corn extract himself. A foot race was won by W. R. Harrison and a partnership race by C. E. Bull and R. W. Mason. The tug-of-war with about thirty on a side was won by the team having W. G. Morrow as anchorman. While the games were going on a strong wind was blowing off shore and some of the yachts dragged their anchors. None, however, suffered any damage.

Inkersley Photo
SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB HOUSE AT SAUSALITO

On Friday evening, May 29, some of the San Francisco and California fleet started for Vallejo which the other boats made on Decoration Day. On Sunday the San Francisco Club held a handicap race with time allowance based on the previous performances of the yachts from Vallejo to Sausalito. The start was across a line drawn from the float of the Vallejo Yacht Club to Mare Island, at a gun fired on board the flagship Thetis at 9:30 a. m. The yachts were allowed until 9:45 within which to cross the line without penalty. The sloop Aeolus crossed at 9:30:00; the flagship Thetis at 9:30:30; the sloop Challenger at 9:32:00; the sloop Surprise at 9:33:15; the schooner Josephine at 9:34:30; the yawl Royal at 9:35:00, and the sloop Halcyon at 9:42:00.

The breeze was good until The Brothers were reached when it became light and fluky. The sloop Challenger was first through Raccoon Straits, but between Angel Island and Sausalito she got into a calm streak and drifted for half an hour. She crossed the finishing line drawn from the clubhouse to the

yawl Tramontana at 2:08:45 P. M., the sloop Aeolus finishing at 2:19:30 P. M. The actual sailing time of the sloop Aeolus was 4:49:30, which, deducting her handicap of thirty minutes, gives a corrected time of 4:19:30. The sailing time of Challenger was 4:36:45 and her corrected time after deducting ten minutes 4:26:45. Aeolus, therefore, took first place by a margin of 7 minutes, 15 seconds. The schooner Josephine came through Raccoon Straits at about 5 o'clock, but none of the other yachts were in sight at that time. Aeolus, Challenger and Josephine won the first three prizes, but a fourth remains to be awarded. The sloops Thetis, Surprise and Halcyon and the yawl Royal will race down from Vallejo to Sausalito on some convenient day, probably July 5, on the return from the cruise to Napa City.

The most important recent yachting event was the annual regatta (the eighteenth) of the Corinthian Club on Decoration Day. The fact of the holiday and the Sunday coming together proved unfavorable to the regatta, for in the twenty-foot and special yawl classes no boats started and in the twenty-five-foot class the new sloop Neva and the sloop Discovery were the only starters. Neva showed great speed and got so far ahead of her only opponent that Discovery retired and did not finish. In the thirty-foot class the sloop Truant, Sans Souci and Aeolus crossed the line in the order in which they are named, Truant getting five minutes start of Aeolus. At the Presidio Shoal buoy Aeolus had made up the lost time and was abreast of Truant. Carl Westerfeld rounded the buoy very closely and from that point outsailed Truant. Harpoon of the thirty-six foot class led all the yachts at the buoy followed by Aeolus, Truant, Sans Souci, Emma, Edna, Speedwell and Mischief. At Blossom Rock buoy twenty minutes separated Harpoon and Mischief, while Emma, Sans Souci, Edna and Speedwell were near together. At the leeward stakeboat Harpoon was first, followed by Neva, Aeolus, Truant, Sans Souci, Speedwell, Emma and Edna, Commodore Sagar, by a clever piece of sailing, crowding Edna in between Emma and the stakeboat. Emma, however, outfooted Edna and the temporary advantage was quickly lost. After rounding the leeward stakeboat Neva sailed to the starting line and finished while the others made a second beat out to Presidio Shoal buoy. Here Harpoon, which had the race easily in hand, made a serious mistake. The other boats in order to get out of the full force of the flood tide kept close in shore, making short tacks, but Harpoon stood over towards the Marin shore hoping to find an ebb eddy that would help her. But the move proved fatal for she lost her commanding lead and retired from the race without finishing. In the race last year between Challenger and Harpoon the San Francisco boat immediately after leaving Alcatraz kept over towards Point Cavallo, while Harpoon made short tacks along the Presidio shore. In the case of Challenger the move proved successful but the condition of the tide was, doubtless, not the same as on Decoration Day. The sloop Speedwell, excellently sailed by E. Howard, led at the Presidio Shoal buoy and crossed the finishing line first of all the yachts that sailed the whole course. The rest finished thus: Aeolus, Emma, Edna and Truant.

Neva won the prize flag in the twenty-five-foot class being the only boat of the class that finished. Aeolus took first flag and Truant second in the thirty-foot class, Sans Souci not finishing. Emma won first and Edna second flag among the thirty-six footers, Harpoon failing to finish. First flag in the forty-four-foot class was won by Speedwell, Mischief not finishing. In the thirty-foot class the non-appearance of Frank Stone's Presto robbed the race of an element of interest; and in the thirty-six-foot class the same builder's Meteor was missed. Aeolus won a decisive victory over Truant, beating her by twenty-six minutes, nineteen seconds actual and twenty-six minutes, forty-three seconds, corrected time. Emma beat Edna by the narrow margin of one minute, three seconds actual, and three minutes, ten seconds, corrected time.

The tide was flooding throughout the whole race, the breeze was strong and steady and the water remarkably smooth. In fact the weather was ideal for yacht racing. The regatta committee, the press and a few spectators followed the race on the steamer *Sunol*. The regatta was under the management of T. J. Kavanagh, P. J. Martenstein and J. K. Bulger. Frank Baker's sloop Emilie, decorated with flags, served as leeward stakeboat. None of the yachts met with any accident or mishap, the only ground for regret being that so fine a day for yacht racing should have brought out so small a number of boats. The details of the regatta are shown in the table:

ANNUAL REGETTA OF THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB, DECORATION DAY, 1903.

Yacht.	Racing Length in Feet.	Starting Time. H. M. S.	Finishing Time. H. M. S.	Elapsed Time. H. M. S.	Time Allowance. M. S.	Corrected Time. H. M. S.	Position.
Twenty-five-Foot Class—Start at 12:05 P. M.							
Discovery	22.70	12:09:30	*		3:23		
Neva	21.90	12:09:56	2:49:50	2:39:54	4:55	2:34:59	1
Thirty-Foot Class—Start at 12:15 P. M.							
Aeolus	27.64	12:20:00	3:32:35	3:12:38	3:17	3:09:18	1
Truant	27.78	12:15:03	3:54:00	3:38:57	2:56	3:36:01	2
Sans Souci		12:16:30	*				
Thirty-six-Foot Class—Start at 12:25 P. M.							
Emma	32.12	12:29:44	3:32:48	3:03:04	4:29	2:58:35	1
Edna	33.82	12:29:33	3:33:40	3:04:07	2:13	3:01:54	2
Harpoon	32.90	12:27:00	*				
Forty-four-Foot Class—Start at 12:35 P. M.							
Speedwell	37.30	12:35:51	3:29:14	2:53:23	2:19	2:51:04	1
Mischief	39.55	12:35:51	*				

* Did not finish.

On Independence Day the California Yacht Club will hold its annual race for the Wallace trophy and after the race several of the fleet will start on the up-river cruise, returning on July 12. On Sunday, July 26, there will be a race for yawls of which there are ten on the roll of the club.

The San Francisco Yacht Club will spend the Independence Day holidays in a cruise to Napa City, having received an invitation to add to the gaiety of the town at that time. On the 19th there will be a special ladies' and members' night at the club house at Sausalito, and on the 25th the annual cruise up the Sacramento River will begin.

The Corinthians' cruise to Martinez on July 3, through Montezuma Slough to Vallejo on the Fourth, returning to Tiburon on the 5th. On July 19 the race in cruising rig with handicaps based on previous performances will be held. This event has now become an annual one and excites a great deal of interest as every boat in the fleet has a chance of winning.

At the time of writing (June 4) work has begun on the new boat of the Corinthian Yacht Club which will challenge for the Perpetual Cup at present held by the San Francisco Yacht Club.

SOUTH COAST YACHT CLUB REGATTA

By Herbert E. Carse.

LAST season the South Coast Yacht Club had five races, this year only three were planned, the first taking place May 30. The first boat failed to finish within the time limit and the race was declared off and sailed the next day, Sunday, May 31.

The course was a ten mile run, beginning at Brighton Beach pier, thence in a southeasterly direction about three miles to Long Beach pier, thence in a westerly direction about five miles to a stakeboat off the new government breakwater and finishing by a two mile run to the starting point.

The conditions on May 30 were not favorable; a cloudy sky with a light wind from an unusual direction for the start. The course crossed a doldrums between a land breeze and a slightly stronger sea breeze which gave boats within a hundred foot strip a flapping sail, and another boat within speaking distance a fair wind. This exasperating hunt for wind found one of the smallest of the fleet, the Czarina, in the twenty-foot class, in the lead when the time limit expired, the other racers being hull-down over twelve points of the compass.

The evening found most of the boats anchored in front of Brighton Beach Hotel on Terminal Island. The yachts were decorated with Japanese lanterns and the members of the club and friends enjoyed the dance and refreshments given at the hotel in honor of the opening day.

The regatta committee hurriedly made arrangements to pull off the race the next day, Sunday, and at 12:15 P. M., the starting gun found nine starters out of fourteen entries ready to hustle for the pennant.

The contestants were:

Class A, 30-foot.

	Racing Length.	Corrected Time. Hr.M.Sc.
Marie	26.1	3:03:40
Shark	26.0	.....
Eagle	not measured	.....
Edna	25.4	3:17:13

Class B, 25-foot.

	Racing Length.	Corrected Time. Hr.M.Sc.
Venus	24.0	2:41:30
Helene	24.0	3:01:34
Osborn	23.6	3:05:44
Katrina	23.2	3:17:33

Class B, 20-foot.

	Racing Length.	Corrected Time. Hr.M.Sc.
Esperanza	20.0	.....
Czarina	19.8	3:08:09
Myth	19.6	.....
Ariel	18.5	3:23:18
Frolic	17.8	fell out.

The result left Marie, thirty-foot class, victor with corrected time of 3 hours, 3 minutes, 40 seconds; Venus, winner in the twenty-five-foot class, covered the course, hull-down ahead of all the others in 2 hours, 41 minutes, 30 seconds, while little Czarina, which failed miserably last year, won in the twenty-foot class over Ariel, a little modern racer which comes new to the club this season. The weather was much like the day before: a light wind full of soft spots and a considerable chop off Long Beach. The triangular course with no beat to windward made a rather tame race. Venus is great in a light wind and a good healthy sailing breeze would have changed the position of many of the boats materially. The next race is set for July 19.

The South Coast Yacht Club has been devoting itself to acquiring a home, having purchased a lot on the bluff overlooking the outer harbor. They are now building a wharf on a recently acquired franchise below the property, and a club house soon will be built.

No new boats excepting Ariel have joined the sailing fleet this season. Venus, formerly belonging to Joe Fellows, is now the property of Commodore Herbert Pease. Esperanza has been sold by Klint Hannawalt to Mr. Griffes and Shark went from Herbert Pease to Mr. Gregory.

The prospect is for good sport off Coronado when Sir Thomas Lipton sends along that perpetual challenge cup for Pacific Coast contestants. The Corinthian Yacht Club of San Diego is moving along with their organization acquiring club house property, members and an enviable reputation for good fellowship. The venerable San Diego Yacht Club has revived, taken a new lease of life and are securing a location across the bay of San Diego in Glorietta Cove. Yachting as a whole seems a little more quiet this season than last but the firm way in which the clubmen are going along with their plans augurs well for yachting in Southern California.

OARSMEN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA IN THE NORTH

By Arthur Inkersley.

TEN years ago on February 25, 1893, the Boating Association of the University of California was organized and a boathouse was erected in Sessions' Basin, Oakland Creek. These comfortable quarters, occupying a space of twenty-eight feet, six inches by sixty-three feet, six inches, were a year or two later destroyed by fire. The Boating Association seems never to have recovered from the blow, though a new boathouse of much more modest pretentions has been built on the site of the first.

Last year the Boating Association made a special effort to revive the interest in rowing. President Wheeler and the faculty would like to see rowing occupying the same place in the minds of the undergraduates and the public that intercollegiate football does, but their wish seems still a long way from realization. In September of last year Henry Peterson, the well-known professional sculler and oarsman, was engaged as a coach for the Berkeley undergraduates and races between crews representing the various classes of the university were arranged. From time to time there has been talk of holding an annual contest between the Universities of California and Stanford, but so far nothing has been done.

Inkersley Photo

CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB FLOAT AT TIBURON

A year or two ago a junior four of the University of California took part in the Astoria regatta and returned with a cup as an acknowledgment of their trouble in journeying so far. In May of the present year a crew of the University of California paid a second visit to northern waters. The four consisted of E. J. Grindley, bow and captain; S. S. Smith, No. 2; W. B. Dandy, No. 3, and E. B. Harley, stroke. The crew arrived at Portland, Oregon, on May 26, by the steamer *Columbia* and went out in their shell on the Willamette River the same afternoon. The crew of the Portland Rowing Club selected to meet the visitors was made up of George Luders, bow; Duncan, No. 2; Montgomery, No. 3, and King, stroke. It was coached by Captain Stowell and Richard Hart. The California crew was heavier but had not had so much practice together as the Portland four, which had been out every Sunday during the winter and spring. The race was rowed on Decoration Day over a course of a mile and a half and was won by several lengths by the Portlanders in nine minutes, ten seconds. The home crew got away first and kept its lead all the time.

On June 1 the Californians reached Seattle and

SOLID COMFORT

took up their training quarters at Madrona Park, using a boat belonging to the James Bay Club of Victoria, B. C. The University of Washington four had a Canadian boat of just the same type. On Wednesday, June 3, the race took place on Lake Washington, the boulevard along it affording an excellent view of the course. Shortly before the time for the start one of the crew of the University of Washington broke an oarlock and it was supposed that the race would have to be postponed. The visitors were then asked to row over the course so as not to disappoint the spectators. The injury to the Washington boat was repaired and the visitors were called on to row the race, three hours being given for rest. The Californians threw away whatever chance they may have had of winning by wild steering near the finishing line and lost by three lengths in nine minutes, thirty-three seconds.

It is certain that no keen interest either among the undergraduates at Berkeley or the public at large will be felt in university rowing until regular annual races take place between Stanford and the University of California. A few years ago there was a boat club at Palo Alto, but rowing has never been a popular recreation there. There is a little lake in the university grounds but it is of the dimensions of those found at picnic resorts on in public parks. It has been suggested that a portion of the bay should be made available for rowing but enthusiasm is lacking.

Inkersley Photo

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CREW, SESSION'S BASIN

CANOEING IN PACIFIC WATERS

By R. R. L'Hommedieu.

CANOEING in California has not met with the support that will compare with its reception in the Eastern waters. This is not on account of the lack of enthusiasts but on account of the weather conditions which drive away the half-hearted sportsman. Canoeing in California, especially the racing branch of the sport, is the acme of all that can be wished for. It is not the kind of a game that the young man with stiffly starched ducks is looking for, with just enough wind so that he can make a showing with the sliding seat. But it is the kind of sport that calls for true, honest nerve. It means a ducking every time one goes out in a race and the events are only won by the most athletic, for there is hardly another sport that calls for the same amount of exercise as a canoe race on the waters of San Francisco Bay or its tributaries. To get the best out of a canoe the skipper must continually work his sliding seat to its fullest capacity to keep his boat right side up and even then he is not always successful as has been seen in many of the contests of the Oakland Canoe Club.

But an upset does not always mean the loss of the race, for if the skipper is made of the right stuff he will get her back on an even keel and finish it out. In most canoeing centers a spill means the withdrawal from the contest. One of the most hotly contested events ever seen on local waters was won after such a spill. It was back in the early '90s, when the Oakland navy had just been started and George Warder, a thorough "Jabberwock" was fighting in the Gnat for the first place against W. W. Blow in the Mystic, that the sliding seat of the former broke and dropped him in the "drink." At the time Warder was leading by a nice distance and he looked a sure winner. The moment he went overboard he grabbed the canoe and placing his foot on the center-board turned the Gnat right side up. The sails were wet and the cockpit half full of water but he did not give up, and sailed the race out, winning by the smallest of margins.

FLAGSHIP BEATRICE, O. C. C.

"GNAT" AT THE PRESENT DAY

This has often been repeated but not always with the same successful result. The canoeists of San Francisco are not pond sailors—as proven time and again when they have crossed the channel to Belvedere in the middle of summer when the wind has been howling its worst. It is from the canoeists that some of the yachtsmen have come. One of the star skippers of the present time, W. G. Morrow, was in 1888 a member of the Oakland Canoe Club and sailed the Volant. Some of the best foremast hands on the yachts have also been canoeists for from their gymnastic practise in the canoe they are able to hold their feet without hanging on to the rigging

Canoeing in California began in 1886 when the Oakland Canoe Club was formed. But previous to that time the sport was carried on by a few enthusiasts in an indifferent way. A. Dalton Harrison, now Commodore of the Encinal Yacht Club and still a member of the mosquito fleet, was practically the first to take to the canoe in local water. He sailed a Rob Roy canoe when a skipper was content to be the only ballast, taking things comfortable, setting on the bottom of the cockpit. Sliding seats and telescoping steering geer were unknown in those days.

It was about 1883 that Harrison took to the waters of the bay at Sausalito. After about a year's sailing at that place he went over to Oakland Creek and joined forces with W. W. Blow and Charley Yale who were then just beginning to become enthusiastic over the "small fry." Yale up to that time had been a member of the fleet of the "white ash breeze," having built what was then thought to be a light sliding-seat rowing boat which he named after his chum's daughter. It was called the Edna Wallace. It is something to look back to when it is considered what fame the same Edna Wallace has achieved in the theatrical world since that time.

This was the beginning of what is now the Oakland Canoe Club. In 1886, three years after these three

"MIST"—H. M. LANDSBERGER

men came together, the club was formed. The charter members were: W. W. Blow, E. R. Cooper, Hervey Darneal, R. T. Engelbrecht, P. Gonzalez, A. D. Harrison, A. W. Havens, C. W. Hilton, Milton Jones, T. P. Kendall, Charles Katzenbach, W. G. Morrow, George T. Wright, C. G. Yale and P. B. Yates.

The fleet at the organization consisted of: Mystic and Zephyr, W. W. Blow, owner; Undine, E. R. Cooper; White Cap and Zoe Mon, Hervey Darneal; Black Dwarf and Falcon, R. T. Engelbrecht; Columbia, P. Gonzalez; Flirt, A. D. Harrison; Water Lily, Milton Jones; Volant, W. G. Morrow.

The boathouse of the old Mystic Boat Club, which was the pioneer boating organization of the Oakland side of the bay, was the first home of the club. It was remodeled at the time to suit the purposes of the canoe club but it was but a short while before it was found too small and an addition had to be built. At that time it was located at the foot of Alice street. With the improvement of Oakland harbor it had to look for another site, which was found in Session's basin where it is at present.

The popularity of open races among the yatchmen on the bay can be traced directly to the canoe club, for in the early '90s George Warder and W. W. Blow organized the Oakland Navy—one of the most popular racing associations of its time. The events of this organization proved that it was possible for the yachtsmen of the different clubs to come together

A QUIET PADDLE ALONG THE ESTUARY

on a neutral ground for racing. Its place on the bay has been taken by the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association.

Oakland Creek is not the only place where canoe sailing is enjoyed, for the fleet of the Encinal Yacht Club at the present is composed of boats of the "mosquito fleet." Then the members of the Olympic Boat Club have taken to the sport. Altogether the outlook for canoeing is the brightest that this section has known for years.

EMPIRE GUN CLUB'S TOURNAMENT

ONE of the biggest, if not the biggest, blue-rock tournaments ever held on this Coast by any individual club was carried out at Alameda Point by the Empire Gun Club on Saturday and Sunday, May 30 and 31. The weather was perfect and a great many fine scores were made. Blue-rock targets thrown from two Magautraps provided the large delegation of shot-gun enthusiasts with plenty of material to work with for straight scores and as the targets were thrown slow and only forty yards, the amateurs had their inning. The grounds are admirably situated, being on a level marsh with clear sky for a perfect background made it an ideal spot for flying target shooting.

The program called for six events each day—three fifteen and three twenty bird races, making a total of one hundred and five shots for the first day and four fifteen and two twenty bird races, a total of a hundred birds, for the second day. Events No. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were open sweeps for the first day's shooting, $2.50 being added to all the fifteen-bird races and $5.00 to all the twenty-target events. Event No. 5 was the big merchandise match the first day and showed forty-eight merchandise prizes, divided into twelve separate and distinct classes, making it possible for a Simon pure amateur, who could only break nine targets out of a possible twenty shot at, to have a choice of four prizes, valuing all the way from a single barrel shotgun down to $2.50 cash. The management was extremely careful to have very good prizes appear in all classes from first to twelfth and as a precaution and protection to the poorer shots inserted these words as a foot-note in the program of the merchandise event: "If, in the opinion of the management, dropping for place has been apparent in the foregoing event, the right is reserved to distance handicap contestants in the tie shoot-off." Ties were to be shot off in five bird races, with extended ties on the "miss and out" plan. It is not known if any shooter had his eye on any particular good prize away down the list, but if he did he never dared to drop for it and take the chance of being distance handicapped in the tie shoot-off to twenty-four yards as luck would certainly have been against him from that point and no one cared to take the chance. It was certainly an excellent joker to put in a program and well served the purpose for which it was intended.

Event No. 5, the last on the program for the first day, was listed as Special Event No. 1 and was a "high gun" proposition. All the unclaimed merchandise prizes in event No. 4, in cases where there would be only one shooter in the class, were added to the prizes in this special event and made the event very attractive. This event alone brought out sixty-six entries of which only three had straight strings of fifteen each. These fortunate shooters were C. C. Nauman, California's champion shot, who also won high average during the two days' shoot, Fred Feudner and E. Klevashel. The tie was shot off with a win for Nauman, who beat Feudner by one bird. On Saturday, the first day, nearly one hundred shooters took part in the different events and the day's program was finished before 5 o'clock. Each train that passed the grounds in the morning at intervals of fifteen minutes, brought large delegations of sportsmen, some arriving as early as 7 o'clock before the grounds were open with a hope of getting in some practice before the scheduled events would be called. The result was that several thousand targets were thrown before 10 o'clock, when the first event was called according to program.

Event No. 1 was class shooting, entrance 75 cents, three moneys, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent, letting the thirteens in on some of the money. Nine straight scores were made in this event out of forty-seven shooters contesting, which shows that very good shooting was done.

Event No. 2 was at twenty targets, entrance $1.00, high guns to win. Number of entries determined number of moneys in this event.

Event No. 3, a fifteen-bird race, was class shooting, three moneys, same division as Event No. 1, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Event No. 4 called for twenty blue-rocks, high guns, number of entries again to determine number of moneys.

Event No. 5 was the Merchandise Match, twenty blue-rock flying targets, class shooting. In this event seventy-two shooters faced the Magautrap for a straight score and although all declared the targets extremely easy on account of the short flight they were thrown, only one contestant, A. J. Webb, the Empire Gun Club's crack shot, made a straight score of twenty breaks. He won the first prize offered in the event, a fine Lefever shotgun, without any tie shoot-off. Next highest score in this event was that of J. Burns who had nineteen breaks to his credit. The next class lower showed nine eighteens, namely Dock, Daniels, F. Feudner, L. Baird, Iverson, Carroll, Rosenberg, Hart and Hauer. Burns won a Winchester repeating rifle on his score of nineteen in the second class and as there was no one else in this class, the remaining three prizes were added to the prize list in Special Event No. 1, and so on down each class had a half dozen or more contestants tied for the prizes offered which were always fiercely contested for in the prize shoot-off.

D. Daniels, total of 100 breaks to his credit out of the 105 shot at, was the best average for the day. F. Feudner and A. J. Webb were a close second with a total of ninety-nine. C. C. Nauman third, with ninety-eight.

The second day, May 31, brought again fine weather with a slight breeze starting up in the morning. To be sure that the flight of targets would not be interfered with by the increasing breeze the management decided to throw a little stiffer target and have the speed indicators on the Magautraps set for a forty-five yard flight. This target, together with the dis-

tance handicap that was used in the three merchandise events, numbering four and Special Events No. 2 and 3 will account why the scores were not up to the first day's average. The distance handicapping was done from fourteen to twenty-three yards. C. C. Nauman, A. J. Webb and W. A. Siever shot from the limit distance, twenty-three yards, which was the severest handicapping ever done on this Coast and only one man ever shooting from a greater distance in a tournament, he being W. R. Crosby, who shot from the twenty-four yard line in the Consolation Event in the Great American Handicap at Kansas City. The distance at which Webb, Nauman and Siever shot was not amiss, as Nauman broke nineteen out of twenty shot at, and Webb closely followed with eighteen breaks. Siever's load was a little light for the long distance and he could not keep up the hot pace set by his competitors, Webb and Nauman. It was a pretty sight to see squad after squad file down the line and shoot at their different handicap stations. The limit men who shot from twenty-two and twenty-three yard marks were first to the score and then on down, squad after squad, until the big bunch of amateurs competed from the fourteen yard mark. This point looked to the limit men as though the fourteen-yarders were kicking the blue-rocks out of the trap as they seemed so close up.

The day brought forth many surprises in scores and D. Daniels, who seemed a sure winner for high average in the tournament the first day, finished in eighth position the second day, landing him in sixth position, a tie with Burns for high average. Dan said that the twenty-two mark put him "out of business" in so far as the high average was concerned, but Secretary Hauer who did the handicapping, maintained that Daniels' marvelous performance of the first day's shoot certainly warranted the handicap position at which he was placed. Another great surprise was that A. J. Webb did not win the high average, letting Nauman get away with a fine trophy that was offered by Frank H. Mayer, editor of WESTERN FIELD, for the prize, as it was always considered that Webb was the greatest Magautrap and distance handicap shooter on this Coast, he having had more experience shooting over the trap named and always shoots in the regular monthly meets of the club from the twenty-two yard mark. It is claimed that a little carelessness on Webb's part cost him the high average as he finished the two days' shoot five birds ahead of Nauman's score. But Event No. 4 and Special Events Nos. 2 and 3 being unlimited re-entry races, the highest score of each contestant only to count, Nauman was not slow to discover that some of his scores needed "plugging" and soon busied himself re-entering for a better score where one was necessary to bring up his average. It was not long before he had Webb tied and a lucky run of nineteen out of twenty in his eighth re-entry from the twenty-three-yard mark in Event No. 4 placed him one bird ahead of Webb and as the management had decided to stop taking any more entries the high average of the tournament went accordingly, Webb winning second by a close margin of only one bird behind Nauman.

M. J. Iverson finished in third position—$5.00 was given to each of the second and third high guns. The five lowest average prizes, each consisting of $2.50 cash and one year's subscription to WESTERN FIELD, for shooters who had shot throughout the entire tournament, were won, beginning with the lowest score and counting up the line, by the following contestants: T. L. Lewis, J. Peltier, Dr. Hutton, C. S. Fish and F. Walpert.

M. J. Iverson won the Baltimore hammerless gun that was offered as first prize in Event No. 4, he and J. H. Durst being the only two contestants with twenty straight in the event, Iverson winning in the tie shoot-off. This was a handicap event, Durst shooting from the eighteen-yard mark and Iverson from the twenty. The same conditions of handicap that applied in the Great American Handicap was used in this tournament, and Iverson in consequence was obliged to compete in the remaining events from the twenty-two yard mark. The long list of prizes were distributed by sundown and all the contestants went home happy, voting the tournament the most successful ever held on this Coast.

THE SACRAMENTO SHOOT

THE Kimball and Upson tournament at live birds and blue-rocks, held at Sacramento May 15, 16, 17, was attended with the usual full success which characterizes this important annual event.

On the first day forty-three contestants faced the live-bird traps in the various events, the first of which was a six-bird race in which G. A. Johnson, H. W. Davies, William Hulse, R. E. Callahan, W. H. Skinner, W. C. Brown, "Tooley," G. W. Gibson, R. Ahalf, F. J. Ruhstaller, W. S. Harkey and J. E. Haugh divided first money, $55. killing straight.

I. N. Gould, D. Barrett, J. A. Bailey, G. B. Hoxie, Matt Phillips, J. C. Burtis, Doc Steuart, J. F. Brown, F. N. Buergi, F. O'Brien, J. M. Morrison, J. Gusto, F. M. Newbert, W. G. Chiles, F. P. Smith, A. Johnson and O. Herold killing five each and dividing $37.

Second event, championship of Northern California.—In this event Gibson, Newbert, J. W. Humble and J. Viehmeier tied on straight of twelve, and in the shoot-off Gibson beat out Newbert, who was the last man to stay. Gibson killed twenty-one straight and Newbert twenty, missing the twenty-first bird.

Third event.—D. Barrett, G. W. Gibson, F. M. Newbert, J. W. Humble, J. Veihmeier divided first money, $125, with twelve straight. J. A. Bailey, Matt Phillips, J. M. Morrison, J. N. Godfrey, O. Herold, J. W. Hotchkiss, W. D. Peterson, "Tooley" divided second money, $63, with eleven. G. A. Johnson, I. N. Gould, H. W. Davis, William Huke, J. L. Zuver, G. B. Hoxie, A. Ahlf, Doc Steuart, F. Buergi, F. J. Ruhstaller, W. G. Chiles, F. P. Smith, Dr. Weldon and E. Holling divided $42, with ten kills.

Event four.—F. N. Buergi, O. L. Stevens, F. M. Newbert divided first money, $90. G. A. Johnson, J. A. Bailey, Doc Steuart, J. M. Morrison, J. W. Humble divided second money, $54. G. W. Gibson, A. Ahlf, Matt Phillips, J. F. Brown, W. S. Harkey, F. J. Ruhstaller, R. E. Callahan divided third money, $36.

Miss-and-out.—In the miss-and-out event Jones, G. W. Gibson, Doc Steuart, F. Buergi, F. M. Newbert divided the purse of $20.

Gibson and Newbert did the best shooting of the day, each losing only two birds out of forty-three birds shot at.

On the second day, despite a heavy wind, some excellent scores were made at blue-rocks by the seventy-nine contestants who braved the unfavorable conditions. The principal event of the day, No. 4,

KIMBELL & UPSON SHOOTING GROUNDS, SACRAMENTO

was the contest for the Kimball & Upson trophy, now held by F. M. Newbert. It was contested for by fifty-two participants and resulted in a tie between Stevens, Newbert, Englehart and Humble. In the final (second) shoot-off Newbert was victorious, breaking nineteen with Stevens and Humble finishing a dead heat with seventeen each. Mr. Newbert has now won this trophy twice and promises to become the actual champion next year.

The prize winners of the day were:

First Event.—First money, $17.50, Buergi; second money, $12.50, divided by Smith, Carll, Davis, Feudner; third money, $7.50, Gibson, Newbert, Damon, Barrett, Morgan, McElwaine, D. E. Newbert, Steadman.

Second Event.—First money, $30, Humble, Gibson, Barrett; second money, $18, Thompson, E. Feudner, Weldon; third money, $12, G. A. Johnson, Newbert, Hotchkiss, Gould, Damon, Peterson, Durst, O'Brien.

Third Event.—First money, Humble, Newbert, O. Stevens, Englehart; second money, Buergi, Skinner, Jones, Peterson; third money, G. A. Johnson, Smith, Hotchkiss, E. Feudner, Barrett, Weldon, Fissel, McElwaine.

Fourth Event.—For the Kimball & Upson trophy, won by Frank M. Newbert.

Fifth Event.—First money, Bailey, Gibson, Skinner, Durst, Holting; second money, G. A. Johnson, Davis, Thomason, Englehart; third money, Newbert, Mellor, A. Johnson, Barrett, Fissel.

Sixth Event.—First money, $17.50, Davis; second money, $12.50, Thomason, De Merritt; third money, $7.50, Godfrey, Peyton, Tooley, Peters.

Seventh Event.—First class, G. A. Johnson; second class, Stevens, Haugh, Maxwell, Durst, Holling; third class, De Merritt, Peterson, Barrett; fourth class, Johnson, Jones, Englehart; fifth class, Gallup, Damon, Peyton; sixth class, Haggerty, Just, Blair; seventh class, Fissel, Carll, Morgan; eighth class, Steuart, Hulse, King; ninth class, Epperson, Brown, Skinner; tenth class, Vetter, Pedrich, Godfrey.

Eighth Event.—First money, $30, Gibson; second money, $18, Thomason, Holling, Davis, F. Garnett, Gould, Duryea, Gusto; third money, $12, Peyton, Bailey, Newbert, Barrett.

The third day eight events were shot, including the individual championship of Northern California and the six-men team championship. Eighty-seven shooters contested during the day. The results were as follows:

First Event.—First money, $20, divided by G. A. Johnson, Humble, De Merritt and Guisto; second money, $12, divided by Hotchkiss, Githle and Hoag: third money, $8, divided by Childs, Blair, Holling, Peterson, Englehart, A. Johnson, O'Brien, Davis, Newbert, Smith, D. E. Newbert, Gould, Barrett and Godfrey.

Second Event.—First money, $30, won by Gibson; second money, $18, divided by Englehart, Smith and Bailey; third money, $12, divided by Holling Humble and McElwaine.

Third Event.—First money, $45, won by Peterson, second money, $27, divided by Tooley, Barrett Bailey, F. M. Newbert, A. Johnson, E. Feudner and Jones; third money, $18, divided by McElwaine, Holling, Englehart, Payton, Carll, Buergi and G. A Johnson.

Fourth Event.—First money, $55, divided by Newbert, Garnett and Fissell; second money, $33, divided by G. A. Johnson, Barrett, Ruhstaller, "Poor Bill" and Grieves; third money, $22, divided by Hoag, Githle, Rohrer, Peterson, Stevens, Davis, Buergi and Durst.

Fifth Event.—Championship of Northern California, won by F. M. Newbert. With Garnett and Fissell he tied on twenty straight and in the shoot-off Newbert won with a straight score of twenty.

Sixth Event.—First money, $40, divided by Smith and Payton; second money, $24, divided by Durst, A. Johnson, Peterson and Holling; third money, $16, divided by Englehart, Grieves, F. Newbert, Gibson, Humble, Godfrey, G. A. Johnson.

Seventh Event.—Merchandise prizes: First class, Carll and Haugh; second class, Gibson, Newbert, Hotchkiss; third class, De Merritt, Holling, Gould; fourth class, Gusto, Fissel, A. Johnson, McElwaine; fifth class, Peters, O'Brien, Humble; sixth class, Peterson, J. P. O'Brien, Jones; seventh class, D. Newbert, J. F. Brown, Brock; eighth class, E. Fuedner, Just, Gallop; ninth class, Callahan, Weldon; tenth class, Williamson, "Poor Bill"; eleventh class, Cotter, Davis, Blair; twelfth class, Tooley.

The high average of the tournament was won by F. M. Newbert with 222 breaks out of 260, followed by Barrett with 221 and Gibson with 220. Mr. Newbert also won the medal last year and was only outpointed by J. S. Fanning of New York, representing the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, but who was not in the competition on account of being a non-resident.

The team shoot between Dixon, Sacramento, Chico, Davisville and Willows was won by Chico with eighty-one out of ninety, all the other teams scoring seventy-seven each.

THE PACIFIC COAST TOURNAMENT

THE inanimate target tournament held at Ocean Park, May 15, 16, 17, was well attended and proved unusually successful despite the unfavorable weather conditions which obtained throughout the whole three days.

The Tufts-Lyon Arms Co.'s medal event, open only to residents of Southern California, was contested for on opening day in addition to the regular events. It was won by T. B. Mills of Santa Ana. The Ocean Park Country Club's team championship open to all Coast and adjacent Far West territory shooters was the special event of the second day. It was annexed by Nauman and Varien on a score of 47 out of 50.

On the third day the Pacific Coast championship, open to California, Arizona and Nevada shooters, fifty targets per man, for handsome silver trophy cup, was won by Guy Lovelace with a score of 47.

The Luckenbach Cup event which followed the above—three-man team contest, twenty-five targets per man—was won by a team composed of Nauman, Shemwell and Vaughn on a score of 69 out of 75. The third event of special interest on the last day was the merchandise contest, in which there were fifty-five contestants and about fifty prizes. This event was at twenty-five targets per man, and Arnold and Gibson tied for first and second prize on twenty-four each.

In the three day's shooting Nauman of San Francisco was high gun with an average of 88.6. Vaughn and Mills both of Santa Ana, were second and third in the averages with Lovelace, Shemwell of Los Angeles and Arnold of Oxnard tying for fourth place.

The scores made during the three days were as follows:

FIRST DAY.

No. Targets	10	15	15	20
C. D. Hagerman	4	14	14	20
W. W. Shennel	10	15	13	20
J. E. Vaughn	9	15	12	16
F. B. Mills	7	13	14	17
F. B. Naylor	7	11	10	14
J. H. Walker	9	12	11	19
F. Stone	10	14	11	14
J. B. McCutcheon	9	14	14	17
R. C. Shelton	9	13	14	17
V. Brewer	10	14	10	19
E. L. Blanchard	9	12	11	13
G. Lovelace	7	13	13	19
O. Hibbard	4	10	9	14
W. H. Fanen	8	12	13	20
Gus Knight	9	14	13	19
R. M. Arnold	8	14	14	17
S. Yancey	9	12	9	16
J. H. Carlisle	7	8	8	16
O. O. Orr	8	15	12	16
G. G. Garretson	6	11	15	13
E. A. Fano	8	10	13	17
Charles Julian	8	13	10	16
C. Van Valkenberg	9	13	13	17
D. D. McDonald	8	12	10	20
A. H. Dicker	6	7	10	13
C. E. Coultas	6	13	15	12
William Hicks	5	10	15	18
E. W. Murphy	9	12	13	17
C. A. Haight	8	12	13	20
Charles Carr	6	8	12	14
T. A. Work	10	6	11	14
C. J. Praud	9	15	12	18
K. Preuss	8	11	8	18
D. Daniels	6	12	7	18
C. C. Nauman	10	14	14	17
H. A. Hoyt	9	12	12	14
George Delbert	7	12	8	15
A. Winstel	4	6	5	..
H. L. Hyatt	4	5	4	..

Event No. 5.—Two-man team championship contest, twenty-five targets per man: Nauman, 24, Varien, 23, total, 47; McClutcheon, 20, Daniels, 22, total, 42: Breer, 23, Lovelace, 20, total, 43; Fano, 20, Julian, 21, total, 41; Orr, 17, Van Valkenburg, 20, total, 37; Mills, 24, McDonald, 20, total, 44; Hagerman, 24, Blanchard, 20, total, 44; Knight, 24, Taber, 18, total, 42; Arnold, 20, Yancey, 21, total, 41; Shemwell, 21, Vaughn, 21, total, 42; Gibson, 17, Coultas, 23, total, 40.

SECOND DAY.

No. Targets	10	15	15	25	20	10	15	15	20
Hagerman	9	13	13	24	18	9	9	13	17
Shemwell	7	13	13	21	18	10	14	10	17
Vaughn	9	13	12	21	16	9	13	13	19
Naylor	8	11	13	..	16	9	12	11	12
Breer	8	13	11	23	18	10	11	13	14
Daniels	9	13	12	22	17	8	14	11	19
Haight	9	12	15	..	19	9	12	15	15
Nauman	8	13	13	24	16	8	14	13	18
Varien	10	12	13	23	18	9	11	10	19
Carr	9	14	12	..	9	6	10	13	15
Mills	9	15	15	24	17	9	12	14	19
Knight	8	14	13	24	19	8	14	18	17
Decker	7	11	12	..	..	..	..	11	..
Wright	8	10	13	..	17	5	13	10	15
Murphy	9	12	11	..	13	4	9	11	12
Lovelace	8	14	13	20	19	9	15	12	17
Hatcher	7	8	10	..	15	7	10	11	16
Carlisle	8	8	12	..	15	6	9	11	14
Orr	8	13	11	17	15	10	11	10	19
Allen	10	10	11	..	16	6	12	14	15
Arnold	10	13	10	20	18	10	13	15	19
J. Gibson	9	10	8	17	15	8	13	13	18
Proud	8	9	9	..	17	10	13	8	15
McCutcheon	8	13	12	20	18	10	11	14	16
Walker	10	12	11	..	12	5	9	11	16
Garretson	8	9	11	..	12	8	3	11	11
Fano	9	10	7	20	16	7	10	10	13
Julian	6	14	13	21	18	6	15	12	19
Van Valkenburg	7	10	10	20	15	7	12	12	13
McDonald	9	11	8	20	18	10	14	12	18
Yancey	7	12	12	21	17	9	11	14	19
Hibbard	6	12	12	..	14	8	10	14	14
Hart	6	9	9	..	12	6	12	12	11
Blanchard	10	10	12	20	16	7	12	12	17
Tabor	8	12	10	18	15	9	11	11	..
Hancock	8	9	10	..	8	4	7	8	..
Hicks	7	13	14	..	17	6	13	15	18
Coultas	10	12	10	23	17	8	14	13	18
Preuss	6	9	4	..	14	6	..	13	..
Hoyt	6	11	13	..	15	8	10	12	15
Smith	8	11	12	..	16	7	10	..	14
Stone	8	11	13	..	12	9	13	..	13
F. Gibson	9	12	12	..	10	6	11	7	13
Fleisher	6	12	11	..	14	7	..	..	..
Work	7	9	11	..	12	10	12	10	..
Wilshire	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Nugent	3	8	..	..	10	5	..	..	..
Manchester	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holborow	3	8	..	..	..	..	4	5	..
Lukens		..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..

THIRD DAY.

No. Targets	10	15	50	25	20
Shemwell	7	14	40	21	19
Vaughn	10	15	43	24	22
Naylor	7	13	31	..	19
Breer	7	15	36	20	15
Yancey	7	12	44	23	18
Hart		..	30	..	15
Smith	8	14	40	..	21
Hibbard	8	14	30	14	14
White	8	10	38	..	..
Orr	8	11	36	..	19
Van Valkenburg	8	11	38	16	17
Stone	9	14	43	..	..
Walker	8	11	41	..	17
McCutcheon	10	12	43	19	22
Hoyt	6	15	34	..	18
Arnold	8	14	40	22	24
Hatcher	9	8	..	..	..

Allen	8	13	..	..	20
Taber	4	9	34	19	16
Hicks	8	14	38	19	23
Carlisle	8	10	..	..	16
Knight	9	14	38	22	21
Hagerman	8	14	37	17	12
Lovelace	8	12	47	20	21
Proud	8	11	33	..	18
Mills		13	40	20	23
J. Gibson	10	13	40	18	20
Preuss	6	9	30	..	20
McDonald	8	12	45	19	20
Blanchard	7	12	26	28	21
Murphy	9	13	34	..	18
Nugent	6	8	..	..	13
Ludens	5	14	..	..	14
F. Gibson	7	11	..	..	14
Wright	8	6	33	..	19
Kane	6	8	..	..	16
Juilan	7	14	34	22	20
Garretson	7	11	20	..	13
Parson	4	..	..	..	..
Wilshire	7	10	..	..	15
Work	5	9	..	..	20
Owen	9	9	..	..	17
Haight	7	14	40	..	12
Nauman	9	7	40	..	12
Daniels	9	10	42	21	18
Carr	7	13	39	..	17
Varien	9	13	39	21	19
Holborow	6	4	..	..	11
Fano	7	9	36	..	19
Hart	7	11	30	..	..
Cline	6	..	24	..	18
Hauerwass	6	9	29	..	14
Singer	5	10	26	..	19
Hyatt	3	8	15	..	11
Winstel	2	.0	17	..	17
TRAP				544.56	

FUTURITIES.

RIFLE.

July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetz Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Secretary.

GUN.

July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Secretary.

*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tourna- J. O'H. Denny, Secretary.

July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Secretary.

July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Secretary-Treasurer.

**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.

July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Secretary.

*July21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Secretary.

July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Secretary.

*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa , Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Secretary-Treasurer, Ottawa, Canada.

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*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Charles G. Grubb, Secretary, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.

**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Secretary, Vicksburg, Miss.

GRAND HANDICAP TOURNAMENT OF THE SAN FRANCISCO TRAP SHOOTING ASSOCIATION

WITH $1,400.00 added money and nearly 100 entrants to help swell the purse; with the best of expert conduction and the individual support of the whole Western shooting contingent, the success of the first inanimate target handicap tournament of the San Francisco Trap Shooting Association was a foregone conclusion before a shot was fired. All the events were at twenty birds each divided into two sections of five events each day, and the records made by contestants in each section of the tournament established the handicap basis for the succeeding section. Inter-State Association rules governed; the "Sargeant" system of trapping was employed, traps and angles unknown. Black powder and larger than 12-gauge barred, money divisions by "Rose" system, four moneys 8, 5, 3, 2 ratios.

For convenience the consolation events, one each day, are given first.

CONSOLATION EVENTS.

	May 22.		May 23.		May 24.	
NAME.	Hdp.					
Anderson, G.	16	18	16	17	16	15
Burgi, F.	16	17	..	..	..	..
Beckhart, P. B.	18	15	..	..	..	..
Burnell, M.	18	14	..	..	..	..
Barker, A. M.		..	..	..	20	16
Carr, C.	16	14	..	..	18	10
Carlisle, J. H.	14	14	..	..	..	..
Chick, G. H.	14	12	..	..	..	..
Donohoe, E.	16	18	14	4	14	3
Daniels, D.		..	18	16	..	..
Daly, A. T.		..	..	..	18	17
Feudner, F.		..	18	14	..	..
Gibson, F.	14	16	..	..	..	..
Gibson, J.	14	19	16	19	..	..
Hicks, W. E.	18	16	..	..	18	20
Holling, E.	18	14	..	..	..	..
Hutton, D.	14	11	14	13	..	..
Hoyt, H. A.		..	16	10	..	..
Hart, K. L.		..	16	15	..	..
Hoag, G. B.		..	14	16	..	..
Hagerman, C. D.		..	..	..	18	17
Johnson, G. A.	18	15	..	..	..	..
Julian, C. H.	18	17	..	..	..	..
Justins, H.	16	15	..	17	..	..
Knight, G.	18	11	16	18	..	..
Klevesahl, E.	18	15	..	..	..	..
Kincannon, L. C.	14	18	..	..	..	..
Karney, T.		..	..	..	18	16
Lewis, T. L.		..	..	..	14	11
Miles, F. B.	18	8	..	..	..	..
McClutcheon, J. B.	16	15	..	..	..	..
Masterton, J. A.		..	..	..	14	15
McConnell, E. G.		..	..	..	14	14
McCutchen, J. B.		..	..	..	18	16
Pisani, J.		..	..	..	16	14
Reed, R. C.	18	16	..	..	..	..
Sylvester, C.	18	16	18	14	..	..
Sweeney, J. J.	16	16	18	19	16	13
Smith, L. C.	16	15	14	12	..	..
Smith, H. D.	14	12	..	..	..	..
Shields, A. M.		..	..	..	16	19
U. M. C.	18	13	..	..	16	13
Work, T. H.		..	..	13	14	13

In the appended table of regular events only the total percentage of those who shot through the entire program is given.

C. C. Nauman won premier honors in the tournament, being high gun for the whole event by the excellent score of 531 out of the 600 targets shot at, M. O. Feudner crowding him very closely with 529 breaks. Their respective average percentages (total) being: Nauman, 88 1-2, Feudner, 88 1-6.

Contestant.	First Day. A. M. Hd.	First Day. A. M. Sc.	First Day. P. M. Hd.	First Day. P. M. Sc.	First Day. Pc.	Second Day. A. M. Hd.	Second Day. A. M. Sc.	Second Day. P. M. Hd.	Second Day. P. M. Sc.	Second Day. Pc.	Third Day. A. M. Hd.	Third Day. A. M. Sc.	Third Day. P. M. Hd.	Third Day. P. M. Sc.	Third Day. Pc.	Ttl. Av. Pc.
Abrahams, M.	16	81	16	78	79.5	14	89	18	78	83.5	14	91	20	67	79.0	78.0
Anderson, G. H.	16	77	14	69	73.0	14	78	14	79	78.5	14	86	18	71	78.5	73.0
Bekeart, P. B.	16	78	14	77	77.5	14	77	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	....
Barker, A. M.	16	82	16	79	80.5	14	97	20	66	81.5	14	90	20	63	76.5	80.5
Burgi, F.	16	70	14	72	71.0	14	84	16	76	80.0	14	83	16	80	81.5	70.0
Burnell, M.	16	75	14	77	76.0	..	..	..	..	....	14	74	14	80	77.0	....
Birmingham, J.	..	..	16	55	....	14	52	14	53	52.5	..	..	..	..	....	....
Burns, J.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	77	14	87	82.0	....
Bradley, J.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	61	14	98	78.5	....
Barham, G. L.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	72	..	..	....	....
Carr, C.	16	72	14	77	74.5	14	81	16	82	81.5	16	80	..	..	....	....
Carlisle, H. J.	16	60	14	69	64.5	14	77	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	....
Chick, G. H.	16	72	14	66	69.0	14	*	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	....
Cate, C. H.	..	..	..	..	....	16	76	14	87	81.5	18	77	14	88	82.5	....
Donohoe, E.	16	62	14	78	70.0	14	74	14	52	63.0	14	63	14	75	69.0	70.0
Daniels, D.	16	83	16	82	82.5	16	87	18	72	78.5	14	86	18	86	87.0	82.5
Deiby, A. T.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	86	18	70	68.0	....
Davis, H. W.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	78	..	..	....	....
D'Merritt, C.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	76	..	..	....	....
Eaton, H.	16	69	14	67	68.0	14	83	16	67	75.0	14	81	16	82	81.5	68.0
Engleheart, C. E.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	71	14	81	76.0	....
Feudner, M. O.	16	89	18	85	87.0	18	92	20	85	88.5	18	88	18	90	89.0	87.0
Foster, Ed.	16	74	..	..	....	..	..	14	87	....	18	66	..	..	....	....
Freeman, G. M.	..	..	16	57	....	14	*	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	....
Franzen, G.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	16	86	....	18	77	14	85	81.0	....
Feudner, F.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	16	83	....	16	89	18	67	73.0	....
Fanning, F.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	80	16	86	84.0	....
Gibson, G. W.	16	92	20	76	84.0	14	95	20	75	85.0	14	91	20	64	72.5	84.0
Gibson, J.	16	71	14	63	67.0	14	85	18	62	73.5	14	87	..	..	....	....
Gibson, F.	16	58	14	79	68.5	14	86	18	68	77.0	..	..	..	..	....	68.5
Golcher, W. J.	16	83	16	76	79.5	14	87	18	82	84.5	16	77	14	81	79.0	79.5
Haight, C. A.	16	85	18	72	78.5	14	86	18	77	81.5	14	87	18	82	84.5	70.5
Hicks, H. E.	16	74	14	83	78.5	16	79	14	82	80.5	16	72	14	85	76.5	78.5
Hutton, J. A.	16	67	14	71	69.0	14	73	14	61	67.0	..	..	14	64	...	....
Hagerman, C. D.	16	86	18	78	82.0	14	85	18	79	82.0	14	79	14	73	76.0	82.0
Hoyt, H. A.	16	70	14	60	65.0	14	75	14	73	74.0	14	73	14	75	74.0	65.0
Howe, F.	16	85	18	78	81.5	14	92	20	76	84.0	14	92	20	77	89.5	81.5
Holling, E.	16	82	16	73	77.5	14	80	16	90	81.0	20	88	18	81	84.5	77.5
Hauer, J. B.	16	64	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	....
Hart, K. L.	..	..	16	68	....	14	81	16	59	70.0	14	83	16	78	80.5	....
Hoag, G. B.	..	..	..	..	....	16	85	18	65	75.0	..	..	..	..	....	....
Holbscoro, L.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	83	16	81	82.0	....
Iverson, N. J.	16	78	14	83	80.5	16	87	18	89	88.5	18	86	18	88	87.0	80.5
Julian, C. H.	16	76	14	82	79.0	16	80	16	85	82.5	18	78	14	87	82.5	79.0
Johnson, G. A.	16	80	16	72	76.0	14	90	20	67	78.5	14	85	18	75	80.0	76.0
Justins, H.	16	72	14	75	73.5	14	77	14	83	80.0	..	..	..	..	....	....
Kincannon, L. C.	16	69	14	60	64.5	14	79	14	84	81.5	16	72	..	..	....	....
Knight, G.	16	72	14	82	77.0	16	85	18	70	77.5	14	92	20	74	83.0	77.0
Klevesahal, E.	16	74	14	73	73.5	14	77	14	84	80.5	16	90	20	78	84.0	78.0
Kerrison, R. E.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	63	14	79	71.0	....
Karney, J.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	77	14	83	80.0	....
Lewis, T. L.	..	..	..	..	....	14	34	..	..	....	14	34	14	51	42.5	....
McConnell, E. C.	16	64	..	..	....	14	81	..	..	....	16	79	14	80	79.5	....
McCutcheon, J. B.	16	80	16	80	80.0	16	87	18	75	81.0	14	87	18	70	78.5	80.0
Mills, F. B.	16	83	16	69	76.0	14	94	20	83	88.5	16	91	20	85	88.0	76.0
Muller, C. A.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	16	75	....	14	82	16	74	78.0	....
Masterson, J. A.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	59	14	80	69.5	....
Neubert, F. M.	16	86	18	76	81.0	14	88	18	86	87.0	18	90	20	74	82.0	81.0
Nauman, C. C.	16	91	20	83	87.0	16	93	20	84	83.5	16	92	20	88	90.0	88.5
Overhulser, C.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	65	14	69	67.0	....
Payton, E. J.	16	77	14	85	81.0	18	82	16	85	83.5	18	75	14	91	83.0	81.0
Porterfield, J.	16	73	..	..	....	14	75	14	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	....
Passini, J.	..	..	16	11	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	74	14	71	62.5	....
Ross, J.	16	76	..	..	....	14	86	18	89	87.5	..	..	..	..	....	....
Reed, R. C.	16	67	14	78	72.5	14	83	16	86	89.5	18	82	16	82	82.0	77.5
Robertson, W. A.	..	..	16	73	....	14	90	20	74	82.0	14	92	20	71	81.5	....
Smith, H. T.	16	53	14	71	62.0	*	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	....
Storey, W. A.	16	70	14	73	71.5	14	77	14	72	74.5	14	70	14	78	74.0	71.5
Sheill, J.	16	78	14	84	81.0	16	84	16	78	81.0	..	..	..	..	....	81.0
Sylvester, C.	16	76	14	77	76.5	14	84	16	76	80.0	14	84	..	..	....	....
Smith, L. C.	16	74	14	84	79.0	16	87	18	66	76.5	14	78	..	..	....	....
Seaver, W. H.	16	91	20	72	86.5	14	94	20	78	86.0	14	85	18	81	83.0	81.5
Sweeney, J. J.	16	76	14	71	73.5	14	78	14	80	79.0	16	75	14	73	74.0	73.5
Shemwell, W. W.	16	79	14	87	83.0	18	88	18	83	85.5	16	79	14	85	82.0	83.0
Stowe, F. J.	16	85	18	76	80.5	14	86	18	86	87.0	18	73	14	91	82.0	85.0
Shields, A. M.	..	..	16	76	....	14	88	18	79	83.5	14	73	14	70	71.5	....
Sylvester, G.	..	..	..	..	....	..	..	..	..	....	16	83	16	79	81.0	....
U. M. C.	16	82	16	75	78.5	14	83	16	85	84.0	18	75	14	80	77.5	78.5
Vaughan, J. E.	16	89	18	78	83.5	14	88	18	91	89.5	20	80	16	89	84.5	83.5
Varian, W. H.	16	80	16	83	81.5	16	91	20	77	84.0	14	87	18	86	86.5	81.5
Webb, A. J.	16	84	16	88	86.0	18	86	18	84	85.0	16	82	16	89	85.5	86.0
Wood, C. I.	16	75	14	87	81.0	18	76	14	89	87.5	18	78	14	93	85.5	81.0
Work, T. A.	..	..	..	..	...	16	80	16	73	76.5	14	68	14	64	66.5	....

H. L. Betten, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

THE TRAINING OF THE FIELD DOG

By H. L. Betten.

SECOND PAPER.

As a rule the amateur trainer exhibits great enthusiasm in the training of his dog and in many instances commences the lessons before the puppy has arrived at an age where his mental capabilities are such as to enable him to comprehend, with some degree of intelligence, the orders given by his handler. Furthermore he is inclined to be severe with the young dog, often applying punishment promiscuously and thus causing him to acquire a lack of confidence in his teacher which is sure to prove a detriment to his training. Again, the amateur makes little allowance for the awkwardness and seeming stupidity of his puppy, and is almost certain to rusn through the different stages of training without allowing him to acquire a certain degree of perfection in each branch before taking up the next; he is also liable to apply the training in a spasmodic manner, overtaxing the puppy's endurance by long, tedious lessons one day and then neglecting to take the youngster in hand again for some days or even weeks, so that during the intervals between lessons the puppy very often fails to retain what was taught, thereby incurring the wrath of his tutor.

Some amateurs have the fault of continual over-training, putting the puppy through a long series of lessons each day and causing him to look forward with dread to the trying ordeal. As a rule puppies and even fully developed dogs can stand only a limited tax on their mental qualities, and as soon as the handler goes beyond this point of endurance the dog at once becomes stupid and often fails to comprehend orders which a few minutes before he executed to perfection. Unluckily this failure to comprehend is often mistaken for an exhibition of stubbornness and the lash is applied in an unfeeling manner which terrifies the pupil and causes him to associate the whip with all branches of his education, thus destroying its usefulness as a means of correcting certain faults for which it is well adapted.

As in other vocations, good handlers are born, not made, and unless the handler possesses industrial habits together with natural capabilities and a love for the dog, he cannot hope to prove successful in his calling. So, too, the amateur must be adapted for the work in hand or the result of his ill applied training will be exhibited in the inferior work of his dog. Furthermore, he cannot hope to be even passably successful as a trainer unless he treats his dog as a companion endowed with mentality and capable of a certain amount of reasoning in his applications of methods of hunting and in acquiring knowledge of the various commands he is taught.

In very few instances is it advisable to commence training a puppy before he reaches the age of nine or ten months, and even at the latter age it is well to go slow, giving the youngster short lessons and repeating these at regular intervals so that he may retain what he has been taught. Under no condition should you give him a second command before he is letter perfect in the first, and as he progresses it is always advisable to continue giving, in their regular order, all the commands he

has been taught so that there may be no backsliding.

In applying yard breaking—as the teaching of orders such as "drop," "come here," "heel," "fetch," etc., is termed—you should avoid all outside signs of irritability, speaking in an ordinary tone of voice and acting with firmness and decision. Also avoid the repetition of orders or the multiplication of same, and try to conduct your training without resorting to a code of signals which would mystify a signal corps let alone a poor inexperienced puppy which would be likely to view your exhibitions of Delsarte postures with distrust. Remember that an experienced and properly trained dog needs few orders, and should be capable of running all day without causing his master to strain his vocal chords or become seized with a fit of apoplexy due to his over-exertions in directing the dog.

Atkins Photo A STYLISH POINT

Should you fail in training a puppy which seemingly possesses the natural qualities that go to make a satisfactory field dog you will know that it is due to your lack of skill, patience or application of training, as there is no such word as failure with the professional handler or trainer who is successful in his profession and who has learned to apply the proper methods in eradicating faults and bringing out natural qualities which lie dormant; also in making compulsory those acts which a dog will not perform willingly. Furthermore the professional handler from his greater experience can judge more accurately the manner in which work should be applied, and is not given to experiments which sometime result in the ruination of a good dog.

Pratt Photo "BUSH"—F. J. PRATT, OWNER

The fact that no two dogs can be trained exactly alike is generally overlooked by the amateur and the failure to comprehend that dogs may differ in temperament, and that consequently the application of divergent methods are necessary in their training, has been responsible for many setbacks in the development of field dogs. Another fault which mitigates the inexperienced trainer's success is his general lack of self-control, for as a rule beginners exhibit impatience with the first dogs they train and are prone to exhibitions of ill temper. It is not absolutely necessary that the amateur be a mild tempered individual, as some

Pratt Photo A BEVY POINT ON BOB WHITES

F. R. Atkins Photo "STEADY, NOW!"

of the most capable handlers are fiery tempered persons when interfered with in any way. Their success in handling is due to the absolute control they have over their feelings when in the company of their charges.

During the seven or eight months of puppyhood, dating from the time the puppy is weaned until he is put in training, he snould be allowed plenty of opportunities to become acquainted with the world; frequent outings, when he can be allowed to run around without hinderance, will do much toward developing a level head and freedom from nervousness which is lacking in most youngsters kept confined in a kennel yard until they are old enough to be taken in hand for training. He should, if possible, be allowed to come in frequent contact with human beings, and occasionally be taken in the house so that he may early acquire a code of ethics as to behavior under all conditions. Also as he gains strength and exhibits a tendency to chase small birds and shows some degree of independence he may be taken afield and allowed to do just as his fancy dictates, as it is necessary for every field dog to gain experience in this way and the amateur who does not give his puppy these opportunities interferes with his development. This period of self-hunting should be extended until the young dog develops the pointing instinct, providing he does not show a tendency to bolt or run away from you. In such an instance it would be best to defer his development until he is thoroughly yard broken so that he may be under some control when taken afield.

It is seldom advisable to teach in the field orders which properly belong to the kennel yard for in few instances will you receive satisfactory results. Besides, the puppy needs considerable time in which to develop certain instincts which can only be brought out by experience, and should not be hampered any more than absolutely necessary when in the field. This period must in some cases be extended for months before the young dog gains the necessary knowledge of game, and until he shows intelligence in his manner of seeking for birds and commences pointing, the trainer can do little in the way of training and must bide his time, giving the dog opportunities on game until the pointing instinct is developed.

THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S DERBY

Nominations for the 21st annual derby of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club close July 1st, and all sportsmen interested in field trials are earnestly beseeched to make entries if possible and help the good cause along.

This stake is open to all setters and pointers whelped on or after January 1, 1902, and the forfeit of $5.00 must accompany entry. A second forfeit of $5.00 will be payable on November 1st, with $10.00 additional payable at time of drawing. All moneys go to the stake.

Trials will be held in the vicinity of Bakersfield, Cal., and will begin the second Monday of January, 1904. Reports from Kern county state that a plentiful supply of birds is assured for next season, and as the field trial grounds will be patrolled from the opening of the season quail should be found in great numbers on the field trial grounds.

Secretary Betz anticipates the largest entry in the history of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, being assured by sportsmen of Nevada, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia as well as by great numbers of California fanciers that they will support the stake with as many entries as possible and make this the banner derby in so far as the number and quality of entries is concerned.

Entry blanks and all needed information will be forwarded upon application by Sec-

retary Albert Betz, room No. 201, Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Field trial interests on this Coast are likely to experience a healthiy boom should the contemplated organization of field trial clubs in Oregon and British Columbia be effected. There is a crying need on this slope for a circuit of trials wherein our high class field dogs may receive proper opportunities to show their ability and with a circuit of four meets the element of luck will to a great extent be eliminated from our trials.

THE AMENDE HONOURABLE.

Through a lamentable inadvertance on the part of our proofreaders there was permitted to creep into the columns of our June issue an excessively annoying and altogether unwarranted communication which dealt in personalities of a kind inexorably forbidden by our established policy. Deploring this misfortune to the utmost we determined to make our reparation as full as possible and to that end made a careful investigation of the charges preferred by our correspondent, with the annexed result:

San Francisco, June 20, '03.

Editor Western Field:

The executive committee beg to report that in accordance with your request they have thoroughly investigated the charges made against Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ralston by the contributor of the communication entitled "Kennel Notes" in the June issue of WESTERN FIELD and find said charges to be wholly unfounded on facts. We recommend that you give this report the same prominence as was accorded the communication in question.

[Signed] WILLIAM S. TEVIS,
Chairman Executive Committee.

THE GREATEST ONE I EVER KNEW

By W. W. TITUS.

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: We all have our favorite dogs and it is a rare thing to get acquainted with a sportsman but what he has a story to tell of some dog of the long ago, that still has a soft place in his heart and whose standard of perfection has never been attained by any other. In fact, I do not recollect ever getting acquainted with a dogman, as the fancier is called down here, but what a tale was unfolded of some "Ponto," "Sport" or "Dash" of the misty past whose qualities were of such phenomenal character that the dogs of to-day appeared like thirty cents in comparison. A friend of mine was telling me one day about a pointer dog he had named Sam whose intelligence was a marvel to all who knew him. He gave me some very vivid descriptions of his great range and speed—the latter often demonstrated on the prairies where Sam "had no trouble in making a jack rabbit get out of his way;" of a race after a red fox, where the fox only saved himself by taking to the ground; of his winding a covey of prairie chickens a half mile away, and how many points he made on the singles, but I will have pity on the poor reader. I can't let the reader off, though, without telling of Sam's intelligence, but will mercifully confine myself to just one instance.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL"

His owner went out to the garden one day to pick worms off the cabbage and as usual Sam went along. His owner had nearly wormed one row when Sam became interested and finally came and smelled of the worm. He watched his master exterminate aforesaid worm with a stick and having gathered food for thought trotted to the end of the row, made a three legged stool of his hind legs and tail, sat down and soon appeared lost in deep study. His master finished his row and started on another. Thinking, when quite a ways down the row, that he heard some one approaching he turned and looked back; to his utter astonishment he saw the pointer go to a head of cabbage, nose around it, pick off a worm, shake it like a dog would a rat, then threw it on the ground and finished it with his foot. His master concluded by saying Sam always carried his row after that and could beat a man worming cabbage any day.

An English setter I once handled and whose name is written in canine history as one of its brightest stars, was that magnificent animal Bohemian Girl by Count Noble out of Mollie Belton. I have owned some good dogs and seen most of the great ones of this country, but the equal of Bohemian Girl I have yet to see. I say this with due reflection of the great females this country has produced, and if I am wrong I am at least honest in my convictions.

I owned Daisy Hope, a great one, in many ways one of the greatest bird finders I ever saw, but no more the equal of Bohemian Girl than fifty cents is on a par with a dollar. Minnie T. was another good one I have owned, great in some ways, but like Daisy Hope she fell short of Bohemian Girl.

Picture to your mind a fifty-five pound animal about twenty-one inches high at the shoulder with a very long and beautifully ticked body, black ears and head markings, the activity of a cat and stamina that was out of common even among staying dogs, and you have Bohemian Girl.

In the twenty odd years I have handled dogs—and I have handled quite a number—I have never seen a dog that approached her in muscular power; every effort she made was so graceful that it seemed she accomplished it with no exertion on her part whatever.

In hunting her on the prairie I used the common platform spring buggy with two seats and it was invariably her way when called in to be taken up, to

come scudding in like an express train, range along side of the buggy and with a cat-like spring jump clear into the buggy seat without the team even being checked from a good fast walk. Kennel fences were never built high enough to keep her in if she took a notion to jump them; she was the most active dog in every way I ever saw. In conformation I considered her body as nearly perfect as a dog's could be; she had a beautiful neck, skull and ear, but a Roman nose spoiled it, though she attained championship on the bench.

The first season I had her on the prairie was in Iowa in 1888. I had a friend in a nearby town who prided himself on always keeping a good chicken dog, and meeting me soon after I arrived from the south he mentioned that he wanted me to get my dogs in shape when he would come over and show me what a real, sure enough chicken dog was. I had not worked Bohemian Girl long on chickens when I realized that she was the best chicken dog I ever saw and that proposition still stands just that way. Well, to cut a long story short, my friend came over and brought his world-beater—a dog that was raised to hunt chickens and no other game, and was at that time four years old. We hunted one day and at three o'clock my friend's dog had pointed one single chicken while Bo. had found covey after covey, worked way outside of him and made him look like a bar of soap after a hard week's washing. The dog came to the wagon, my friend grabbed him by the collar and threw him in as if he wanted to knock a hole in the bottom, growling out: "Get in there you blanketty-blank idiot, you are no chicken dog, and never was." For many years since when I meet him and he asks me what kind of dogs I have I always say: "I have two or three better than Bohemian Girl. His reply is invariably: "No you havn't, and never will!" and in my own mind I have to admit that he is right. On one day's hunt in 1887 I found with four dogs fifty-seven bevies of quail; and she was one of the four, and found over half the bevies. She was a very fast goer, of tremendous range, yet always worked kindly to the gun, snappy as a thirty-eight pound dog on singles, with grand style on point, and a nose that was double choked bored.

In her field trial career she was badly handicapped by owners. After winning first at Bicknell I took her East to run her in the Eastern championship stake, won that season by Jean Val Jean. I tried my best to persuade her owner to let her start in the All-Age, arguing that the All-Age winner would most likely start in the championship stake and that by running her in the All-Age stake the judges would see her and get to appreciate her greatness, but her owner positively refused to let her start. Mr. Duryea, one of the judges in the champion stake, afterwards shot over her in the south and told me that if he had known what a great bitch she was he would have given her a chance to show her quality, saying that he believed she would have won the stake.

At Amory, Miss., she won the Southern Field Trial Club's All-Age with ease and changed hands, being bought by the late Shelly Hudson, who refused to start her in the American Field Trial Club's All-Age which was run at this place. I may see another like her but never expect to. Paul Bo and Anne-of-Abbottsford were her only two winners; if she had been bred correctly she would have been the greatest producer this country has ever seen. The first time she was bred to Paul Gladstone, the next to Dad Wilson and then to Gladstone's Boy, none of which were suited to nick with her.

I enclose a picture which, however, does not do her justice, and hope you will publish it in order that your readers may see what manner of dog she looks like and not think this article is but a pipe dream.

EASTERN NOTES.

MARION, ILLS., May 14, 1903.

Kennel Editor WESTERN FIELD: Doubtless field trial men of the Pacific Coast are interested in what is taking place among the trainers of the East, as many of the Coast dogs will start in that section this year. I will therefore give a short sketch of what handlers and field trial clubs have planned to do this year, and a hint of what they are doing now.

The wave of field trial interest has not yet reached its height nor can the limits at present be foreseen. The American people are inclined to take up things as a fad, hobby, craze—call it what you like; very possibly field trials in this country will yet assume the form of a craze though it is to be hoped not on account of the inevitable reaction.

Just now nearly all trainers are getting their strings together and preparing for a summer campaign on the prairies. Some of them left home in May, while a majority will be in summer quarters before July first. There will shortly be deserted winter training grounds from South Georgia to Missouri but most of the "boys" will locate in two sections for the summer. One of these will be South Dakota with the northeast corner of Nebraska, and the other will be Manitoba in the neighborhood of Winnipeg.

Many trainers from the "States" prefer going to Manitoba in spite of the custom house annoyance, because of the elegant summer climate and qualities of game. Then, too, some like Messrs. C. E. Buckle and H. S. Bevan have English relatives and friends there, while others go from the habit and custom of years. A man, like a wild fowl, will drift back to the same old spot year after year.

The handlers who cross the line will have several good trials to attend with hot competition, though the Canadian money prizes have never been very valuable. The Manitoba and Brundon field trials have always been good "trying out" grounds and the Canadian championship is an honor worth winning.

The American trainers who will do their preliminary work in Canada are about as follows: S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; H. S. Bevan, Somerville, Tenn.; J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn.; C. E. Buckle, Sagrange, Tenn.; D. E. Rose, Lawrenceburg, Tenn., and Jno. White, North Carolina. These trainers will take with them in addition to their derbys and a few dark horses for the All-Ages such well-known dogs as Prince Rodney, Mohawk, Ortiz Lad, Iroquois, Alambagh, Ceylon, Dan Stewart, Lola Montez, Leather Stockings and Old Put.

The major portion of America's field trial handlers, however, will be found this year in Nebraska and South Dakota. They have training grounds there almost if not quite equal to those of Canada; they have no duty to pay in crossing the line and as a further inducement the money hung up by the field trial clubs of Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota-North Dakota is much in excess of anything the Canadians can afford to give. Nebraska has already announced a purse of $1,000 in its two stakes, and the other clubs will undoubtedly follow this lead.

In addition, South Dakota's great subscription stake will, as usual, prove very valuable. There is a prospect, too, that at the close of the prairie circuit a championship stake will be pulled off under joint control of the clubs of this circuit. It seems now that, all told, there will be not less than $5,000 up for the dogs that compete in the chicken trials in Nebraska and South Dakota.

At this date we can get a pretty accurate line on the dogs and handlers that will compete in the trials last mentioned. Here are some of them: Chas. Tucker, Stanton Depot, Tenn.; N. B. Nesbitt, Chesterville, Miss.; J. H. Johnson, Carlisle, Indiana; E. D.

Garr, Louisville, Ky.; J. T. Jones, Wheelers, Miss.; Walter Henry, Butler, Mo.; W. D. Gilchrist, Courtland, Ala.; D. C. White, Servia, Indiana; Max Middleton, Servia, Indiana; A. C. Peterson, Homestead, Penn.; Geo. E. Gray, Appleton, Minn.; Geo. McLin, Mexico, Mo.; Wm. Elliott, Selma, Iowa; I. T. Carter, Emmetsburg, Iowa; Christ Pesch, Emmetsburg, Iowa; J. T. McFarland, O'Neill, Neb.; Austin Albaugh, Farmington, Mo.; Chas. Tuay, Irwin, Ohio; Erne Shelley, Saulsburg, Tenn.; N. B. Crisp, Independence, Mo.; Tom Richards, Stewart, Minn.; Chas. Askins, Marion, Illinois, and others.

The good dogs are too numerous to mention in toto, but here are some of them: Northern Huntress, Capt. Jack, Speckle B., Rodfield's Pride, Prince Lyndon, Lady Count Gladstone's Jessie, Rodfield Chief, Other Day, McKinley, Mars Ben, Count White Stone, Clipper W., Sure Shot, Kilgarif, Sport's Lady, Pride of Rodfield, Count Oakley, King Oakley, Sport's Dan Gladstone, Alpine Lad, Gorhum's Jing, Jingo's Jerry, Jingo's Mike, Doctor Daniels, Peach Blossom, Portia, Sport's Count Dunstone and Charity.

After the chicken trials are over the two parties—that from Dakota and the one from Manitoba—will meet in the "central" circuit on quail. This circuit embraces Monongahela, Ohio, Independence and Illinois field trials. It can be taken for granted that the greatest lot of bird dogs will fight it out over this circuit that have ever taken part in American field trials. The size of the purses is not yet known, but they will doubtless be uniform over the circuit and larger than any ever before offered north of the Ohio River.

At the close of this circuit will come the American Championship Trials with five hundred dollars to first. This last stake will be run off at Robinson, Ills., about December 1. After this handlers and dogs will separate; a part of them going south to the Continental in North Carolina while the remainder swing across to Missouri and Texas.

Finally winnowed of all chaff now, and many a good one pronounced a failure, they will end the long season's fight with the trials of the United States, the Eastern and the National Championship. Short haired or long haired, the dog that gets a place this year must indeed be a "lucky dog," and a good one, too.

CHAS. ASKINS.

MANITOBA TRIALS.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA.

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: I beg to call the attention of those who contemplate entering dogs in the Manitoba Field Trials Club 1903 events to the following arrangements that have been made in order to prevent expense, trouble or delay at any of the customs ports of entry—viz., Gretna or Emerson.

All dogs that have been duly entered in any of the Manitoba Field Trials Club events are allowed to enter Manitoba and remain for ninety days free of all duty.

In order to benefit by this arrangement an accurate description of each dog is absolutely necessary, giving name, breed, sex, color, event entered in, owner's name, name of person having charge and line of railway traveling by, must be mailed to the undersigned one week previous to date of arrival at port of entry.

By reference to the inclosed entry blanks the conditions of the three statutes may be seen, the only change made in this year's statutes being that the first heat in the Championship Stake must be of one hour's duration, thus bringing the factor of endurance amongst other qualities in picking the winner.

The winter has been most favorable for the birds and large numbers are seen all over the Province.

A large, new, solid brick hotel has been built since last season at Carman, thereby giving improved and increased accommodation.

Handlers can be located on good training grounds in various parts of the Province where they can easily reach Carman for the trials.

I have great pleasure in being able to announce that Mr. W. W. Titus, of West Point, Miss., and Mr. T. T. Ashford, of Birmingham, Ala., will act as our judges at the coming trials.

Any information, rules, entry blanks, etc., will be promptly forwarded. Yours truly,

ERIC HAMBER,

Hon. Sec.-Treas., M. F. T. C., Winnipeg, Man.

P. S.—Dogs unless entered in the trials will be detained by the Custom House authorities.

KENNEL NOTES.

Chas. K. Harley of the Wandee Kennels has purchased from Geo. Raper the fox terriers Ch. True (Ch. Norfolk Veracity's best son), and the crack bitch Ch. Richmond. With this pair of terriers added to their already good string Wandee Kennels should be well nigh invincible.

A dog show, to be held in conjunction with a chicken and pet stock exhibit at San Francisco early in November, is now an assured fact. Chas. H. Mason of New York will be invited to judge the dogs, and this fact alone should draw a very large entry for Mr. Mason is conceeded to be better versed on matters doggy than any man in America. Preceding the San Francisco show there is to be one at San Jose under the auspicies of the California Cocker Club.

Mr. Norman J. Stewart, the well-known dog fancier, will leave England shortly on his way to the Coast. His many friends will welcome him with open arms. Mr. Stewart will bring with him a number of high-class dogs, among which are two pomeranians, two collies, two old English sheep dogs and a bull bitch.

Mr. James Flood of San Francisco has purchased of James Jervis the good little cocker bitch Bessie J. Bessie was one of the unfortunate ones at the late San Francisco show. There are some things that even a blind man should see, and Bessie will give a better account of herself when passed on by a recognized judge.

That good little cocker Plumeria Beau II was killed recently by the St. Bernard Le King. They were in their kennel yard when with seemingly no provocation Le King grabbed the little fellow by the throat and refused to relinquish his hold though beaten over the head with sticks by a man who had been doing some work in the kennel. When his owner arrived on the scene Beau was already dead.

Plumeria Beau II was known from one end of the Coast to the other having been shown at all of the principal shows for several years. He had defeated all of the red dogs on the Coast except his father, Champion Hampton Goldie, and won his championship under the P. K. L. at the late Portland show. As a sire he had also been a success, having produced in his short career quite a few prize winners. He was by Champion Hampton Goldie-ex-Champion Plumeria Surprise. Mr. Dorian has the sympathy of the fancy in his loss.

Mr. P. C. Meyer has recently purchased a parti-colored cocker by Zadoc-ex-Blue Mountain Belle. We understand that it is a dog of quite some promise, and as his blood lines are good he should be a valuable sire for those desiring to breed parti-colors.

We understand that an agreement between the American Kennel Club and the Pacific Kennel League whereby the mutual recognition of wins will be the outcome, has practically been made. We trust that this be the fact and may it come soon.

Ivel Rustic, the well-known bull-dog recently purchased by Mr. George Thomas of Hamilton, Mass., was smothered in his crate on the way to his new home. Billy was eight years old and had won in the neighborhood of four hundred first and special prizes in England and America.

A new St. Bernard club is being organized to be known as the Pacific St. Bernard Club. There are already eight names on the roll, and this number will probably be doubled within a short period. Persons desirous of obtaining any information concerning the club should address J. H. Dorian, 125 Geary street, San Francisco.

FUTURITIES, BENCH SHOWS.

October 6, 7, 8, 9—Danbury Agricultural Society. Danbury, Conn. John W. Bacon, Treasurer.

November 3, 4, 5, 6—Ladies Kennel Association of America. Madison Square Garden, New York. Mrs. A. G. Evans, Hon. Secreteary, Westbury, L. I.

November 9—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America, New York. Charles R. Stevenson, Secretary.

November 10-13—Long Island Kennel Club's show, Brooklyn, N. Y. Jos. M. Dale, Secretary.

November 17-19—Boston Terrier Club's specialty show, Boston, Mass. J. Varnum Mott, Chairman.

November 25-28—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show, Philadelphia. Marcel A. Viti, Secretary.

1904.

February 22-25—New England Kennel Clubs twentieth annual show, Boston, Mass. Wm. B. Emery, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

August 18—Iowa Field Trial Association. Sixth annual trials.

August 18—Nebraska Field Trial Association. O'Neil, Neb. H. H. McCarthy, Secretary.

August 25—South Dakota Field Trial Association's fourth annual trials, ——. L. C. Hawley, Secretary.

September 1-4—Minnesota-North Dakota Field Trial Association's second annual trials. Iroquis, S. D. Dr. W. A. Moore, Secretary-Treasurer, St. Paul, Minn.

September 8—Manitoba Field Trial Club's seventeenth annual trials. Carman, Man. Eric Hamber, Secretary-Treasurer, Winnipeg.

October 26—Monongohela Field Trial Association's ninth annual trials.

November 2—Michigan Field Trial Association's annual trials.

November 2—Ohio Field Trial Association. Sixth annual trials.

November 9—Missouri Field Trial Association. Annual trials.

November 9—International Field Trial Association. Fifteenth annual trials.

November 9—Independent Field Trial Club. Fifth annual trials.

November 9—National Beagle Club of America's fourteenth annual trials. Charles R. Stevenson, Secretary, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.

November 10—Western Irish Setter Club. Second annual trials.

November 16—North American Field Trial Club. Fifth annual trials.

November 16—Kentucky Field Trial Association. Fourth annual trials.

November 16—Illinois Field Trial Association. Fifth annual trials. Robinson, Ill.

November 23—American Championship Field Trial Association. Annual trials. Robinson, Ill.

——— —Indiana Field Trial Club. Annual trials. Clay City, Ind., first week in December. C. F. Yung, Secretary, Clay City, Ind.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head, at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTED—Pointer or setter puppy. Must be well bred. Give price and full particulars in first letter. H. R. Ellis, 670 Upshur st., Portland, Ore.

* * *

WANTED—To exchange new Marlin safety rifle, with case and belt, for second-hand Luger or Colt's automatic pistol in good condition. Address 307 Stuart ave., Redlands, Cal.

* * *

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Unmounted live game and other pictures, 5x7, $1.50 per dozen; 6½x8½, $2.50 per dozen. Bromide enlargements of live elk, 14x17, $5.00 each; all postpaid; satisfaction guaranteed. S. N. Leek. Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

WANTED—A thoroughbred pointer or setter pup, Llewellyn bitch preferred. Price must be reasonable and breeding good. Address with price and full particulars in first letter. J. S. Dewey, Cedarville, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A new graphophone with 30 disc records. Perfect condition. Cheap for cash or exchange for fine tailoring. E. K. D., care WESTERN FIELD, San Francisco.

* * *

FOR SALE—Winchester, single-shot, .25-37-77; Ideal adjustable reloading outfit; 50 shells; Lyman sights; O. K. condition; $12. Address Wm. I. Wallace, M. D., Hemet, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Four fine Irish setter puppies by Shot out of Lady Dea, whelped April 28th. Both sire and dam are blue bloods and grand performers in field. Prices low. For particulars address W. H. Eadie, cor. Third and E sts., San Bernardino, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—$50.00 buys very handsome evenly marked white and lemon pointer dog, thoroughly broken on all kinds of game. Fine retriever from land or water; no faults; fast, wide nervy ranger. A gentleman's ideal shooting dog with speed enough for a field trial winner, and handsome enough to show on the bench. Two and one-half years old. Will send on approval to responsible party if deposit to cover express charges is made. T. P. M. Connell, 55 Johnson st., Victoria, B. C.

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FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Irish terrier bitch 56,987, also one dog and bitch pup three months old by Champion Royal Sportsman, 52,251. Box 227, S. Pasadena, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Three English Setter male pups, one lemon and white, two black, white and tan; one fourteen months, others six months. For particulars address DR. F. D. TAFT, 1312 Market Street, S. F.

* * *

FOR SALE—Best grade Mannlicher repeating rifle, 8 m-m caliber, all improvements, fitted with fine telescope sights, improved hair (double) trigger. Perfect condition; killing range two (2) miles. Cheap for cash. Will accept Luger or German model Colt's automatic pistol in part payment. "Mannlicher," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

TRADE TOPICS

A PROMINENT LANDMARK.

Founded more than thirty years ago and always an eminent factor in Pacific Coast industries it is quite natural that the great firm of Clabrough, Golcher & Co., should have arrived at the distinction of being regarded as one of the Coast's most prominent commercial landmarks. Their present commodious quarters at 538 Market street, although occupied only about seven years, is as indelibly located in the minds of sportsmen as are their own homes, and every man, woman or child who loves outdoor sports and has any use for the appurtenances thereof will recognize at a glance the picture herewith presented.

The immensity of the stock carried by this popular concern is best evidenced by the fact that it is compelled to issue three separate and distinct catalogues, each of huge proportions, to describe and list it. Firearms, fishing tackle and athletic sporting goods are each catalogued separately and the management have informed us that they have recently supplemented their facilities by the installation of a large uniform and athletic clothes factory at 24 Second street, this city, in order to supply their great demand for dependable goods of this nature. Everything in the way of uniforms, outing and sporting clothing will be made here in the best possible style, of the most approved fabrics and we predict an entire and spontaneous success for the new departure.

* * *

A FINISHED PRODUCT.

The catalogue of the famous L. C. Smith guns recently issued by their makers, the Hunter Arms Co., is, like the line of guns it describes, a beautifully finished product. The practicability of this excellent book lies in the fact that the cuts illustrating it are all made by photography directly from the guns themselves and so show them exactly as they are—a condition which goes far toward confirming the proverbially elegant lines and finish of these celebrated guns, for a more beautiful lot of firearms were never before pictured. Best of all, their shooting qualities are fully on a par with their exterior elegance as has been demonstrated in the best of company time and again.

The Smith guns are distinctively an American product. Appreciating that many good Americans purchase foreign guns at exorbitant prices simply because they have been unable to secure the desired class of workmanship in this country, the Hunter Arms Co. has equipped its extensive factory with the finest machinery and most skillful workmen obtainable in this country. The factor of expense has been entirely ignored in the production of Smith guns, and the result is that to-day the world offers no more beautiful, efficient or durable sporting arms than those offered—and at a comparatively small price, be it said—by the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., to whom we advise sending a request for their convincing catalogue, which will be gladly sent gratis.

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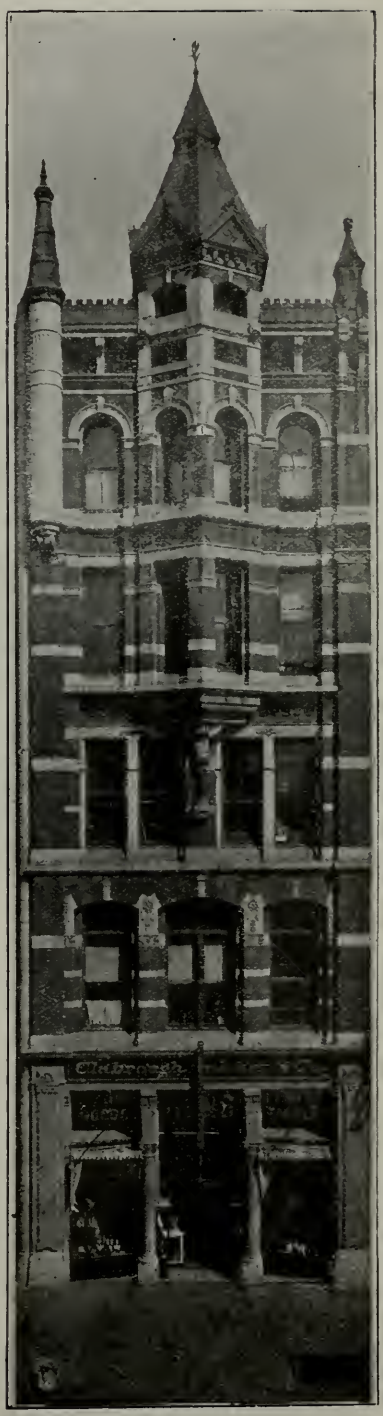
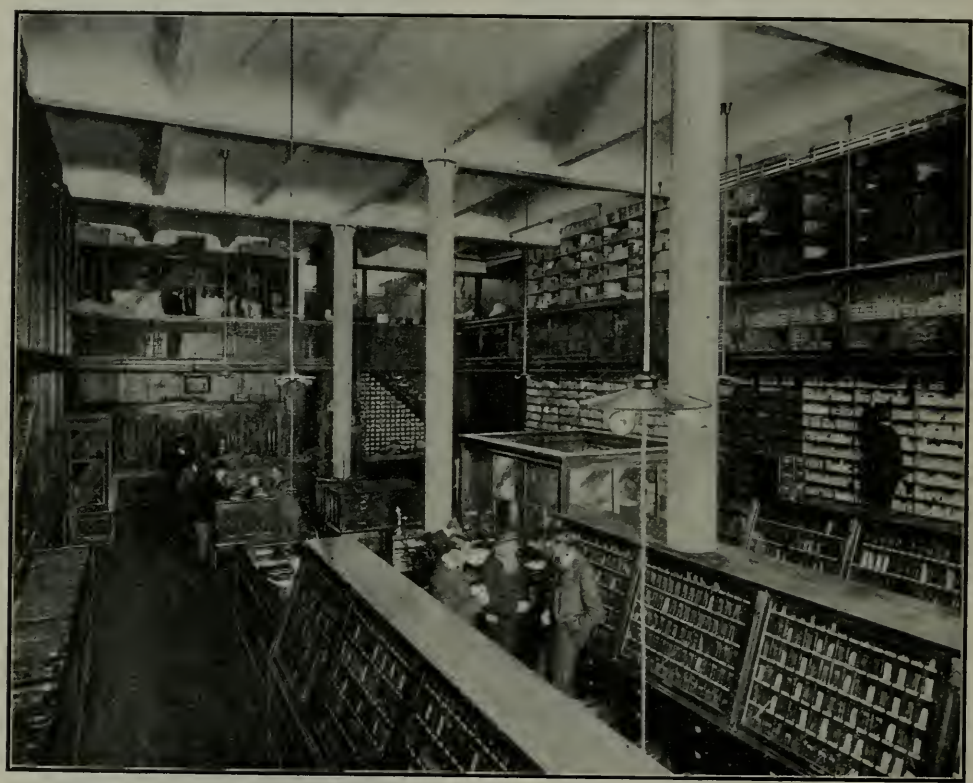
A NEW RIFLE.

The new century take-down rifle recently put upon the market by Schoverling, Daly & Gates, 302-304 Broadway, New York City, is made to meet the



W. F. Street Photo A PROMINENT LANDMARK

increasing demand for a first-class 22-calibre rifle at a low price. The action is the celebrated "Bolt" system, similar to the high-power Mauser, now used by the armies of many countries. By pulling back the bolt the gun is cocked, the old cartridge extracted and the arm left ready to load. To "take down" the gun, unscrew the swivel located underneath the fore end, thus releasing the barrel and action from the stock. Particular attention is paid to the shooting qualities of this rifle; the barrel being bored by the most approved machines warrants the makers to guarantee the shooting and the general finish is excellent considering the low price of the arm, which weighs, entire, only two and three-quarter pounds.



SPORTING GOODS SALESROOM, PACIFIC HARDWARE & STEEL CO.

A TRADE GIANT.

When the well-known firms of George W. Gibbs & Co., and Miller, Sloss & Scott were absorbed and consolidated under the title of the Pacific Hardware & Steel Co., the most conservative and well-informed business men of the Coast were unanimous in the prediction of a commercial and financial success for the new company unequaled in the history of the local trade. The first named firm had for many years been the largest dealers in iron and steel on the Pacific Coast, having trade relations over the entire territory from Alaska to South America, while Miller, Sloss & Scott's growth had been so phenomenal that they successively out-grew building after building finally being compelled to erect for the accommodation of their great volume of business the magnificent quarters at the corner of Fremont and Mission streets which they now occupy. Here it has been possible to so systematize the arrangement of their stock, offices and various departments as to result in a minimum of friction and a maximum of convenience in the general conduction of their enormous business.

The combining of these two establishments gave the consolidation the largest business in these lines enjoyed on the Coast, necessitating the carrying in stock of an assortment of merchandise so large and comprehensive that it is unequaled anywhere in this country. They are consequently in a position to meet all competition both as to time of delivery and delivered prices, with the obvious result.

To better appreciate the magnitude of the distributing power of the Pacific Hardware & Steel Co., it should be remembered that their main store building alone is a structure 137.5x137.5 feet, five stories and basement. This is complemented by extensive warehouses at convenient points, a well-equipped rolling mill with a capacity of 600 tons, etc., etc. The firm is represented by fifty traveling salesmen in every State and Territory of this Coast as well as in British Columbia, Alaska, Mexico, South America, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and the Orient, their work being further supplemented by a well-organized mail order department through which, by correspondence, they are able to obtain a large trade from territory not visited by the salesmen. The illustration presented herewith is a most excellent view of their sporting goods salesroom; it was taken from their elegant catalogue just issued—which is easily one of the most beautiful and artistic trade publications ever put out on this Coast.

* * *

CHEAP, BUT INDISPENSABLE.

The Pacific Hardware & Steel Co. of this city are offering among other little specialties the famous "Keen Edge" razor strop dressing. This compound at the nominal price asked is simply indispensable to every man who uses a razor.

Most strop dressing contains emery, which, while it will cut the steel, injures the razor. "Keen Edge" contains no emery nor any ingredient which will harm the razor. By its use on your strop shaving becomes a pleasure, not a trial, and your strop will always remain pliable. It is a significant fact that "Keen Edge" has the endorsement of razor manufacturers.

A TYPWRITER TONIC.

Any typewriting machine lives longer, is stronger, works faster and writes better when "Three in One" is used. "Three in One" lubricates all the friction points perfectly, cuts away the gum and grease, oils "oilright" and never thickens or collects dust and dirt. It contains no acid. Use "Three in One" on the type faces and every part to clean—avoid the use of dangerous benzine. Applied to all metal surfaces it prevents rust and tarnish and preserves the brightness and newness of the machine. Why buy expensive typewriter oil when you can get three times as much "Three in One" at two-thirds the cost? It is sold by all typewriter supply houses, or can be had by addressing G. W. Cole Co., 143 Broadway, New York City.

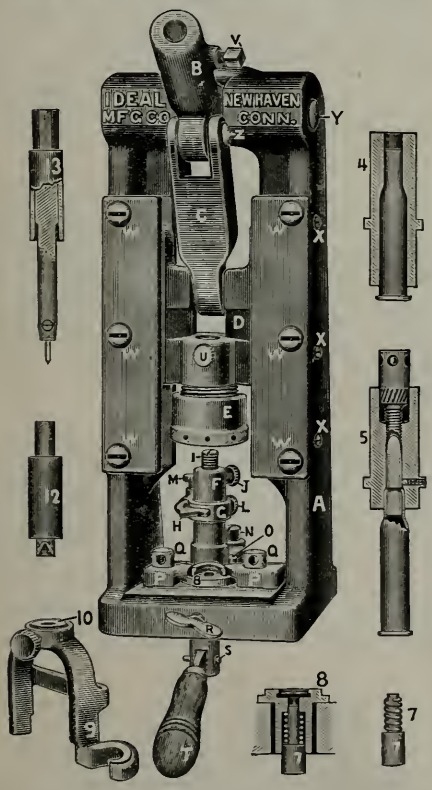
* * *

GRAPHINE WADDING HELPED.

R. E. Orton and E. W. Voss tied for high average on May 22 in the tournament held in Monroe, Wis. Each of these gentlemen used shells loaded with graphine wadding.

Mr. F. G. Simpson won high average in the Winnipeg, Man., tournament May 25 shooting hand-loaded shells loaded with graphine wadding by the Hingston, Smith Arms Co. Mr. Simpson shot 90 per cent. and was handicapped in most all the events from 18 to 20 yards.

IDEAL LOADING PRESS.



THE NEW IDEAL LOADING PRESS.

While most individual riflemen have full complements of reloading tools for their private use, there has always been a crying need for a suitable apparatus whereby members of military organizations could reload shells in quantity for the extended target work which modern requirements exacts.

Where reloading is likely to be done on an extensive scale, a permanent bench machine or press, larger and heavier than anything on the market, has long been sought for; one that would do all that is required to properly reload the shells that have been fired; decapping, recapping and opening the mouth of the shell, resizing the shell the whole length back to its original shape and size, sizing bullets, etc., and do the larger quantities that may be required in an easy and efficient manner. Up to this date there has been nothing of the kind on the market.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn., however, announce that they are now ready to furnish a loading press as illustrated and described herewith.

The press is about eleven inches in height; when packed in case ready for shipment, with a full set of tools it will weigh between twenty and twenty-five pounds. The illustration shows it to be a perfect little giant on the well known lever, link and sliding gate construction, giving ample straight line up and down movement of sufficient capacity for all requirements.

This excellent appliance performs all the functions of reloading to unqualified satisfaction; reforming, resizing, de and recapping the shells perfectly and sizing and seating the bullet with absolute accuracy and precision. It is made to accommodate all calibers and these, as well, in varying charges from a light gallery charge to the full service load. Considering its capacity the price is very low and we confidently predict its quick adoption by all those who desire to reload shells in quantity.

THE WINCHESTER PUMP SQUAD

WINCHESTER WINNINGS.

Of the fifty-five shooters who took part in Southern California tournament, Ocean Park, Los Angeles, Cal., May 15, 16 and 17, thirty-nine shot Winchester "Leader" shells and sixteen shot Winchester "pump" guns. The Tufts-Lyon Arms Co.'s championship medal, shot for on the first day, was won by Mr. T. B. Mills of Santa Ana, Cal., with the same combination. The Southern California championship diamond medal emblematic of the champion target shot of Southern California which was shot for on the closing day of the tournament, was won by Mr. Guy Lovelace of Los Angeles, Cal., on a score of forty-seven out of the possible fifty, and the first prize in the big merchandise shoot was tied for by Messrs. Arnold and Gibson; all three shot Winchester "Leader" shells and of the remaining prizes about fifty in number, fully two-thirds were captured by shooters using this excellent ammunition.

Of the eighty-seven shooters who participated in the Northern California tournament, Sacramento, Cal., May 15, 16 and 17 seventy-eight shot "Leader" shells and twenty-eight used Winchester "pump" guns. The high average on live birds was won by Mr. Frank M. Newbert of Sacramento, Cal. The high average for the first day on targets was won by Mr. W. H. Seaver of San Francisco, Cal. The high average for the entire tournament on targets was won by Mr. Frank M. Newbert of Sacramento, Cal. The Kimball & Upson trophy, shot for on the second day (at targets) was also won by Mr. Newbert who likewise won the individual championship medal, emblematic of the champion blue-rock shot of Northern California on a score of forty straight (which included a shoot-off) and the high average medal, all with this same combination. The six-man team trophy

was captured by the Chico team, four of whom shot "Leader" shells and two Winchester "pump" guns. The first, second and third high averages of the tournament at targets were won by shooters who used the same shells. Of the twenty-four prizes in the merchandise shoot of the second day, eighteen were captured by shooters who shot "Leader" shells and fourteen by shooters who used this cartridge in Winchester "pumps." Of the thirty prizes in the merchandise shoot of the closing day, twelve were captured by shooters who used Winchester "pump" guns and "Leader" shells, and twenty-two by shooters who shot the same shells in other arms.

* * *

A PERFECT SINGLE TRIGGER.

The single trigger device employed by D. M. Lefever Sons & Co. is easily in the front rank of the world's devices of this kind.

This trigger is perfectly selective. It consists of but two pieces besides the trigger itself and the three springs that operate the block.

The single trigger operates in the following manner: On opening the gun both locks are brought to full bent at the same time a spring moves the lifting block to a position where it is held by another spring. A shifting indicator is interposed between the trigger and the sear of one lock. On pulling the trigger this sear is lifted and the hammer released at the same time the spring is drawn down, releasing the lifting block which then moves forward to position and engages with the sear of the unfired lock. On pulling the trigger again the second sear is tripped and the hammer released.

A great deal can be said in favor of the single trigger vs. the double. Our experience is that the single trigger will improve a 70 to 80 per cent. man from 10 to 15 per cent. in his shooting, especialyy in live or double bird shooting for the following reason: First the stock is the same length for both barrels. Second the second barrel can be fired much quicker and with the same accuracy as the first. Third no possibility of injuring either finger on the guard or front trigger. Fourth it does away with shifting the hand in changing from a front to back trigger, thus increasing the quickness and accuracy of the second barrel.

The trigger can be changed instantly from one barrel to the other even while bringing the gun to the face in the act of firing. The indicator always shows which barrel will fire first. If it is on the left barrel it will not change and that barrel will always fire first, and if it is on the right barrel it will act the same. To change from one barrel to the other press the indicating shifter to the opposite side; for instance, if it shows on the right side the right barrel will fire first, if on the left the left first. The indicating shifter is placed on the lower side of the stock just back of the trigger where it can be instantly moved by the thumb or finger. The trigger pull of single trigger can be changed the same as in double trigger guns.

* * *

THE "BALTIMORE" CATALOGUE.

The 1903 catalogue of the Baltimore Arms Co. is a very intelligable exposition of the merits of their well-known guns. Five different grades are very effectively depicted and described and the book is replete with much of interest to the sportsman. Everybody is invited to send for a copy which will be sent gratis on request by the Baltimore Arms Co., Baltimore, Md.

* * *

THE "H. & R." PRODUCT

As described very effectively in their new (No. 6) catalogue includes a number of very desirable revolvers of various calibers, from .22 to .38. both in hammer and hammerless models. A particularly good-looking weapon is the new Premier Automatic double-action revolver with six inch barrel which the company is just able to furnish for the first time. It is made in .22 and .32 caliber, hammer and hammerless modes and should command a large sale.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

A book of unusual interest to riflemen has just been published by W. G. Hudson, M. D., whose experimental work with the groved tube has been watched so closely by all the guild. It is entitled "Modern Rifle Shooting from the American Standpoint," and treats very entertainingly of all the conditions necessary to proficiency in the use of America's favorite weapon. Our national service arm, the Krag-Jorgenson rifle, is discussed very comprehensively and the book is replete with valuable hints and suggestions which, coming from such a recognized authority as Dr. Hudson, may be accepted without question. Taken all in all the little volume is one of the most important contributions to sporting literature which has appeared for many years and we predict a commensurate demand for it. The book, which is well printed on good paper, finely bound and profusely illustrated with exceptionally good half-tone and line cuts, is copyrighted by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., who have designated it as "No. 1" of a series which they contemplate issuing in the near future. Their endorsement of Dr. Hudson's work is sufficient guarantee of its entire dependability and authority.

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"Wild Birds in City Parks," by Herbert and Alice Walter, is a very attractive and helpful aid to the determination of the various wild birds which enliven our city parks. During the migrations of our little feathered friends city dwellers have one of the keenest delights of country life brought to their very doors because many birds, migrating largely by night, are attracted to the lights of the city and rest for a while in the park retreats. It so often happens that a city park contains a greater variety of feathered visitors than even a larger area in the country, and the little hand-book in question will enable anyone to immediately classify the various species. (A. W. Mumford, Chicago, publisher.)

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From Charles A. Hayden, Oxford, O., we have received a very valuable and important little volume in whose praise too much cannot be said. It is a compendium of many thousands of valuable receipts and formulaes covering every department of industry and human endeavor and being especially valuable to sportsmen. By an advantageous arrangement with Mr. Hayden, any prospective subscriber to WESTERN FIELD may obtain a copy of this book free by simply sending his subscription of $1.00 to Mr. Hayden, who will forward book at once and instruct us to enter the subscriber's name on our lists for a full year's issue of the magazine.

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"The Waterfowl Family," by L. C. Sanford, L. B. Bishop and T. S. Van Dyke, will be well received not only by practical sportsmen but by the general reading public as well on account of the very entertaining and instructive character of its text. Contributed to by expert, practical sportsmen possessed of unusual literary ability and the enviable faculty of telling a story well, it is a valuable reference book as well as an interesting exposition of field sports. It is effectively illustrated by Fuertes and others of acknowledged eminence; is handsomely bound in a gold embossed cover and is printed in the usual superior manner which characterizes all of theMacmilian products.

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"Among Green Trees," by Julia Ellen Rogers (A. W. Mumford, Chicago, publisher) is, as its title suggests, a reliable guide to pleasant and profitable acquaintance with our familiar trees. The chapters on the varieties, cultivation, life and outdoor studies of our forest friends are of engrossing interest and will repay the most careful perusal. The illustrations are exceptionally good, the mechanical execution above criticism and the whole volume reflects with unqualified credit upon both author and publisher.